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Drawn by Tho.^s Uwins.

Engraved by John Horsburgh.

While they thus formed a little concert, my wife & I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue bells & centaury, talk of our children with rapture, & enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

Vicar of Wakefield, chap. V.

Published by Oliver & Boyd, 1823.

GOLDSMITH'S
Vicar of Wakefield,
Essays, and Poems.



*The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.*

Deserted Village.

Drawn by Tho^o Twiss.

Engraved by J. Horsburgh.

EDINBURGH,
Published by Oliver & Boyd,
1823.

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(Oliver)

GOLDSMITH'S

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD,

ESSAYS, AND POEMS.

WITH

PREFATORY REMARKS,

^{ac}
BY JOHN M'DIARMID,

Author of the Life of William Cowper, &c. &c.

EDINBURGH

PUBLISHED BY

OLIVER & BOYD, HIGH STREET.

1823.



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PREFATORY REMARKS.

WHAT Goldsmith has said of Belles Lettres in general, namely, “that a book may be amusing with numerous errors, or dull without a single absurdity,” is peculiarly applicable to his own beautiful tale of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. In the whole range of English literature, we find very few books that are oftener transferred from the shelf to the table; and yet there are defects and discrepancies in the plot or story to which it would be difficult to find a parallel even amongst the common lumber of our circulating libraries. In what, then, consists the charm of a production which some female writer has characterized as the only novel which she could safely and conscientiously place in the hands of her daughters? Simply, as we take it, in this—that the manner is better than the matter—that the *filling up* is superior to the outline—and that any inaccuracy in the drawing is more than compensated by the depth, force, and beauty of the colouring. And so it will ever be with a man of true genius, who, like a first-rate beauty, is graceful even in dishabille. Take any one of the numerous operatives at the *Minerva manufactory*, nay, take even a romantic young lady who is smitten with the ambition of authorship, before she has passed the noviciate of the boarding school, and she will probably, by dint of extensive reading, “get up” a plot or story which, in as far as the unities are

concerned, will abide the test of the strictest criticism. But what, after all, is her performance? The mere shadow of a substance, or, if we may be allowed to run into metaphor, a barren trunk bearing all the external marks of the most perfect tree, but destitute of that vivifying principle which in due time covers with a flowery or vernal mantle the greatest irregularities of form and symmetry. A moment's inspection of such a performance convinces us that "soul is wanting there;" and we turn with rapture from a work "which is dull without a single absurdity," to one "which is amusing with numerous errors." Of the truth of this remark we have a striking example in the works of the great modern novelist, who appears to have opened a new mine in the literary world, rich in all the *materiel* of fictitious composition—a mine which no one can work so well as himself, and which he has, therefore, no occasion to guard by the common expedient of letters patent.

When carefully analyzed, "The Vicar of Wakefield" appears to be little more than a series of Moral Essays, interspersed with lively and beautifully-executed pictures of the peace and happiness of a clergyman's fireside. Nor is this an accidental distinction. With the author, one favourite object was to convey wholesome instruction; and in furtherance of this design he employed that vehicle which was likely to fix the attention of the greater number of readers, and give permanency to those portraitures of life and manners, which might have speedily slipped out of the public mind, if doled out in the less alluring form of Essays or Dissertations. And this view of the subject at once accounts and apologizes for

the numerous improbabilities that have been observed in the story. Than Oliver Goldsmith, no man had a greater admiration of the character of a conscientious clergyman, or a greater fondness for those simple and home-bred pleasures, of which he is supposed to have witnessed a winning example in his brother's family ; and having introduced such characters and situations as served to give expression to his favourite maxims and views of society, he seems to have been very little solicitous whether his plan should be found remarkable or otherwise for the general fitness and subordination of its parts.

The Vicar of Wakefield was finished and sold to a bookseller in 1763 ; but, owing to the timidity of the purchaser, it was not sent to the press till two years after, when the publication of "The Traveller" had completely established the Author's fame. The price obtained for the copyright was only sixty pounds ; but Goldsmith was in such difficulties at the time, that he was glad to dispose of the MS. on almost any terms ; and there is even reason to believe, that his success, small as it may appear, was in some measure owing to the kind interference of his friend Dr Johnson. Regarding this part of our Author's history, the great Lexicographer has recorded an anecdote which we shall give in his own words :—
" I received one morning a letter from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was drest, and found that his landlady had arrested him for

his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired that he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

The story of *The Vicar of Wakefield* is exceedingly simple and inartificial: in it we meet with no feudal embellishments, no gratuitous horrors, no cant, and no puling sentimentality; the domestic virtues, as Campbell has well observed, form the only genii of the author's romance; and, bating a few improbabilities in the grouping, the incidents are all such as not unfrequently occur in real life. The hero of the piece is represented as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity, and as uniting in himself the three greatest characters on earth—those of a priest, a husbandman, and the father of a family. Being well convinced that the honest man who marries and brings up a large family, does more service to the state than he who lives single and only *talks* of population, Mr Primrose had scarcely taken orders when he also took unto himself a wife, whom he chose as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well. The fruits of this connexion were four sons and

two daughters, among whom a sort of family likeness prevailed, and who, generally speaking, had only one character—that of being equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive. In point of worldly circumstances, the head of this amiable circle was raised far above the ordinary level of English clergymen; at the death of a rich uncle he had fallen heir to a fortune of ten thousand pounds, and although he continued to discharge his professional duties with the utmost zeal and fidelity, he regularly returned to the poor the whole emoluments of his living. His situation, in short, was one of quiet, heartfelt, unpretending happiness; for what is true of nations, is equally true of individuals, that those periods of their history are uniformly the happiest which are the least chequered by incident and adventure. The Vicar's mansion was situated in a pleasant country and genteel neighbourhood; the year was spent betwixt moral and rural amusements—betwixt visiting his rich, and relieving his poorer parishioners; and although the Squire would sometimes fall asleep at the most pathetic parts of his sermons, and my Lady return Mrs Primrose's civilities with a mutilated courtesy, these little rubs could not long disturb the repose of persons who were at peace with themselves, and with all the world beside—who had no revolutions to fear—no fatigues to undergo, and whose only migrations were from the blue bed to the brown. The indifference of the Squire, or the incivility of his spouse, could not hinder the traveller from stepping into the parsonage to taste that gooseberry wine for which the owners had a great reputation; their cousins, too, even to the

fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity without any help from the herald's office; so that, if they had not rich, they generally had very happy visitors about them. But when any of these "far-off friends" happened to become troublesome, or was suspected as a person of indifferent character, the Vicar generally hit upon an expedient which, although a thousand times more humane, was nearly as effectual as the Russian practice of banishment to Siberia; that is, he purposely lent the obnoxious visitor a coat, a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value—articles which the borrower, somehow or other, never remembered to return. By this expedient the house was cleared of such guests as the inmates did not like; but "never were the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or poor dependant out of doors."

It is in this delightful way that the novel opens; by a few masterly touches the reader becomes domesticated, as it were, in the family of Wakefield, and sympathizes in all the joys and sorrows, the friendships and resentments, of the *dramatis personæ*. Even the failings of the parties are brought prominently forward, and so far from lessening, only serve to heighten the humour or interest of the piece. But in archness, gayety, and winning simplicity, Goldsmith was unquestionably without a rival; and his success in painting the very frailties of mankind may serve as a useful admonition to those novelists who seem to anticipate the perfectibility of human nature, and are never satisfied but when their heroes are clad in armour and their heroines in buckram.

But to proceed with our brief analysis. As the

vicissitudes of the seasons only serve to increase our relish for the beauties of external nature, so the most skilful novel would soon become insipid without a judicious alternation of storm and sunshine. Accordingly, fortune soon began to play her usual freaks with the Vicar of Wakefield; his money (a novelist may make deposits wherever he pleases) was all lodged in the hands of a London banker; and, as bad luck would have it, the tidings of this man's bankruptcy arrived just as his eldest son, George, who had been bred a scholar, was about to lead to the hymeneal altar Miss Arabella Wilmot—the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a dignitary of the church. This sudden reverse soon decided poor George's fate; for his intended father-in-law possessed, in great perfection, a quality which the reader may easily guess the name of, and which, according to Goldsmith, is often the only virtue left us at seventy-two. To be brief—Mr Wilmot thought money quite as necessary an ingredient as love in the matrimonial compact; the proposed match was therefore broken off, and the disconsolate lover compelled to seek his fortune in the British metropolis, much better furnished with parental admonitions than either bank-notes or letters of recommendation. The Vicar's next care was to collect together the wrecks of his fortune, amounting to about four hundred pounds; and that his family might not be exposed to the slights of those with whom they had associated in their better days, he willingly accepted of a Cure in a distant neighbourhood, the trifling salary attached to which, he proposed to eke out by managing a small farm. In removing to this situation, the self-exiled fa-

mily stopped at a small inn, where they accidentally became acquainted with a Mr Burchell, a very odd character, and who, among other things, delighted to wander about the country carrying whistles to the children of one farmer, and gingerbread cakes to those of another. In his youth, Sir William Thornhill (for that was the stranger's real name) had entered largely into all the follies of fashionable life, and being a man of unbounded philanthropy and good nature, his fortune had suffered by the experiment. Awakened at length to a sense of danger, and dreading the approach of poverty, he abjured the fashionable world and all its follies, and descending almost to a private station, he not only recovered, but in the end actually increased his fortune. But his taste for fashionable pleasures did not return with the means of indulging it. Like the wise man, he had discovered that all is vanity and vexation of spirit; and recollecting the hollowness and ingratitude of those fair-weather friends who had crowded around him in the days of his prosperity, he became, as it were, a member of another caste, and loved to enjoy that sincerity and simplicity among the lower classes, which he had in vain looked for among the higher. Hence the disguise and mode of living which he adopted. While supporting the character of a gentleman, he had been frequently imposed upon by the artful and unworthy; but by assuming a meaner garb, and associating with persons of a rank inferior to his own, he had an opportunity of seeing with his own eyes, and hearing with his own ears; so that his charities were now as well-timed and judicious, as they were formerly lavish and indiscriminate. Occa-

sionally, however, his compassion still outran his judgment; an instance of which occurred a few hours before he and the Vicar met, in which he had unthinkingly given all the money about him to redeem an old soldier from the punishment of whipping. For this oversight he was soundly rated by his landlady, a second Mrs Tow-wouse, and the consequences might have been still more unpleasant, had not the Vicar generously offered the stranger his purse, and relieved him from the same awkward plight in which Parson Adams found his friend Joseph Andrews. This piece of generosity speedily cemented a friendship betwixt the parties, and as their route was the same for several miles, they jogged on, discussing philosophical subjects very pleasantly, until, in fording a river, the Vicar's second daughter was thrown from her horse, in the very centre of a stream of considerable depth and rapidity. The mother and daughter uttered a loud shriek, and the father, on casting his eyes in the direction of the river, was so petrified with terror, that he could not advance a single step to his daughter's relief; but, fortunately, his companion had more presence of mind, and being an expert swimmer, he dashed into the water a little way below the spot where the accident happened, and speedily restored the half-drowned maiden to the arms of her afflicted parents. The thankfulness of the parties was of course unbounded; and it was observed, that ever after Miss Sophia Primrose seemed to regard Mr Burchell with a feeling rather stronger than that of gratitude. But here the travellers separated, the one to receive the congratulations of his new parishioners, who had come to welcome him with pipe and

tabor, and the other to keep up his cognomen, and do good after his own whimsical manner.

As the Author hints in his preface, The Vicar of Wakefield is drawn as truly majestic in adversity ; in every situation of life he had learned to derive consolation from the precepts of his divine Master, and to regard the vicissitudes of fortune as almost a necessary test of the Christian fortitude. Personally, therefore, the late change in his circumstances gave him very little uneasiness ; but his daughters, and even his wife, were of a different way of thinking ; and his great object now was to bring down their notions of comfort and gentility to a level with their altered circumstances. This, as may be anticipated, was a matter of no small difficulty ; for to disabuse himself of his notions of respectability, is almost the hardest task that can be prescribed to a human being, and the common figure of a drowning man catching at straws forms no exaggerated illustration of the eagerness with which persons cling to their status in society, whatever that status may happen to be. Of this feeling the female part of the Primroses appear to have had an ample share ; and the contrast betwixt their eagerness to keep up appearances—to catch at the shadow where the substance was gone—and the anxiety of the good Vicar to cure them of this weakness by interdicting all attempts at misplaced finery, gives rise to some of the most instructive passages in the whole work. To look misfortune steadily in the face—to give him a hearty and fearless welcome, after having been long dandled in the lap of luxury, implies a degree of fortitude which is, comparatively speaking, possessed by few ; and therefore

Goldsmith did well in investing his hero with that true magnanimity of character which is never seen to so much advantage as amidst the vicissitudes of fortune. In speaking of those superstitious impressions which, although received in infancy, frequently cling to us through life, Addison adduces the striking example of a soldier, who, although as bold as a lion in the field of battle, is afraid to trust himself alone in a solitary place, and starts, perhaps, at the sight of his own shadow. Akin to this weakness are the feelings of a man who, while he despises real, is a perfect slave to imaginary terrors—who dreads poverty as a reproach, and suffers himself to be bound by the idlest of all spells—the spell of custom;—who delays the duty of *reduction*, like the duty of repentance, till the very last moment, and lingers long upon the brink of an imaginary gulf which he might clear by a single bound, and then be happy.

The patron of the parish to which Mr Primrose had removed, was a dashing fashionable youth of the name of Thornhill, celebrated for his intrigues and extravagance, although entirely dependent on an eccentric uncle—the identical Mr Burchell, to whom the reader has been already introduced. Like most other rakes, Squire Thornhill had a quick scent in tracing out a pretty girl; and, notwithstanding the disparity in their circumstances, he soon found an opportunity of insinuating himself into the good graces of the Vicar's family. From this forced and unnatural condescension, the Vicar augured no good, and read his family many a well-meant lecture on the folly and danger of disproportionate matches;—but the va-

nity of the mother, and the inexperience of her girls, rendered these salutary counsels of very little avail; while the Squire himself dissembled so well, that even the old gentleman became half persuaded that his intentions were honourable. With the heroines of novels beauty is a hereditary quality; the reader will therefore be pleased to regard Miss Olivia Primrose as a second Hebe—blossoming, sprightly, and commanding, and capable of accomplishing, by a single blow, what her sister did by efforts successively repeated. To this lovely, unsuspecting girl, then, did the Squire attach himself, and not only “stole her heart away,” but fairly persuaded her that she had also stolen his. Mrs Primrose, like all prudent matrons, had a great *penchant* for what are called advantageous alliances; and the many nameless arts by which she strove to fan the lover’s flame are exceedingly characteristic.—“If the cakes at tea eat short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering; it was her fingers that gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the Squire that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest:—and these instances of cunning, which every body saw through, she thought quite impenetrable.”—Sprynges to catch woodcocks; but there was no occasion for all this precaution, as the Squire was all the while secretly meditating the ruin of both the sisters. With this view, he introduced to their acquaintance two cast-off mis-

tresses either of his own or some one's else, under the imposing names of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs.—These gentlewomen were much admired for their high breeding, and from the hints which fell from them in the course of conversation, it was inferred that they were quite at home in the Court Calendar, and lived on an intimate footing with half the peers and peeresses in the kingdom. At times, however, the cloven foot would appear in an oath, a vulgarism, or such a *hole in their manners* as startled even the honest rustics they had come to visit; but London, as every body knew, was a sad place, and in the end even these unlady-like accomplishments were regarded as tests of city life, and a perfect familiarity with tip-top fashion. After a few visits the fashionable strangers professed the warmest affection for Olivia and Sophia Primrose: praised their beauty, accomplishments, and so forth, and then gently insinuated how much they would be improved by a winter in London. Such a kind suggestion, originating in such a quarter, could not of course be treated lightly; the mother in particular caught greedily at the bait: and, in spite of the remonstrances of her husband, the scheme would have been carried into execution, but for the timely interference of Mr Burchell, whose quality still remained a secret to the Primroses, but who exerted a mysterious influence at the Castle—the country residence of his abandoned nephew. Defeated in this first attempt, the Squire was compelled to change both his plan and his instruments of seduction; the London visit was therefore delayed, and the procuresses packed off to ply their vocation in some

other quarter, to the great 'grief and disappointment of their intended victims. In the meantime, suspicion attached to Mr Burchell ; on more than one occasion he had evinced a partiality for Sophia,—a circumstance which sufficiently accounted for his base and ungenerous conduct. To him, therefore, the whole family owed a grudge, and an opportunity soon occurring, he was openly upbraided for his treachery, and in effect banished from a dwelling which he had done so much to guard as the sanctuary of peace, innocence, and honour.

The Squire's artifices did not end here ; his attentions to Miss Olivia were more marked than ever ; and in a few days, he prevailed on the unthinking girl to elope with him. The news of this event struck the poor Vicar dumb with terror and astonishment—his peace, happiness, and honour were gone in a moment—the good name of his family for the first time sullied—and his child, so dutiful, affectionate, artless, and innocent, consigned by one false step, to infamy, misery, and despair. The very thought was distraction ; and he who had so often preached patience and resignation under every affliction, now stood before his own family a striking example of the weakness of human nature, and the wonderful difference betwixt theory and practice. At length his grief became more moderate, and, after confessing his weakness, he set out in quest of his lost child, determined to cut short her career of guilt if he could not prevent her fall. As a first step, he paid a visit to the Castle, determined to speak those daggers to the owner which his profession prevented him from using ; but even here

the Squire was too cunning for him, and partly by his own affected composure, and partly by means of hired agents, he persuaded the credulous Vicar that the seducer was no other than his quondam friend Mr Burchell. One man had seen the parties step into the coach ; a second had seen them driving at a furious rate in a certain direction ; and a third was positive that they had gone off for a certain race-course at about seventy miles distance. In this way the unwary traveller was lured far from his humble though once happy home ; and after a long and fruitless search, and after a confinement from sickness of three tedious weeks, forced to retrace his steps. In the course of this journey he had several very romantic, and, as we think, rather improbable adventures. Among other personages he met with his old friend Miss Arabella Wilmot, who, after recommending him to the hospitalities of her uncle and aunt, carried him with her to witness the performance of a company of strolling players. The theatre was, of course, a barn ; and who should appear as the hero of the piece but his own son George, of whom he had heard nothing for a long time. The voice, the looks, and handsome figure of Mr Primrose were at once recognised ; Miss Wilmot raised her mild blue eyes in the utmost astonishment, while her lover, completely overpowered by the intensity of his feelings, hurried off the stage as one chased by the furies. A considerable buz was created by this discovery, and the juvenile tragedian, instead of performing a part he had undertaken for the first time, was prevailed upon to accompany the party home, and, as a substitute for the amusement of which they had been cheated,

to favour them with the history of his own adventures. In this recital the Author is generally supposed to have kept pretty close to his own personal history ; but, from an observation that occurs in Mr Campbell's excellent life of Goldsmith, we are inclined to think that the coincidence is by no means so complete as the public, with a natural bias to the romantic, seem willing to believe.

The day succeeding this adventure, the party was joined by Squire Thornhill, whose marriage with Miss Wilmot was now regarded as a matter signed, sealed, and settled. The young lady herself, however, had been rather hard to advise ; in a secret corner of her heart there still lurked impressions, which neither time nor change had been able to obliterate, and amidst all the poverty of her first, and the splendour of her new lover, it was observed that her eyes invariably wandered in the direction of the former.

On meeting his friend the Vicar so unexpectedly, and in such company, Mr Thornhill appeared a good deal abashed ; but observing from his manner that he was still ignorant of his misconduct, he had recourse to his old arts of dissimulation : inquired anxiously, though privately, if he had heard any tidings of his daughter, and affected to be so much touched with his son's wayward fortunes, that he offered to procure him an ensigncy in a West India regiment for one-third of the usual price. This offer was, of course, too good to be rejected ; the commission was accordingly procured, and a bond granted to the Squire for the price, who had agreed to advance the money in the meantime. Matters being thus agreeably arranged, Mr Primrose, after many grateful

acknowledgments to his generous patron, departed to join his regiment, while his father began to wend his way home, having now given up all hopes of discovering the retreat of his daughter. During the first night he slept at a small public-house, where he was again united to the lost Olivia by an accident similar to that which had first brought him in contact with her supposed seducer. The meeting, on both sides, was in the highest degree tender and affectionate ; the daughter revealed, while the father forgave, all ; and though he had no means of killing the fattened calf, he gave loose, notwithstanding, to all that joy which, we are told, is cherished, even in heaven itself, on the conversion of a repentant sinner. He now learned with astonishment the real name of the wretch who had so deeply wronged him, and could scarcely suppress his indignation, while he listened to the numerous aggravations of his crime ; but, amidst all his grief, it was a great consolation to him to find that his daughter had been regularly married, although the ceremony had been performed by a Catholic clergyman. This objection, however formidable in a legal point of view, weighed very little with the excellent Vicar ; with him the Bible was ever paramount to the statute-book ; and he now proceeded with double alacrity to conduct his daughter home by easy journies, observing the precaution of leaving her a few miles from home, that he might the better prepare the family for her reception.

It was near the hour of midnight when the Vicar approached his once happy dwelling, with what feelings we need not stop to describe. His mission had indeed been a melancholy one ; but still

there were sweets as well as bitters in the cup ; in seeking a lost daughter he had found a long-lost son ; he had thus good as well as evil tidings to communicate ; and even the marriage of Olivia, however contrary to law, was a circumstance that took from her misconduct its worst and most revolting feature. In these circumstances, he could not altogether suppress those emotions with which every man approaches the scene of his dearest enjoyments—the depository of pledges a thousand times more valuable than houses and land. He thought of the caresses of his wife,—the kisses of his children—the congratulations of his parishioners—the welcome of even the house-dog. Though no cheerful taper glimmered through the casement, the lateness of the hour sufficiently accounted for this ; and the inmates, wearied with watching, and uncertain as to the time of his return, were doubtless all fast asleep. But no lights ! In place of one there are a thousand ! Can he believe his eyes ? Yes, it is too true—the house is on fire. He rushes forward—he meets his son Moses, and by their united exertions, the family are saved, but the house is consumed, and with it almost every atom of the owner's remaining property. This is the cap-stone, as he believes, of his misfortunes. He is now a dependant on the bounty of his parishioners, but their kindness is unbounded. Olivia is brought home, and something like comfort begins to revisit his hearth. At this crisis, the unabashed seducer ventures to approach an abode, which he had found pure, and left polluted—which he had found in peace, and left in disquietude. But his is no charitable errand—he comes not to confess his faults—to

repair his crimes—to ask forgiveness of those he had so deeply wronged. No ; his object is to add insult to injury—to wring from the helpless and unprotected a reluctant sanction to his marriage with Miss Wilmot. The high, yet humble-minded pastor, unmasks the hypocrite in a fine strain of manly and moral indignation, worthy of his calling, and worthy of his character. From solicitations the seducer passes to threats—he holds the Vicar's bond for £100—his rent also is in arrear, and the law must take its course as the penalty of non-compliance. This is a hard alternative ; but, supported by that internal sunshine which is a better protection than walls of brass—than pillars of adamant—Mr Primrose dares the seducer to do his worst. The threat was not an idle one ; on the morrow, the officers of justice arrive, and find one daughter fainting, and another apparently dying—the children in rags—the mother in tears—and the old gentleman himself unable almost to leave his seat, from the effects of a severe burn. Still, however, the Christian hero is of good cheer, and prepares to travel a distance of nine miles, accompanied by his whole family, under all the disadvantages of indifferent roads and inclement weather. Arrived at the county jail, a new arrangement is formed—the mother and her daughters occupy a humble lodging ; the two youngest boys are permitted to sleep in their father's cell, while Moses,—the faithful Moses,—now a youth of sixteen, is informed that the wages of his daily labour must suffice for the support of the whole family. Even amidst the gloom of a jail, the cheerfulness of the old man does not forsake him ; religion is his staff and comfort still,

and in place of sinking into despondency, he busies himself in attempting to reclaim the more hardened of his fellow-prisoners. Here he recognises an old acquaintance of the name of Jenkins, a noted sharper, who had once defrauded him at a country fair ; but who, in spite of all his dexterity, is laid up in limbo at last. This man now proves his friend, and, in concert with his wife and daughters, urges him strongly, for his family's, if not for his own sake, to submit to his imperious and hard-hearted landlord. On this point, the Vicar is as immoveable as a rock—never shall he do evil that good may follow—never shall he be instrumental in affixing a stigma on the character of his own child. At length fraud is successful where remonstrance fails. Olivia is represented as dying—as dead ; and now the afflicted parent waives an objection which was founded in principle, and not in pride. But his submission is too late ; the Squire has heard of a complaint lodged with his uncle, and spurns the petitioners from him with disdain and contempt.

More miseries follow. Sophia, while taking a walk one morning, is suddenly seized by a ruffian, hurried into a chaise, and carried off before her mother's eyes. The news of this sad event reaches the ear of the already broken-hearted father, and before he has time to recover from his dismay and consternation, his eldest son, George, is brought into his presence bleeding, wounded, and a prisoner. This gallant young officer having been solemnly adjured, as he valued a mother's blessing, to avenge the wrongs of a once happy family, immediately challenges the seducer ; but, in place of being met by Mr Thornhill, he is beset by four

ruffians, and, after a desperate struggle, carried before a magistrate, by whom he is committed to prison, under an impression that he had killed one of his antagonists. The aged and truly venerable pastor is now indeed completely wretched; with one child dead, another the victim of a destiny still more cruel, a third about to forfeit his life to the offended laws of his country, himself an invalid and a prisoner, his wife and infants outcasts and beggars—where is he now to look for comfort?—what has he on earth left to hope for, but that the cup of misery may break by reason of its own overflowing, and render him for ever insensible to burdens which are truly more than he is able to bear. He is now pinioned to the lowest spoke of fortune's wheel; but by a fresh revolution, as sudden as it is unexpected, he is again lifted very near the top. Sophia, rescued at the critical moment, again stands before her father, and presents to him her deliverer, the discarded Mr Burchell. The grateful Vicar offers his old friend the hand of his daughter (he had her heart before) as the reward of his bravery, although still ignorant of his real name and character. But the secret cannot much longer be kept—George Primrose enters his father's cell, and immediately recognises Sir William Thornhill. The family are astonished, particularly Sophia, whose amazement is mixed with despondency—the young ensign is rebuked for his rashness, but forgiven on the intercession of his mother, who confesses that she alone was to blame. Squire Thornhill arrives, and being admitted to his uncle's presence, he there attempts to establish his innocence by means

of suborned witnesses ; but the attempt fails, and he finds himself

“ Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed.”

The ruffian who carried off Sophia is apprehended, and proves to be no other than the identical person whom Mr Primrose was said to have slain. He, too, perceiving how the land lies, confesses that he seized the young lady at the Squire's request, who had often declared that he was in love with both sisters at the same time. At this juncture, who should enter the prison but the beautiful Arabella Wilmot—the affianced bride of the villainous Squire. Amazement ! what, whom does she see but her beloved George, who, according to the representations of the unprincipled Squire, had married another lady, and embarked for America several weeks previous. Oh ! what a gulf she has escaped !—from the arms of the basest she rushes to the arms of the bravest, best of men. The Squire, confronted with such a cloud of witnesses, and perceiving that his fate is sealed, assumes the character most natural to him—that of the bold, hardy, unabashed villain. By documents in his possession, he has secured at least Miss Wilmot's fortune, and that was all he ever cared for—possessed of the one, any man who chooses may take the other. But even here the biter is bit. Jenkinson, one of his old instruments of villany, tells him to his face, that there are two words to that bargain, and hastily leaving the prison, returns in a few minutes leading in the Vicar's eldest daughter—that favourite child whom he had mourned over as one irrecoverably

lost. The better to accomplish the ruin of Olivia, Jenkinson had been employed to procure a false license and a false priest; but being weary of such missions, as well as desirous of extorting money from his employer, as his necessities required, in place of a false, he took care to provide a regular license, and a regular clergyman. By this piece of generalship, Mr Thornhill is completely undone—Miss Wilmot's fortune reverts to her father, and what is far better, the much-injured Olivia is constituted "an honest woman." The happiness of the circle, already great, is destined to be still more so. Sir William Thornhill, who had long been in quest of such a bride, offers his hand to the blushing Sophia, who had loved him for his own sake, and who, till now, was totally ignorant of his rank and consequence.* Olivia is

* To some readers, the character of Mr Burehell, alias Sir William Thornhill, and particularly his mode of wooing, may appear unnatural and overstrained. The history of our own country, however, furnishes us with several authentic instances of similar condescension, one of which was lately recorded in the periodical work edited by Thomas Campbell, Esq. upon the authority of Mr Hazlitt.

"The late Earl Exeter had been divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion, and of somewhat more gayety of manner than 'lords who love their ladies like.' He determined to seek out a second wife in a humbler sphere of life, and that it should be one who, having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose, he went and settled incognito (under the name of Mr Jones) at Hodnet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighbourhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish, his mode of life was retired, it was odd how he got his livelihood, and at last he began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma he turned to Miss Hoggins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer at whose house he lodged. Miss Hoggins, it might seem, had not been used to romp with the clowns: there was something in the manners of their quiet, but eccentric guest, that she liked. As he found that he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, he made honour-

constituted sole arbitress of her husband's fate, who is, in the meantime, dismissed with a sufficiency to support the wants of life, though not its follies. The prison doors fly open—gladness beams in every countenance but one—the prisoners within, and the populace without, become sharers in the bounty of the eccentric baronet, and rejoice alike in the liberation of a family whose misfortunes have only the better fitted them for enjoying with moderation the gifts of Heaven. On the good Vicar himself, at least, the hand of adversity had not fallen in vain, and he seizes the first opportunity of pouring out his heart in gratitude to that Being, of whom it has been beautifully said by an inspired penman, “whomsoever he loveth, him also he chasteneth.”

Such is the outline of a novel, which is read, quoted, and remembered by persons of all tastes, classes, and characters. Judging from our own feelings, we would say, that the perusal of this

able proposals to her, and at the end of some months, they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post-chaise from her father's house, and travelled across the country. In this manner, they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping, till they came to the entrance of Burleigh Park, which is on the outside of it. The gates flew open, the chaise entered, and drove down the long avenue of trees that leads up to the front of this fine old mansion. As they drew nearer to it, and she seemed a little surprised where they were going, he said, ‘Well, my dear, this is Burleigh House, it is the home I have promised to bring you to, and you are the Countess of Exeter!’ It is said, the shock of this discovery was too much for this young creature, and that she never recovered it. It was a sensation worth dying for. The world we live in is worth making, had it been only for this. Ye Thousand and One Tales of the Arabian Night's Entertainment, hide your diminished heads! I never wish to have been a lord, but when I think of this story.”

work forms a sort of literary era in the lives of most young men—an era, which the grave and the gay, the young and old, the learned and illiterate, are fond of recalling, and which constitutes, what Moore is pleased to term, one of the “greenest spots in memory’s waste.” Whatever may be thought of the incidents, the characters and descriptions are all so exquisitely natural and engaging, that we unconsciously yield to Goldsmith that homage so much desiderated by Sterne, when he exclaimed, “I would go fifty miles on foot to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author’s hands, and be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.” As the sky retains no scar from the wing, and the wave no furrow from the keel, so there are books that take such a slender hold of the imagination, that we in a short time forget that we ever read them ; but with regard to the beautiful volume before us, the case is so completely different, that many persons seem as familiar with its different chapters as with the more remarkable passages of their own history. Even the artless farmer’s daughter, as she lingers at the threshold of her father’s cottage to mark the effect of those rustic ornaments which her own hands fashioned, and wish her brother good speed in his first transactions at a country fair, raises the slow-moving finger, not of scorn, but of affection, and cautions him to beware of sharpers—to remember the trick played upon Moses Primrose, and rather bring the brown colt home again, than barter him for a gross of green spectacles ! The story, too, of the family picture, in which Squire Thornhill figured so conspicuously, but which,

by a strange oversight, was commenced on a scale so disproportioned to the humble mansion it was meant to adorn, that it was at last allowed to lean as lumber against the kitchen wall, is excellent of its kind, and told in Goldsmith's gayest and happiest manner. Nay, the very failings of the hero of the piece—his fondness for the Whistonian controversy—his notable expedient of engraving, above the chimney-piece, an epitaph upon a *living* wife—his adventure with Jenkinson, who treated him to a learned lecture on the cosmogony of the earth, and, by dint of a few hard names, imposed upon a man of real learning, are all touches so admirably graphic, that they may be ranked among the purest specimens of humour in the English language. The peculiarities of the Vicar's wife are also brought prominently forward ; and we may here observe, that the author evinces his courage as well as judgment, in giving us both the lights and shadows of human nature. In real life, the frankest are uniformly the most popular characters ; we love and take to our bosoms the man who lets us see, as it were, the internal machinery of his heart, and who practises so little art, that we know him nearly as well at the end of half an hour as at the end of half a century. Such a person may have many failings, but unless they are of a revolting nature, they only tend to knit us the closer to him ; at all events, they increase our confidence. Our friend, at least, meets us on equal terms ; he carries about him no secret weapon, and is not clad in a coat of mail while we ourselves have laid aside our corslets. A cold, prudent, formal man, on the contrary, may extort our admiration, but rarely possesses

our love ; there is a reserve, if not a mystery, about him, which freezes and congeals the finer sympathies of the mind ; he may be both wiser and better than our more boon companion ; but how are we to assure ourselves of this ? how are we to know that his prudence is not mixed with cunning, that his seeming virtue is not the result of hypocrisy ? The one character, in fact, resembles a deep, dark pool, which we approach with a feeling of dread, lest it should contain an eddy in its bosom ; while the other is like a summer-dried brook, in which we may lave our limbs with perfect safety, for there we can count even the pebbles at the bottom.—And so it is in the business of novel-writing. Your “ faultless monsters which the world ne’er saw ” are rarely favourites. Goldsmith knew this ; and he knew, moreover, that the qualities which go to form the prudent housewife—the dutiful spouse and affectionate mother, present so few points of attraction, that they would of themselves lend very little interest to any work which rises above the level of a nursery-tale. Hence the numerous sly and humorous touches in which he indulges, all tending strongly to illustrate the character of Mrs Primrose—such as her anxiety to keep up appearances—her eagerness to entrap the Squire—her custom of carving and descanting on the history of every dish at table, “ because it was her mother’s way,”—her excellence at pickling, preserving, and cookery, and those other contrivances in housekeeping, which her husband “ never found they grew a whit the richer for.”

But the great charm of the volume before us is the character of the Vicar himself, who is through-

out represented as a Christian hero. Even Cato giving laws to his little senate is scarcely more attractive than the venerable pastor presiding over the temporal and spiritual concerns of his interesting family. Few men, we think, ever rose from the perusal of the book in question, without being wiser as well as better ; nay, even the church itself is more indebted to the pen of Goldsmith than to many authors we could enumerate, not perhaps of higher name, but at least of loftier pretensions. In all his warfare with the world, and with the men of the world, the Vicar had only two weapons—his Bible and a good conscience—and armed with these, he overcame more formidable obstacles, and performed greater prodigies of valour, than all the crack-brain knights that ever flourished from the first dawn of chivalry to the day of its extinction.—The sublimest spectacle in the world is said to be a good man struggling with adversity ; and truly it is so. Misfortune may narrow her lines of circumvallation till she leaves him scarcely a resting-place for the sole of his foot ; but still there is one little spot to which he can retreat, and that point is the fortress of Conscience. From this strong-hold he may be lured, but cannot be driven ; and so long as he remains firm to his god-like purpose, he is as a traveller stationed on the highest Andes, beneath whom the thunders may growl, and the lightnings play, while above and around him, the heavens are as pure, and tranquil, and beautiful, as on the first day of the creation. The example of such a man affords the finest possible illustration of the mighty difference betwixt the power of Christianity and what the world calls Honour. The

one principle must be seen, felt, applauded ; the other is self-sustained, self-existent, or rather it derives all its support from that Being who “ hears in secret, and answers in secret.” The one is as nothing, should it never meet the ear of fame ; the other has no such accident to fear—for it cannot escape the eye of Heaven. The Christian’s worst enemies are enemies from within ; if there be no traitor in the camp, he is invincible to foes without ; the evils which afflict the man of honour begin and end here ; they are circumscribed by time—they have no reference to eternity. A thousand circumstances may occur to wring the Christian’s heart to its very core ; but he frets not under them like other men ; with him resignation is a duty of paramount importance ; and as the tempest deepens the roots of the mountain oak, so his faith only becomes the firmer the more trials it is exposed to. When his horizon is at the darkest, he can still fix his eye on that cheering vista which opens as it were on another and a better world ; and, even on this side the grave, he can never despair, so long as he believes what is written—“ I have been young, and now I am old, yet never saw I the just man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.”

The character of a country clergyman has been drawn by another masterly hand—by the hand of Fielding ; but how unlike the portrait presented by Goldsmith ! The truth, piety, honesty, courage, and simplicity of Parson Adams are above all praise ; but with all those excellent qualities, he is too rough a sample of a Christian minister. He lacks dignity, and the paucity of this one quality lessens the value of every thing which he says

and does. He is too fond of smoking and taking large doses of ale ; and the endless blunders he is perpetually falling into, make him more like a Merry Andrew than a teacher of morality. The character, in short, is too amusing to be instructive. A person who had seen Mr Adams slipping by mistake into Mr Slipslop's bed, or handling the fat hams of Parson Trulliber's pigs, would have been apt to quiz him even in the pulpit. His poverty, too, has something irresistibly ludicrous about it ; and we cannot reconcile ourselves to the idea of a clergyman drinking a horn of ale in Squire Booby's kitchen, and gravely informing a stranger that my lady objected to his dress as not sufficiently genteel for the gentry at her table.

But it is time to close these rambling observations. In the Vicar of Wakefield there is not probably a single line which a good man dying would wish to blot, while there are hundreds and thousands which a good man dying might wish to have written. This is the great praise of the author, and it would be well if his example were imitated in more respects than one. His success proves, that popularity is perfectly compatible with the purest morality, and that a writer loses nothing by trying to compress his thoughts, and attending more to the quality than the quantity of his effusions. Of the hundreds and thousands, we may say of the millions of volumes that have inundated the reading market since the first appearance of the Vicar of Wakefield, how few of them possess even a tithe of its literary longevity ! And even yet, amidst all the powerful competition it seems destined to encounter, how well it maintains its ground. Other and more fashion-

able authors may sometimes have thrown Goldsmith a good deal into the shade ; but it is only a temporary eclipse—the cloud passes away, and the luminary is seen as bright as ever. Happy, enviable volume ! thy perusal seems almost a necessary part of every young person's education. Little Master, as he returns from school, displays thee as the gift of some kind maiden aunt, while Miss cherishes thee as the dearest legacy of a departed mother. The lover inscribes the name of his mistress on thy blank leaf, while the approving fair one perfumes with rose-leaves and violets thy more remarkable and well-conned pages. From the palace to the cottage, thou art nearly as widely diffused as the Bible ; and even the difference of tongues and nations has been no bar to thy foreign circulation. Again we say, excellent, enviable volume ! and conclude in the words of the Tourist, on discovering in a lonely cottage a well-thumbed copy of Thomson's Seasons, "This, this is true fame !"

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE are a hundred faults in this thing ; and a hundred things might be said to prove them beauties ; but it is needless. A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity.

The hero of this piece unites in himself the three greatest characters upon earth : he is a priest, an husbandman, and the father of a family. He is drawn as ready to teach, and ready to obey ; as simple in affluence, and majestic in adversity.

In this age of opulence and refinement, whom can such a character please ? Such as are fond of high life, will turn with disdain from the simplicity of his country fireside ; such as mistake ribaldry for humour, will find no wit in his harmless conversation ; and such as have been taught to deride religion, will laugh at one, whose chief stores of comfort are drawn from futurity.

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

CHAP. I.

*Description of the family of Wakefield ; in which
a kindred likeness prevails, as well of minds as
of persons.*

I WAS ever of opinion, that the honest man who married, and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarcely taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony ; and chose my wife as she did her wedding-gown—not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman ; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could shew more. She could read an English book without much spelling ; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself, also, upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping, though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly ; and

our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world, or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in moral or rural amusements ;—in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo ; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger to visit us, to taste our gooseberry-wine, for which we had great reputation ; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the Herald's Office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred : as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt, amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted, that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us : for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated ; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of,—upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat,

or a pair of boots, or sometimes an horse of small value ; and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like : but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years, in a state of much happiness ; not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours : my orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy ; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named

George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel; but my wife, who, during her pregnancy, had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter; and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia: so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next; and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me: but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country."—"Aye, neighbour," she would answer, "they are as Heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsomē is that handsome does. And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarcely have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriance of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe,—open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The

one vanquished by a single blow : the other, by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features : at least, it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers ; Sophia, to secure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to please. Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay ; the other, with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribands has given her youngest sister more than natural vivacity.

My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all ; and, properly speaking, they had but one character,—that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

CHAP. II.

Family misfortunes.—The loss of fortune only serves to increase the pride of the worthy.

THE temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management: as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to but thirty-five pounds a-year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a sufficient fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony; so that in a few years it was a common saying, that there were three strange wants at Wakefield,—a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and alehouses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favourite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness; but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second; or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, (which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the

subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking are read only by the happy *few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they had not, like me, made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles: as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston, so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes. It admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her: it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune: but fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence, were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such an happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families

lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced by experience that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period ; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company, seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner, the ladies devoted to dress and study : they usually read a page ; and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which even philosophers might own often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner my wife took the lead ; for, as she always insisted upon carving every thing herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us, upon these occasions, the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed ; and sometimes, with the music-masters' assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits, shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a two-penny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened the last time we played together : I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw a deuce-ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed

earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters: in fact, my attention was fixed on another object,—the completing a tract, which I intended shortly to publish, in defence of my favourite principle. As I looked upon this as a masterpiece both for argument and style, I could not, in the pride of my heart, avoid shewing it to my old friend Mr Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation; but, not till too late, I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion; and with good reason—for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife.

This, as may be expected, produced a dispute, attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance; but on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large. It was managed with proper spirit on both sides: he asserted that I was heterodox; I retorted the charge: he replied, and I rejoined. In the meantime, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How!" cried I, "relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be an husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity! You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument."—"Your fortune," returned my friend, "I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone

off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account, till after the wedding; but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument; for I suppose your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secure." "Well," returned I, "if what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment, and inform the company of my circumstances; and as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favour, nor will I allow him now to be an husband in any sense of the expression."

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families when I divulged the news of our misfortune; but what others felt was slight, to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was by this blow soon determined: one virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

CHAP. III.

A migration.—The fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own procuring.

THE only hope of our family now was, that the report of our misfortune might be malicious or premature : but a letter from my agent in town soon came, with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling ; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humble without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction ; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them ; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me in a distant neighbourhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune ; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention therefore was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances ; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. “ You cannot be

ignorant, my children," cried I, "that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings; and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us, then, without repining, give up those splendours with which numbers are wretched, and seek in humbler circumstances that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help: why then should not we learn to live without theirs? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility; we have still enough left for happiness, if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You are going, my boy," cried I, "to London, on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, travelled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good Bishop Jewel, this staff, and take this book, too,—it will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million: *I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the*

righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread. Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy ; whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a year : still keep a good heart, and farewell." As he was possessed of integrity and honour, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheatre of life ; for I knew he would act a good part, whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighbourhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity, was not without a tear, which scarcely fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension ; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it.

The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company ; with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighbourhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment to the fair sex. He observed, that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarcely a

farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and faithless. Though this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph; nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue.

While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband, that the strange gentleman who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle, to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog-stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, shewing in a gentleman, who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced: his person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking; he had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it.

Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances; and offered him my purse, to satisfy the present demand. "I take it with all my heart, sir," replied he; "and am glad that a late oversight, in giving what money I had about me, has shewn

me that there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible." In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortune, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more luckily than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which I hope by to-morrow will be found passable." I testified the pleasure I should have in his company; and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together; my family on horseback, while Mr Burchell, our new companion, walked along the footpath, by the roadside, observing with a smile, that as we were ill-mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly: but what surprised me most was, that though he was a money-borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we travelled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent

house which stood at some distance, “ belongs to Mr Thornhill, a young gentleman, who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town.”—“ What !” cried I, “ is my young landlord, then, the nephew of a man, whose virtues, generosity, and singularities, are so universally known ? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous, yet whimsical men in the kingdom,—a man of consummate benevolence.”—“ Something, perhaps, too much so,” replied Mr Burchell, “ at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young ; for his passions were then strong, and, as they were all upon the side of virtue, they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and the scholar ; was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious ; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who shewed him only one side of their character ; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind ; for fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder, in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible, that the slightest touch gives pain : what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind. The slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick : and his soul laboured under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus dis-

posed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured, he found numbers disposed to solicit : his profusions began to impair his fortune, but not his good-nature ; that, indeed, was seen to increase as the other seemed to decay ; he grew improvident as he grew poor ; and, though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still, however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made him, instead of *money*, he gave *promises* : they were all he had to bestow ; and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew round him crowds of dependants, whom he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But, in proportion as he became contemptible to others, he became despicable to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adulation ; and, that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learnt to reverence.—The world now began to wear a different aspect : the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple approbation : approbation soon took the more friendly form of advice ; and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches. He now, therefore, found, that such friends as benefits had gathered round him, were little estimable : he now found, that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I now found, that—that—I forget what I was going to observe. In short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his fallen fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he travelled through Europe

on foot ; and now, though he has scarcely attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more affluent than ever. At present, his bounties are more rational and moderate than before ; but still he preserves the character of an humourist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues."

My attention was so much taken up by Mr Burchell's account, that I scarcely looked forward as we went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family ; when, turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue : she must have certainly perished, had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over ; where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledgments to her's. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described : she thanked her deliverer more with looks than words ; and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife, also, hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave, and we pursued our journey ; my wife observing as we went, that she liked him extremely ; and protesting, that if he had birth and fortune to en-

title him to match into such a family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain : but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

CHAP. IV.

A proof that even the humblest fortune may grant happiness, which depends not on circumstances, but constitution.

THE place of our retreat was in a little neighbourhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluities. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners ; and, frugal by habit, they scarcely knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labour ; but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true-love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, shewed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighbourhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor : a feast also was provided for our recep-

tion, at which we sat cheerfully down ; and what the conversation wanted in wit, was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful under-wood behind, and a prattling river before ; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, having given an hundred pounds for my predecessor's good-will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little enclosures : the elms and hedge-rows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness ; the walls on the inside were nicely white-washed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers, being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments ; one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters, within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner :—By sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment ; the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony, for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good-breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship, we all bent in

gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner ; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labours after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire, were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests : sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbour, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry-wine ; for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company ; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad—Johnny Armstrong's last good-night, or the cruelty of Barbara Allen. The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day ; and he that read loudest, distinctest, and best, was to have an half-penny on Sunday to put in the poor's box.

When Sunday came, it was indeed a day of finery, which all my sumptuary edicts could not restrain. How well soever I fancied my lectures against pride had conquered the vanity of my daughters, yet I still found them secretly attached to all their former finery : they still loved laces,

ribbons, bugles, and catgut : my wife herself retained a passion for her crimson paduasoy, because I formerly happened to say it became her.

The first Sunday, in particular, their behaviour served to mortify me : I had desired my girls, the preceding night, to be dressed early the next day ; for I always loved to be at church a good while before the rest of the congregation. They punctually obeyed my directions ; but when we were to assemble in the morning at breakfast, down came my wife and daughters, dressed out all in their former splendour,—their hair plastered up with pomatum, their faces patched to taste, their trains bundled up in a heap behind, and rustling at every motion. I could not help smiling at their vanity, particularly that of my wife, from whom I expected more discretion. In this exigence, therefore, my only resource was to order my son, with an important air, to call our coach. The girls were amazed at the command ; but I repeated it with more solemnity than before. “ Surely, my dear, you jest,” cried my wife, “ we can walk it perfectly well : we want no coach to carry us now.”—“ You mistake, child,” returned I, “ we do want a coach ; for if we walk to church in this trim, the very children in the parish will hoot after us.”—“ Indeed,” replied my wife, “ I always imagined that my Charles was fond of seeing his children neat and handsome about him.”—“ You may be as neat as you please,” interrupted I, “ and I shall love you the better for it ; but all this is not neatness, but frippery. These ruffings, and pinkings, and patchings, will only make us hated by the wives of all our neighbours. No, my

children," continued I, more gravely, "these gowns may be altered into something of a plainer cut; for finery is very unbecoming in us, who want the means of decency. I do not know whether such flouncing and shredding is becoming even in the rich, if we consider, upon a moderate calculation, that the nakedness of the indigent world may be clothed from the trimmings of the vain."

This remonstrance had the proper effect; they went, with great composure that very instant, to change their dress; and the next day I had the satisfaction of finding my daughters, at their own request, employed in cutting up their trains into Sunday waistcoats for Dick and Bill, the two little ones; and, what was still more satisfactory, the gowns seemed improved by this curtailing.

CHAP. V.

A new and great acquaintance introduced.—What we place most hopes upon generally proves most fatal.

AT a small distance from the house my predecessor had made a seat, overshadowed by a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle. Here, when the weather was fine, and our labour soon finished, we usually sat together, to enjoy an extensive landscape, in the calm of the evening. Here, too, we drank tea, which was now become an occasional banquet; and as we had it but seldom, it

diffused a new joy, the preparations for it being made with no small share of bustle and ceremony. On these occasions, our two little ones always read to us ; and they were regularly served after we had done. Sometimes, to give a variety to our amusements, the girls sung to the guitar ; and while they thus formed a little concert, my wife and I would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with blue bells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony.

In this manner we began to find that every situation in life might bring its own peculiar pleasures ; every morning awaked us to a repetition of toil ; but the evening repaid it with vacant hilarity.

It was about the beginning of autumn, on a holiday, for I kept such as intervals of relaxation from labour, that I had drawn out my family to our usual place of amusement, and our young musicians began their usual concert. As we were thus engaged, we saw a stag bound nimbly by, within about twenty paces of where we were sitting, and, by its panting, it seemed pressed by the hunters. We had not much time to reflect upon the poor animal's distress, when we perceived the dogs and horsemen come sweeping along at some distance behind, and making the very path it had taken. I was instantly for returning in with my family ; but either curiosity or surprise, or some more hidden motive, held my wife and daughters to their seats. The huntsman, who rode foremost, passed us with great swiftness, followed by four or five persons more, who seemed

in equal haste. At last, a young gentleman, of a more genteel appearance than the rest, came forward, and for a while regarding us, instead of pursuing the chase, stopped short; and giving his horse to a servant who attended, approached us with a careless superior air. He seemed to want no introduction, but was going to salute my daughters, as one certain of a kind reception; but they had early learned the lesson of looking presumption out of countenance. Upon which, he let us know that his name was Thornhill, and that he was owner of the estate that lay for some extent round us. He again, therefore, offered to salute the female part of the family: and such was the power of fortune and fine clothes, that he found no second repulse. As his address, though confident, was easy, we soon became more familiar; and perceiving musical instruments lying near, he begged to be favoured with a song. As I did not approve of such disproportioned acquaintances, I winked upon my daughters, in order to prevent their compliance; but my hint was counteracted by one from their mother; so that with a cheerful air they gave us a favourite song of Dryden's. Mr Thornhill seemed highly delighted with their performance and choice; and then took up the guitar himself. He played but very indifferently; however, my eldest daughter repaid his former applause with interest, and assured him that his tones were louder than even those of her master. At this compliment he bowed; which she returned with a courtesy. He praised her taste, and she commended his understanding: an age could not have made them better acquainted. While the fond

mother, too, equally happy, insisted upon her landlord's stepping in, and tasting a glass of her gooseberry. The whole family seemed earnest to please him : my girls attempted to entertain him with topics they thought most modern ; while Moses, on the contrary, gave him a question or two from the ancients, for which he had the satisfaction of being laughed at : my little ones were no less busy, and fondly stuck close to the stranger. All my endeavours could scarcely keep their dirty fingers from handling and tarnishing the lace on his clothes, and lifting up the flaps of his pocket-holes, to see what was there. At the approach of evening he took leave ; but not till he had requested permission to renew his visit, which, as he was our landlord, we most readily agreed to.

As soon as he was gone, my wife called a council on the conduct of the day. She was of opinion, that it was a most fortunate hit ; for that she had known even stranger things at last brought to bear. She hoped again to see the day in which we might hold up our heads with the best of them ; and concluded,—she protested she could see no reason why the two Miss Wrinklers should marry great fortunes, and her children get none. As this last argument was directed to me, I protested I could see no reason for it neither ; nor why Mr Simkins got the ten thousand pound prize in the lottery, and we sat down with a blank. “ I protest, Charles,” cried my wife, “ this is the way you always damp my girls and me when we are in spirits.—Tell me, Sophy, my dear, what do you think of our new visitor ? Don't you think he seemed to be good-natured ? ”—“ Im-

mensely so, indeed, mamma," replied she; "I think he has a great deal to say upon every thing, and is never at a loss; and the more trifling the subject, the more he has to say."—"Yes," cried Olivia, "he is well enough for a man; but, for my part, I don't much like him, he is so extremely impudent and familiar; but on the guitar he is shocking." These two last speeches I interpreted by contraries. I found by this, that Sophia internally despised as much as Olivia secretly admired him. "Whatever may be your opinions of him, my children," cried I, "to confess a truth, he has not prepossessed me in his favour. Disproportioned friendships ever terminate in disgust: and I thought, notwithstanding all his ease, that he seemed perfectly sensible of the distance between us. Let us keep to companions of our own rank. There is no character more contemptible than a man that is a fortune-hunter: and I can see no reason why fortune-hunting women should not be contemptible also. Thus, at best, we shall be contemptible, if his views are honourable: but if they be otherwise, I should shudder but to think of that! It is true, I have no apprehensions from the conduct of my children, but I think there are some from his character." I would have proceeded, but for the interruption of a servant from the squire, who, with his compliments, sent us a side of venison, and a promise to dine with us some days after. This well-timed present pleaded more powerfully in his favour, than any thing I had to say could obviate. I therefore continued silent, satisfied with just having pointed out danger, and leaving it to their own discretion to avoid it. That virtue

which requires to be ever guarded, is scarce worth the sentinel.

CHAP. VI.

The happiness of a country fire-side.

As we carried on the former dispute with some degree of warmth, in order to accommodate matters, it was universally agreed that we should have a part of the venison for supper, and the girls undertook the task with alacrity. “I am sorry,” cried I, “that we have no neighbour or stranger to take part in this good cheer: feasts of this kind acquire a double relish from hospitality.”—“Bless me,” cried my wife, “here comes our good friend Mr Burchell, that saved our Sophia, and that ran you down fairly in the argument.”—“Confute me in argument, child!” cried I. “You mistake there, my dear. I believe there are but few that can do that: I never dispute your abilities at making a goose-pie, and I beg you’ll leave argument to me.” As I spoke, poor Mr Burchell entered the house, and was welcomed by the family, who shook him heartily by the hand, while little Dick officiously reached him a chair.

I was pleased with the poor man’s friendship, for two reasons: because I knew that he wanted mine, and I knew him to be friendly as far as he was able. He was known in our neighbourhood by the character of the poor gentleman, that

would do no good when he was young, though he was not yet thirty. He would at intervals talk with great good sense ; but, in general, he was fondest of the company of children, whom he used to call harmless little men. He was famous, I found, for singing them ballads, and telling them stories ; and seldom went out without something in his pockets for them—a piece of gingerbread, or an halfpenny whistle. He generally came for a few days into our neighbourhood once a year, and lived upon the neighbours' hospitality. He sat down to supper among us, and my wife was not sparing of her gooseberry-wine. The tale went round ; he sung us old songs, and gave the children the story of the Buck of Beverland, with the History of Patient Grissel, the Adventures of Catskin, and then Fair Rosamond's Bower. Our cock, which always crew at eleven, now told us it was time for repose ; but an unforeseen difficulty started about lodging the stranger : all our beds were already taken up, and it was too late to send him to the next ale-house. In this dilemma, little Dick offered him his part of the bed, if his brother Moses would let him lie with him. “ And I,” cried Bill, “ will give Mr Burchell my part, if my sisters will take me to theirs.”—“ Well done, my good children,” cried I ; “ hospitality is one of the first Christian duties. The beast retires to its shelter, and the bird flies to its nest ; but helpless man can only find refuge from his fellow-creature. The greatest stranger in this world was he that came to save it. He never had an house, as if willing to see what hospitality was left remaining among us. “ Deborah, my dear,”

cried I, to my wife, "give those boys a lump of sugar each, and let Dick's be the largest, because he spoke first."

In the morning early I called out my whole family to help at saving an after-growth of hay, and our guest offering his assistance, he was accepted among the number. Our labours went on lightly; we turned the swath to the wind, I went foremost, and the rest followed in due succession. I could not avoid, however, observing the assiduity of Mr Burchell in assisting my daughter Sophia in her part of the task. When he had finished his own, he would join in her's, and enter into a close conversation: but I had too good an opinion of Sophia's understanding, and was too well convinced of her ambition, to be under any uneasiness from a man of broken fortune. When we were finished for the day, Mr Burchell was invited, as on the night before; but he refused, as he was to lie that night at a neighbour's, to whose child he was carrying a whistle. When gone, our conversation at supper turned upon our late unfortunate guest. "What a strong instance," said I, "is that poor man of the miseries attending a youth of levity and extravagance! He by no means wants sense, which only serves to aggravate his former folly. Poor forlorn creature, where are now the revellers, the flatterers, that he could once inspire and command! Gone, perhaps, to attend the bagnio pander, grown rich by his extravagance. They once praised him, and now they applaud the pander: their former raptures at his wit are now converted into sarcasms at his folly: he is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the

ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful." Prompted, perhaps, by some secret reasons, I delivered this observation with too much acrimony, which my Sophia gently reproved. "Whatsoever his former conduct may have been, papa, his circumstances should exempt him from censure now. His present indigence is a sufficient punishment for former folly; and I have heard my papa himself say, that we should never strike one unnecessary blow at a victim, over whom Providence holds the scourge of its resentment."—"You are right, Sophia," cried my son Moses, "and one of the ancients finely represents so malicious a conduct, by the attempts of a rustic to slay Marsyas, whose skin, the fable tells us, had been wholly stripped off by another. Besides, I don't know if this poor man's situation be so bad as my father would represent it. We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartment sufficiently lightsome. And, to confess the truth, this man's mind seems fitted to his station; for I never heard any one more sprightly than he was to-day, when he conversed with you." This was said without the least design; however, it excited a blush, which she strove to cover by an affected laugh: assuring him that she scarcely took any notice of what he said to her; but that she believed he might once have been a very fine gentleman. The readiness with which she undertook to vindicate herself, and her blushing, were symptoms I did not internally approve; but I repressed my suspicions.

As we expected our landlord the next day, my wife went to make the venison pasty ; Moses sat reading, while I taught the little ones : my daughters seemed equally busy with the rest ; and I observed them for a good while cooking something over the fire. I at first supposed they were assisting their mother ; but little Dick informed me in a whisper, that they were making a wash for the face. Washes of all kinds I had a natural antipathy to ; for I knew, that instead of mending the complexion, they spoiled it. I therefore approached my chair by sly degrees to the fire, and grasping the poker, as if it wanted mending, seemingly by accident, overturned the whole composition, and it was too late to begin another.

CHAP. VII.

A town wit described.—The dullest fellows may learn to be comical for a night or two.

WHEN the morning arrived on which we were to entertain our young landlord, it may be easily supposed what provisions were exhausted to make an appearance. It may also be conjectured, that my wife and daughters expanded their gayest plumage upon this occasion. Mr Thornhill came with a couple of friends, his chaplain and feeder. The servants, who were numerous, he politely ordered to the next alehouse : but my wife, in the triumph of her heart, insisted on entertaining

them all, for which, by the bye, our family was pinched for three weeks after. As Mr Burchell had hinted to us the day before, that he was making some proposals of marriage to Miss Wilmot, my son George's former mistress, this a good deal damped the heartiness of his reception; but accident, in some measure, relieved our embarrassment: for one of the company happening to mention her name, Mr Thornhill observed with an oath, that he never knew any thing more absurd than calling such a fright a beauty: "For strike me ugly," continued he, "if I should not find as much pleasure in choosing my mistress by the information of a lamp under the clock at St Dunstan's." At this he laughed, and so did we: the jests of the rich are ever successful. Olivia, too, could not avoid whispering, loud enough to be heard, that he had an infinite fund of humour.

After dinner, I began with my usual toast, "the Church:" for this I was thanked by the chaplain, as he said the church was the only mistress of his affections. "Come, tell us honestly, Frank," said the squire, with his usual archness, "suppose the church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her on the other, which would you be for?" "For both, to be sure," cried the chaplain. "Right, Frank," cried the squire; "for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation. For what are tithes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture,—and I can prove it."—"I wish you would," cried my son Moses; "and I think," continued he, "that I should be

able to answer you.”—“Very well, sir,” cried the squire, who immediately smoked him, and winked on the rest of the company to prepare us for the sport; “if you are for a cool argument upon that subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And, first, whether are you for managing it analogically, or dialogically?”—“I am for managing it rationally,” cried Moses, quite happy at being permitted to dispute. “Good again!” cried the squire; “and, firstly, of the first. I hope you’ll not deny that whatever is, is: if you don’t grant me that, I can go no farther.”—“Why,” returned Moses, “I think I may grant that, and make the best of it.”—“I hope, too,” returned the other, “you will grant that a part is less than the whole.”—“I grant that too,” cried Moses; “it is but just and reasonable.”—“I hope,” cried the squire, “you will not deny, that the two angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones.”—“Nothing can be plainer,” returned t’other; and looked round with his usual importance.—“Very well,” cried the squire, speaking very quick, “the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe, that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produce a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable.”—“Hold, hold,” cried the other, “I deny that: do you think I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?”—“What,” replied the squire, as if in a passion, “not submit! Answer me one plain question: Do you think Aristotle right when he says, that relatives are related?”—“Undoubtedly,” replied

the other. "If so, then," cried the squire, "answer me directly to what I propose. Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymem deficient *secundum quoad*, or *quoad minus*, and give me your reasons: give me your reasons, I say, directly?"—"I protest," cried Moses, "I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one simple proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer."—"O, sir," cried the squire, "I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects too. No, sir, there I protest you are too hard for me." This effectually raised the laugh against poor Moses, who sat the only dismal figure in a group of merry faces; nor did he offer a single syllable more during the whole entertainment.

But though all this gave me no pleasure, it had a very different effect upon Olivia, who mistook it for humour, though but a mere act of the memory. She thought him therefore a very fine gentleman: and such as consider what powerful ingredients a good figure, fine clothes, and fortune, are in that character, will easily forgive her. Mr Thornhill, notwithstanding his real ignorance, talked with ease, and could expatiate upon the common topics of conversation with fluency. It is not surprising, then, that such talents should win the affections of a girl, who, by education, was taught to value an appearance in herself, and consequently to set a value upon it in another.

Upon his departure, we again entered into a debate upon the merits of our young landlord. As he directed his looks and conversation to Olivia, it was no longer doubted but that she was

the object that induced him to be our visitor. Nor did she seem to be much displeased at the innocent raillery of her brother and sister upon this occasion. Even Deborah herself seemed to share the glory of the day, and exulted in her daughter's victory, as if it were her own. "And now, my dear," cried she to me, "I'll fairly own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?"—"Aye, who knows that indeed!" answered I, with a groan: "for my part, I don't much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for, depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no freethinker shall ever have a child of mine."

"Sure, father," cried Moses, "you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion, may be involuntary with this gentleman: so that allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet, as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors, than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy."

"True, my son," cried I; "but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable: and such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see, but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer. So that, though our er-

roneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet as we have been wilfully corrupt, or very negligent in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice, or contempt for our folly."

My wife now kept up the conversation, though not the argument: she observed, that several very prudent men of our acquaintance were free-thinkers, and made very good husbands; and she knew some sensible girls that had skill enough to make converts of their spouses. "And who knows, my dear," continued she, "what Olivia may be able to do? The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and, to my knowledge, is very well skilled in controversy."

"Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read?" cried I. "It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands; you certainly over-rate her merit."—"Indeed papa," replied Olivia, "she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in Religious Courtship."—"Very well," cried I, "that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts, and so go help your mother to make the gooseberry-pie."

CHAP. VIII.

An amour, which promises little good fortune, yet may be productive of much.

THE next morning we were again visited by Mr Burchell ; though I began, for certain reasons, to be displeased with the frequency of his return ; but I could not refuse him my company and fire-side. It is true, his labour more than requited his entertainment ; for he wrought among us with vigour, and, either in the meadow or at the hay-rick, put himself foremost. Besides, he had always something amusing to say, that lessened our toil ; and was at once so out of the way, and yet so sensible, that I loved, laughed at, and pitied him. My only dislike arose from an attachment he discovered to my daughter : he would, in a jesting manner, call her little mistress ; and when he bought each of the girls a set of ribbons, her's was the finest. I knew not how, but he every day seemed to become more amiable, his wit to improve, and his simplicity to assume the superior airs of wisdom.

Our family dined in the field ; and we sat, or rather reclined, round a temperate repast, our cloth spread upon the hay, while Mr Burchell gave cheerfulness to the feast. To heighten our satisfaction, two blackbirds answered each other from opposite hedges, the familiar redbreast came and picked the crumbs from our hands, and every sound seemed but the echo of tranquillity. “ I never sit thus,” says Sophia, “ but I think of the two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr Gay,

who were struck dead in each other's arms.—There is something so pathetic in the description, that I have read it an hundred times with new rapture.”—“In my opinion,” cried my son, “the finest strokes in that description are much below those in the *Acis and Galatea* of Ovid. The Roman poet understands the use of *contrast* better, and upon that figure, artfully managed, all strength in the pathetic depends.”—“It is remarkable,” cried Mr Burchell, “that both the poets you mention have equally contributed to introduce a false taste into their respective countries, by loading their lines with epithet. Men of little genius found them most easily imitated in their defects, and English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connexion; a string of epithets that improve the sound without carrying on the sense. But, perhaps, madam, while I thus reprehend others, you'll think it just that I should give them an opportunity to retaliate; and, indeed, I have made this remark only to have an opportunity of introducing to the company a ballad, which, whatever be its other defects, is, I think, at least free from those I have mentioned.

A BALLAD.

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

“For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go.

— " Forbear, my son, the hermit cries,
To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch, and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn ;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them :

" But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring,
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earthborn cares are wrong ;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care ;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly press'd and smiled ;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To sooth the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answering care opprest :
" And whence, unhappy youth, he cried,
The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

" And what is friendship but a name ?
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

" And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest ;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

" For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex !" he said :
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid, in all her charms !

And, " Ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried ;
" Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair,
Companion of her way.

“ My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

“ Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove:
Amongst the rest, young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

“ In humble, simplest habit clad,
Nor wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

“ The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

“ The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine:
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine!

“ For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain:
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

“ Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died!

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay:

“ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.”

“ Forbid it, Heaven! the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast;
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide,—
'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee!

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

“ No, never, from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too.”

While this ballad was reading, Sophia seemed to mix an air of tenderness with her approbation. But our tranquillity was soon disturbed by the report of a gun just by us; and immediately after, a man was seen bursting through the hedge, to take up the game he had killed. This sportsman was the squire's chaplain, who had shot one of the blackbirds that so agreeably entertained us. So loud a report, and so near, startled my daughters; and I could perceive, that Sophia in the fright had thrown herself into Mr Burchell's arms for protection. The gentleman came up, and asked pardon for having disturbed us, affirming that he was ignorant of our being so near. He therefore sat down by my youngest daughter, and, sportsman-like, offered her what he had killed that morning. She was going to refuse, but a private look from her mother soon induced her to correct the mistake, and accept his present, though with some reluctance. My wife, as usual, discovered her pride in a

whisper ; observing, that Sophia had made a conquest of the chaplain, as well as her sister had of the squire. I suspected, however, with more probability, that her affections were placed upon a different object. The chaplain's errand was to inform us, that Mr Thornhill had provided music and refreshments, and intended that night giving the young ladies a ball by moonlight, on the grass-plot before our door. " Nor can I deny," continued he, " but I have an interest in being first to deliver this message, as I expect, for my reward, to be honoured with Miss Sophia's hand as a partner." To this my girl replied, that she should have no objection, if she could do it with honour :—" But here," continued she, " is a gentleman," looking at Mr Burchell, " who has been my companion in the task for the day, and it is fit he should share in its amusements." Mr Burchell returned her a compliment for her intentions ; but resigned her up to the chaplain, adding, that he was to go that night five miles, being invited to an harvest supper. His refusal appeared to me a little extraordinary ; nor could I conceive how so sensible a girl as my youngest could thus prefer a man of broken fortune to one whose expectations were much greater. But as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection.

CHAP. IX.

Two ladies of great distinction introduced.—Superior finery ever seems to confer superior breeding.

MR Burchell had scarce taken leave, and Sophia consented to dance with the chaplain, when my little ones came running out, to tell us that the squire was come with a crowd of company. Upon our return, we found our landlord, with a couple of under-gentlemen, and two young ladies, richly dressed, whom he introduced as women of very great distinction and fashion from town. We happened not to have chairs enough for the whole company; but Mr Thornhill immediately proposed that every gentleman should sit in a lady's lap. This I positively objected to, notwithstanding a look of disapprobation from my wife. Moses was therefore despatched to borrow a couple of chairs; and as we were in want of ladies to make up a set at country-dances, the two gentlemen went with him in quest of a couple of partners. Chairs and partners were soon provided. The gentlemen returned with my neighbour Flamorough's rosy daughters, flaunting with red top-knots. But an unlucky circumstance was not adverted to: though the Miss Flamboroughs were reckoned the very best dancers in the parish, and understood the jig and the round-about to perfection, yet they were totally unacquainted with country-dances. This at first discomposed us; however, after a very little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on. Our music con-

sisted of two fiddles, with a pipe and tabor. The moon shone bright ; Mr Thornhill and my eldest daughter led up the ball, to the great delight of the spectators ; for the neighbours, hearing what was going forward, came flocking about us. My girl moved with so much grace and vivacity, that my wife could not avoid discovering the pride of her heart, by assuring me, that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself. The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked ; but all would not do : the gazers indeed owned that it was fine ; but neighbour Flamborough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo. After the dance had continued about an hour, the two ladies, who were apprehensive of catching cold, moved to break up the ball. One of them, I thought, expressed her sentiments upon this occasion in a very coarse manner, when she observed, that, by the *living jingo*, *she was all of a muck of sweat*. Upon our return to the house, we found a very elegant cold supper, which Mr Thornhill had ordered to be brought with him.—The conversation at this time was more reserved than before. The two ladies threw my girls quite into the shade ; for they would talk of nothing but high-life, and high-lived company, with other fashionable topics, such as pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses. 'Tis true, they once or twice mortified us sensibly, by slipping out an oath ; but that appeared to me as the surest symptom of their distinction (though I am since informed that swearing is perfectly unfashionable). Their finery, however, threw a veil

over any grossness in their conversation. My daughters seemed to regard their superior accomplishments with envy ; and whatever appeared amiss was ascribed to tip-top quality-breeding. But the condescension of the ladies was still superior to their other accomplishments. One of them observed, that had Miss Olivia seen a little more of the world, it would greatly improve her. To which the other added, that a single winter in town would make her little Sophia quite another thing. My wife warmly assented to both ; adding, that there was nothing she more ardently wished than to give her girls a single winter's polishing. To this I could not help replying, that their breeding was already superior to their fortune ; and that greater refinement would only serve to make their poverty ridiculous, and give them a taste for pleasures they had no right to possess. “ And what pleasures,” cried Mr Thornhill, “ do they not deserve to possess, who have so much in their power to bestow ? As for my part,” continued he, “ my fortune is pretty large ; love, liberty, and pleasure are my maxims ; but, curse me, if a settlement of half my estate could give my charming Olivia pleasure, it should be her's ; and the only favour I would ask in return, would be to add myself to the benefit.” I was not such a stranger to the world as to be ignorant that this was the fashionable cant to disguise the insolence of the basest proposal ; but I made an effort to suppress my resentment. “ Sir,” cried I, “ the family you now condescend to favour with your company has been bred with as nice a sense of honour as you. Any attempts to injure that may be attended with

very dangerous consequences. Honour, sir, is our only possession at present, and of that last treasure we must be particularly careful." I was soon sorry for the warmth with which I had spoken this, when the young gentleman, grasping my hand, swore he commended my spirit, though he disapproved my suspicions. "As to your present hint," continued he, "I protest nothing was farther from my heart than such a thought. No, by all that's tempting, the virtue that will stand a regular siege was never to my taste; for all my amours are carried by a *coup de main*."

The two ladies, who affected to be ignorant of the rest, seemed highly displeased with this last stroke of freedom, and began a very discreet and serious dialogue upon virtue: in this my wife, the chaplain, and I, soon joined; and the squire himself was at last brought to confess a sense of sorrow for his former excesses. We talked of the pleasures of temperance, and of the sunshine in the mind unpolluted with guilt. I was so well pleased, that my little ones were kept up beyond their usual time to be edified by so much good conversation. Mr Thornhill even went beyond me, and demanded if I had any objection to giving prayers. I joyfully embraced the proposal; and in this manner the night was passed in a most comfortable way, till at length the company began to think of returning. The ladies seemed very unwilling to part with my daughters, for whom they had conceived a particular affection, and joined in a request to have the pleasure of their company home. The squire seconded the proposal, and my wife added her entreaties; the girls, too, looked upon me as if they wished to go.

In this perplexity I made two or three excuses, which my daughters as readily removed; so that at last I was obliged to give a peremptory refusal; for which we had nothing but sullen looks and short answers the whole day ensuing.

CHAP. X.

The family endeavour to cope with their betters.—

The miseries of the poor when they attempt to appear above their circumstances.

I NOW began to find that all my long and painful lectures upon temperance, simplicity, and contentment, were entirely disregarded. The distinctions lately paid us by our betters awaked that pride which I had laid asleep, but not removed. Our windows again, as formerly, were filled with washes for the neck and face. The sun was dreaded as an enemy to the skin without doors, and the fire as a spoiler of the complexion within. My wife observed, that rising too early would hurt her daughters' eyes, that working after dinner would redden their noses, and she convinced me that the hands never looked so white as when they did nothing. Instead, therefore, of finishing George's shirts, we now had them new-modelling their old gauzes, or flourishing upon catgut. The poor Miss Flamboroughs, their former gay companions, were cast off as mean acquaintance, and the whole conversation ran upon high life and

high-lived company ; with pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses.

But we could have borne all this, had not a fortune-telling gypsy come to raise us into perfect sublimity. The tawny sibyl no sooner appeared, than my girls came running to me for a shilling a-piece, to cross her hand with silver. To say the truth, I was tired of being always wise, and could not help gratifying their request, because I loved to see them happy. I gave each of them a shilling ; though, for the honour of the family, it must be observed, that they never went without money themselves, as my wife always generously let them have a guinea each, to keep in their pockets ; but with strict injunctions never to change it. After they had been closeted up with the fortune-teller for some time, I knew by their looks, upon their returning, that they had been promised something great. “ Well, my girls, how have you sped ? Tell me, Livy, has the fortune-teller given thee a pennyworth ? ” — “ I protest, papa,” says the girl, “ I believe she deals with somebody that’s not right ; for she positively declared that I am to be married to a squire in less than a twelvemonth ! ” — “ Well, now, Sophy, my child,” said I, “ and what sort of a husband are you to have ? ” — “ Sir,” replied she, “ I am to have a lord soon after my sister has married the squire. ” — “ How ! ” cried I, “ is that all you are to have for your two shillings ? Only a lord and a squire for two shillings ! You fools, I could have promised you a prince and a nabob for half the money. ”

This curiosity of theirs, however, was attended

with very serious effects : we now began to think ourselves designed by the stars to something exalted, and already anticipated our future grandeur.

It has been a thousand times observed, and I must observe it once more, that the hours we pass with happy prospects in view are more pleasing than those crowned with fruition. In the first case, we cook the dish to our own appetite ; in the latter, nature cooks it for us. It is impossible to repeat the train of agreeable reveries we called up for our entertainment. We looked upon our fortunes as once more rising : and as the whole parish asserted that the squire was in love with my daughter, she was actually so with him ; for they persuaded her into the passion. In this agreeable interval, my wife had the most lucky dreams in the world, which she took care to tell us every morning with great solemnity and exactness. It was one night a coffin and cross bones, the sign of an approaching wedding : at another time she imagined her daughters' pockets filled with farthings, a certain sign they would shortly be stuffed with gold. The girls themselves had their omens. They felt strange kisses on their lips ; they saw rings in the candle ; purses bounced from the fire ; and true-love-knots lurked in the bottom of every tea-cup.

Towards the end of the week we received a card from the town ladies ; in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that

betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendour the next day. In the evening they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus—"I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow."—"Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I: "though you need be under no uneasiness about that; you shall have a sermon, whether there be or not."—"That is what I expect," returned she; "but I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible; for who knows what may happen?"—"Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance in church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble, cheerful and serene."—"Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible, not altogether like the scrubs about us."—"You are quite right, my dear," returned I; "and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins."—"Pho! Charles," interrupted she, "all this is very true; but not what I would be at. I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and, I protest, I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking, and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock-race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this: There

are two plough horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should not they do something as well as we? And, let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected, that walking would be twenty times more genteel than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail: that they had never been broke to the rein; but had an hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled: so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two; and when got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church: my son, my wife, and the two little ones, exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters upon the other. I demanded the cause of their delay; but I soon found by their looks they

had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving every thing safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.

CHAP. XI.

The family still resolve to hold up their heads.

MICHAELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine; and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well: they were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had

laughed at them ten times before ; however we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blind-man's-buff. My wife, too, was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the meantime, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next ; questions and commands followed that ; and last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one, who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play ! fair play ! with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when, confusion on confusion ! who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs ! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death ! to be seen by ladies of such high breed-

ing in such vulgar attitudes !—Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr Flam-borough's proposing. We seemed struck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying,—“ We were thrown from our horses.” At which account the ladies were greatly concerned,—but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad,—but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry,—but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters ; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia ; Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

“ All that I know of the matter,” cried Miss Skeggs, “ is this, that it may be true, or it may

not be true ; but this I can assure your ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze,—his lordship turned all manner of colours,—my lady fell into a *sound*,—but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was her's to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our peeress, "this I can say, that the duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as fact, that the next morning my lord duke cried out three times to his valet de chambre, Jernigan ! Jernigan ! Jernigan ! bring me my garters."

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out, *Fudge !* an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr Burdock made upon the occasion." *Fudge !*

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs, "for he seldom leaves any thing out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your ladyship favour me with a sight of them ?" *Fudge !*

"My dear creature," replied our peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me ? Though they are very fine to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge, at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed I was ever an admirer of all Dr Burdock's little pieces ; for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover Square,

there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature ; not a bit of high life among them." *Fudge !*

"Your ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there ? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter ?" *Fudge !*

"Why, my dear," says the lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me to be married to Captain Roach ; and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find ; and to be sure thirty pounds a-year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company ; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one."—*Fudge !*

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plain-work an hour in the day ; another thought twenty-five guineas a-year too small a salary,—and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price,—but where is that to be found ?"—*Fudge !*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse ; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a-year made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money ; all which was in a manner going a-begging, and might easily be

secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation ; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. “ I hope,” cried she, “ your ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours ; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say, my two girls have had a pretty good education and capacity ; at least the country can’t show better. They can read, write, and cast accounts ; they understand their needle, broad-stitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain-work : they can pink, point, and frill ; and know something of music : they can do up small clothes, work upon catgut : my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards.” *Fudge !*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other for a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments. “ But a thing of this kind, madam,” cried she, addressing my spouse, “ requires a thorough examina-

tion into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, madam; there is a form." *Fudge!*

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing, that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character; but this our peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging, that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient; and upon this we rested our petition.

CHAP. XII.

Fortune seems resolved to humble the family of Wakefield. Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

WHEN we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shewn us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed, my wife kept up the usual theme. "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."—"Pretty

well," cried I, not knowing what to say.—
"What, only pretty well!" returned she; "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town!—This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day; and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be!—*Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly, so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them.—Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"—"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter;—"Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if any thing unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme; and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighbouring fair, and buy us an horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I

weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair,—trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him, to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green; and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone when Mr Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying, that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come

alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing, that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hope to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go sleep." To this piece of humour, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr Burchell, though his late rude behaviour was in some measure displeasing: nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed, that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readi-

ness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we shall apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves.”—“Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam,” replied he, “is not the present question; though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will.” As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost night-fall. “Never mind our son,” cried my wife; “depend upon it he knows what he is about. I’ll warrant we’ll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I’ll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back.”

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedler. “Welcome, welcome, Moses! well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?”—“I have brought you myself,” cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. “Ay, Moses,” cried my wife, “that we know; but where is the horse?”—“I have sold him,” cried Moses, “for three pounds five shillings and twopence.”—“Well done, my good boy,” returned she, “I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day’s work. Come, let us

have it then.”—“I have brought back no money,” cried Moses again. “I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is,” pulling out a bundle from his breast: “here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases.”—“A gross of green spectacles!” repeated my wife in a faint voice. “And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!”—“Dear mother,” cried the boy, “why won’t you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money.”—“A fig for the silver rims,” cried my wife in a passion; “I dare swear they won’t sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce.”—“You need be under no uneasiness,” cried I, “about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over.”—“What,” cried my wife, “not silver! the rims not silver!”—“No,” cried I, “no more silver than your saucepan.”—“And so,” returned she, “we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery. The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better.”—“There, my dear,” cried I, “you are wrong; he should not have known them at all.”—“Marry, hang the idiot,” returned she, “to bring me such stuff; if I had them, I would throw them in the fire.”—“There again you are wrong, my dear,” cried I; “for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.”

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked him the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr Flam-borough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

CHAP. XIII.

Mr Burchell is found to be an enemy ; for he has the confidence to give disagreeable advice.

OUR family had now made several attempts to be fine ; but some unforeseen disaster demolished each, as soon as projected. I endeavoured to take the advantage of every disappointment, to improve their good sense, in proportion as they were frustrated in ambition. "You see, my children," cried I, "how little is to be got by at-

tempts to impose upon the world, in coping with our betters. Such as are poor, and will associate with none but the rich, are hated by those they avoid, and despised by those they follow. Unequal combinations are always disadvantageous to the weaker side: the rich having the pleasure, and the poor the inconveniences that result from them. But come, Dick, my boy, and repeat the fable you were reading to-day, for the good of the company."

"Once upon a time," cried the child, "a giant and a dwarf were friends, and kept together. They made a bargain that they would never forsake each other, but go seek adventures. The first battle they fought was with two Saracens; and the dwarf, who was very courageous, dealt one of the champions a most angry blow. It did the Saracen but very little injury, who, lifting up his sword, fairly struck off the poor dwarf's arm. He was now in a woful plight; but the giant coming to his assistance, in a short time left the two Saracens dead on the plain, and the dwarf cut off the dead man's head out of spite. They then travelled on to another adventure. This was against three bloody-minded satyrs, who were carrying away a damsel in distress. The dwarf was not quite so fierce now as before; but for all that, struck the first blow, which was returned by another that knocked out his eye: but the giant was soon up with them, and had they not fled, would certainly have killed them every one. They were all very joyful for this victory, and the damsel who was relieved fell in love with the giant and married him. They now travelled far, and farther than I can tell, till they met with a com-

pany of robbers. The giant, for the first time, was foremost now ; but the dwarf was not far behind. The battle was stout and long. Wherever the giant came, all fell before him ; but the dwarf had like to have been killed more than once. At last the victory declared for the two adventurers ; but the dwarf lost his leg. The dwarf had now lost an arm, a leg, and an eye, while the giant was without a single wound. Upon which he cried out to his little companion,—‘ My little hero, this is glorious sport ; let us get one victory more, and then we shall have honour for ever.’—‘ No,’ cries the dwarf, who was by this time grown wiser, ‘ no, I declare off ; I’ll fight no more : for I find in every battle that you get all the honour and rewards, but all the blows fall upon me.’ ”

I was going to moralize this fable, when our attention was called off to a warm dispute between my wife and Mr Burchell, upon my daughters’ intended expedition to town. My wife very strenuously insisted upon the advantages that would result from it. Mr Burchell, on the contrary, dissuaded her with great ardour, and I stood neuter. His present dissuasions seemed but the second part of those which were received with so ill a grace in the morning. The dispute grew high ; while poor Deborah, instead of reasoning stronger, talked louder, and at last was obliged to take shelter from a defeat in clamour. The conclusion of her harangue, however, was highly displeasing to us all : she knew, she said, of some who had their own secret reasons for what they advised ; but, for her part, she wished such to stay away from her house for the future. “ Madam,” cried Mr

Burchell, with looks of great composure, which tended to inflame her the more, “as for secret reasons, you are right; I have secret reasons which I forbear to mention, because you are not able to answer those of which I make no secret: but I find my visits here are become troublesome; I’ll take my leave therefore now, and perhaps come once more to take a final farewell when I am quitting the country.” Thus saying, he took up his hat; nor could the attempts of Sophia, whose looks seemed to upbraid his precipitancy, prevent his going.

When gone, we all regarded each other for some minutes with confusion. My wife, who knew herself to be the cause, strove to hide her concern with a forced smile, and an air of assurance, which I was willing to reprove. “How, woman,” cried I to her, “is it thus we treat strangers? Is it thus we return their kindness? Be assured, my dear, that these were the harshest words, and to me the most displeasing, that have escaped your lips!”—“Why would he provoke me then?” replied she; “but I know the motives of his advice perfectly well. He would prevent my girls from going to town, that he may have the pleasure of my youngest daughter’s company here at home.—But, whatever happens, she shall choose better company than such low-lived fellows as he.”—“Low-lived, my dear, do you call him?” cried I; “it is very possible we may mistake this man’s character; for he seems, upon some occasions, the most finished gentleman I ever knew. Tell me, Sophia, my girl, has he ever given you any secret instances of his attachment?”—“His conversation with me, sir,” re-

plied my daughter, “has ever been sensible, modest, and pleasing. As to aught else, no, never! Once, indeed, I remember to have heard him say, he never knew a woman who could find merit in a man that seemed poor.”—“Such, my dear,” cried I, “is the common cant of all the unfortunate or idle. But I hope you have been taught to judge properly of such men; and that it would be even madness to expect happiness from one who has been so very bad an economist of his own. Your mother and I have now better prospects for you. The next winter, which you will probably spend in town, will give you opportunities of making a more prudent choice.”

What Sophia’s reflections were upon this occasion, I cannot pretend to determine; but I was not displeased at the bottom, that we were rid of a guest from whom I had much to fear. Our breach of hospitality went to my conscience a little: but I quickly silenced that monitor by two or three specious reasons, which served to satisfy and reconcile me to myself. The pain which conscience gives the man who has already done wrong, is soon got over. Conscience is a coward; and those faults it has not strength to prevent, it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

CHAP. XIV.

Fresh mortifications ; or a demonstration that seeming calamities may be real blessings.

THE journey of my daughters to town was now resolved upon ; Mr Thornhill having kindly promised to inspect their conduct himself, and inform us by letter of their behaviour. But it was thought indispensably necessary that their appearance should equal the greatness of their expectations, which could not be done without expense. We debated, therefore, in full council, what were the easiest methods of raising money ; or, more properly speaking, what we could most conveniently sell. The deliberation was soon finished ; it was found that our remaining horse was utterly useless for the plough without his companion ; and equally unfit for the road, as wanting an eye : it was therefore determined that we should dispose of him for the purposes above-mentioned, at the neighbouring fair ; and, to prevent imposition, that I should go with him myself. Though this was one of the first mercantile transactions of my life, yet I had no doubt about acquitting myself with reputation. The opinion a man forms of his own prudence is measured by that of the company he keeps ; and as mine was mostly in the family way, I had conceived no unfavourable sentiments of my worldly wisdom. My wife, however, next morning, at parting, after I had got some paces from the door, called me back to advise me, in a whisper, to have all my eyes about me.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces ; but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached ; and, after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him ; a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home ; a third perceived he had a wind-gall, and would bid no money ; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the botts ; a fifth wondered what a plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog-kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer : for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption they were right ; and St Gregory, upon Good Works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up ; and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public-house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an alehouse, we were shown into a little back-room, where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent upon a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favourably. His locks of silver grey venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health

and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation ; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met ; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger. " Make no apologies, my child," said the old man ; " to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures ; take this, I wish it were more : but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome." The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarcely equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back ; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time, and when my friend was gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment. " Sir," cried I, " the applause of so good a man, as I am sure you are, adds to that happiness in my breast which your benevolence has already excited. You behold before you, sir, that Dr Primrose, the monogamist, whom you have been pleased to call great.

You here see that unfortunate divine, who has so long, and it would ill become me to say successfully, fought against the deuterogamy of the age.” —“ Sir,” cried the stranger, struck with awe, “ I fear I have been too familiar ; but you’ll forgive my curiosity, sir : I beg pardon.” —“ Sir,” cried I, grasping his hand, “ you are so far from displeasing me by your familiarity, that I must beg you’ll accept my friendship, as you already have my esteem.” —“ Then with gratitude I accept the offer,” cried he, squeezing me by the hand, “ thou glorious pillar of unshaken orthodoxy : and do I behold——” I here interrupted what he was going to say ; for though, as an author, I could digest no small share of flattery, yet now my modesty would permit no more. However, no lovers in romance ever cemented a more instantaneous friendship. We talked upon several subjects : at first I thought him rather devout than learned, and began to think he despised all human doctrines as dross. Yet this no way lessened him in my esteem : for I had for some time begun privately to harbour such an opinion myself. I therefore took occasion to observe, that the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much. “ Ay, sir,” replied he, as if he had reserved all his learning to that moment ; “ ay, sir, the world is in its dotage, and yet the cosmogony or creation of the world has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world ! Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, *Anarchon ara*

kai atelutaion to pan, which imply that all things have neither beginning nor end. Manetho also, who lived about the time of Nebuchadon-Asser, —Asser being a Syriac word usually applied as a surname to the kings of that country, as Teglat Phael-Asser, Nabon-Asser,—he, I say, formed a conjecture equally absurd ; for, as we usually say, *ek to biblion kubernetes*, which implies that books will never teach the world ; so he attempted to investigate——But, sir, I ask pardon, I am straying from the question.” That he actually was ; nor could I for my life see how the creation of the world had any thing to do with the business I was talking of ; but it was sufficient to show me that he was a man of letters, and I now revered him the more. I was resolved therefore to bring him to the touchstone ; but he was too mild and too gentle to contend for victory. Whenever I made any observation that looked like a challenge to controversy, he would smile, shake his head, and say nothing ; by which I understood he could say much, if he thought proper. The subject therefore insensibly changed from the business of antiquity to that which brought us both to the fair ; mine, I told him, was to sell a horse, and, very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced ; and, in fine, we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty-pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with this demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery. “ Here, Abraham,” cried he, “ go and get gold for this ; you’ll

do it at neighbour Jackson's, or any where." While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold ; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to be come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us, that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all ; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country ? Upon replying that he was my next-door neighbour, " If that be the case then," returned he, " I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him, payable at sight ; and, let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I remember I always beat him at three jumps ; but he could hop upon one leg farther than I." A draft upon my neighbour was to me the same as money : for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability : the draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger, and so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse. But this was now too late : I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to

get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbour smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon him, he read it twice over. "You can read the name, I suppose," cried I; "Ephraim Jenkinson."—"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too—the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with grey hair, and no flaps to his pocket-holes? And did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, and cosmogony, and the world?" To this I replied with a groan. "Ay," continued he, "he has but one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it whenever he finds a scholar in company: but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."

Though I was already sufficiently mortified, my greatest struggle was to come, in facing my wife and daughters. No truant was ever more afraid of returning to school, there to behold the master's visage, than I was of going home. I was determined, however, to anticipate their fury, by first falling into a passion myself.

But, alas! upon entering, I found the family no way disposed for battle. My wife and girls were all in tears; Mr Thornhill having been there that day to inform them that their journey to town was entirely over. The two ladies having heard reports of us from some malicious person about us, were that day set out for London. He could neither discover the tendency, nor the author of these; but whatever they might be, or

whoever might have broached them, he continued to assure our family of his friendship and protection. I found, therefore, that they bore my disappointment with great resignation, as it was eclipsed in the greatness of their own. But what perplexed us most, was to think who could be so base as to asperse the character of a family so harmless as ours—too humble to excite envy, and too inoffensive to create disgust.

CHAP. XV.

All Mr Burchell's villany at once detected. The folly of being over-wise.

THAT evening, and part of the following day, was employed in fruitless attempts to discover our enemies: scarcely a family in the neighbourhood but incurred our suspicions, and each of us had reasons for our opinion, best known to ourselves. As we were in this perplexity, one of our little boys, who had been playing abroad, brought in a letter-case, which he found on the green. It was quickly known to belong to Mr Burchell, with whom it had been seen; and, upon examination, contained some hints upon different subjects: but what particularly engaged our attention, was a sealed note, superscribed, “The copy of a letter to be sent to the two ladies at Thornhill Castle.” It instantly occurred that he was the base informer, and we deliberated whether the note should not be broke open. I was against it; but Sophia, who said she was sure that of all men he

would be the last to be guilty of so much baseness, insisted upon its being read. In this she was seconded by the rest of the family ; and, at their joint solicitation, I read as follows :

“ LADIES,

“ The bearer will sufficiently satisfy you as to the person from whom this comes ; one, at least, the friend of innocence, and ready to prevent its being seduced. I am informed for a truth, that you have some intention of bringing two young ladies to town, whom I have some knowledge of, under the character of companions. As I would neither have simplicity imposed upon, nor virtue contaminated, I must offer it as my opinion, that the impropriety of such a step will be attended with dangerous consequences. It has never been my way to treat the infamous or the lewd with severity ; nor should I now have taken this method of explaining myself, or reproving folly, did it not aim at guilt. Take, therefore, the admonition of a friend, and seriously reflect on the consequences of introducing infamy and vice into retreats where peace and innocence have hitherto resided.”

Our doubts were now at an end. There seemed, indeed, something applicable to both sides in this letter ; and its censures might as well be referred to those to whom it was written as to us ; but the malicious meaning was obvious, and we went no farther. My wife had scarcely patience to hear me to the end, but railed at the writer with unrestrained resentment. Olivia was equally severe, and Sophia seemed perfectly amazed at

his baseness. As for my part, it appeared to me one of the vilest instances of unprovoked ingratitude I had ever met with: nor could I account for it in any other manner, than by imputing it to his desire of detaining my youngest daughter in the country, to have the more frequent opportunities of an interview. In this manner we all sat ruminating upon schemes of vengeance, when our other little boy came running in, to tell us that Mr Burchell was approaching at the other end of the field. It is easier to conceive than describe the complicated sensations which are felt from the pain of a recent injury, and the pleasure of approaching vengeance. Though our intentions were only to upbraid him with his ingratitude, yet it was resolved to do it in a manner that would be perfectly cutting. For this purpose, we agreed to meet him with our usual smiles; to chat in the beginning with more than ordinary kindness; to amuse him a little; and then, in the midst of the flattering calm, to burst upon him like an earthquake, and overwhelm him with the sense of his own baseness. This being resolved upon, my wife undertook to manage the business herself, as she really had some talents for such an undertaking. We saw him approach; he entered, drew a chair, and sat down. "A fine day, Mr Burchell."—"A very fine day, doctor; though I fancy we shall have some rain, by the shooting of my corns."—"The shooting of your horns!" cried my wife, in a loud fit of laughter; and then asked pardon for being fond of a joke. "Dear madam," returned he, "I pardon you with all my heart; for I protest I should not have thought it a joke, had you not told me."—"Perhaps not,

sir," cried my wife, winking at us ; " and yet I dare say you can tell us how many jokes go to an ounce."—" I fancy, madam," returned Mr Burchell, " you have been reading a jest-book this morning,—that ounce of jokes is so very good a conceit : and yet, madam, I had rather see half an ounce of understanding."—" I believe you might," cried my wife, still smiling at us, though the laugh was against her ; " and yet I have seen some men pretend to understanding, that have very little."—" And, no doubt," replied her antagonist, " you have known ladies set up for wit that had none." I quickly began to find that my wife was likely to gain but little at this business ; so I resolved to treat him in a style of more severity myself. " Both wit and understanding," cried I, " are trifles without integrity ; it is that which gives value to every character. The ignorant peasant, without fault, is greater than the philosopher with many ; for what is genius or courage without an heart ? *An honest man's the noblest work of God.*"

" I always held that hackneyed maxim of Pope," returned Mr Burchell, " as very unworthy a man of genius, and a base desertion of his own superiority. As the reputation of books is raised, not by their freedom from defect, but the greatness of their beauties, so should that of men be prized, not for their exemption from fault, but the size of those virtues they are possessed of. The scholar may want prudence, the statesman may have pride, and the champion ferocity ; but shall we prefer to these the low mechanic, who laboriously plods on through life without censure or applause ? We might as well prefer

the tame, correct paintings of the Flemish school, to the erroneous, but sublime animations of the Roman pencil."

"Sir," replied I, "your present observation is just, when there are shining virtues, and minute defects; but when it appears that great vices are opposed in the same mind to as extraordinary virtues, such a character deserves contempt."

"Perhaps," cried he, "there may be some such monsters as you describe, of great vices joined to great virtues; yet in my progress through life, I never yet found one instance of their existence: on the contrary, I have ever perceived, that where the mind was capacious, the affections were good. And, indeed, Providence seems kindly our friend in this particular; thus to debilitate the understanding where the heart is corrupt, and diminish the power where there is the will to do mischief. This rule seems to extend even to other animals: the little vermin race are ever treacherous, cruel, and cowardly; whilst those endowed with strength and power, are generous, brave, and gentle."

"These observations sound well," returned I: "and yet it would be easy this moment to point out a man," and I fixed my eye steadfastly upon him, "whose head and heart form a most detestable contrast. Ay, sir," continued I, raising my voice, "and I am glad to have this opportunity of detecting him in the midst of his fancied security. Do you know this, sir, this pocket-book?"—"Yes, sir," returned he, with a face of impenetrable assurance; "that pocket-book is mine, and I am glad you have found it."—"And do you know," cried I, "this letter? Nay,

never falter, man; but look me full in the face: I say, do you know his letter?"—"That letter!" returned he; "yes, it was I that wrote that letter."—"And how could you," said I, "so basely, so ungratefully, presume to write this letter?"—"And how came you," replied he, with looks of unparalleled effrontery, "so basely to presume to break open this letter? Don't you know, now, I could hang you all for this? All that I have to do, is to swear at the next justice's, that you have been guilty of breaking open the lock of my pocket-book, and so hang you all up at this door." This piece of unexpected insolence raised me to such a pitch that I could scarcely govern my passion. "Ungrateful wretch! be gone, and no longer pollute my dwelling with thy baseness. Be gone, and never let me see thee again: go from my door; and the only punishment I wish thee, is an alarmed conscience, which will be a sufficient tormentor!" So saying, I threw him his pocket-book, which he took up with a smile, and shutting the clasps with the utmost composure, left us, quite astonished at the serenity of his assurance. My wife was particularly enraged that nothing could make him angry, or make him seem ashamed of his villanies. "My dear," cried I, willing to calm those passions that had been raised too high among us, "we are not to be surprised that bad men want shame; they only blush at being detected in doing good, but glory in their vices."

"Guilt and Shame (says the allegory) were at first companions; and, in the beginning of their journey, inseparably kept together: but their union was soon found to be disagreeable and in-

convenient to both ; Guilt gave Shame frequent uneasiness, and Shame often betrayed the secret conspiracies of Guilt. After long disagreement, therefore, they at length consented to part for ever. Guilt boldly walked forward alone, to overtake Fate, that went before in the shape of an executioner : but Shame, being naturally timorous, returned back to keep company with Virtue, which, in the beginning of their journey, they had left behind.—Thus, my children, after men have travelled through a few stages in vice, shame forsakes them, and returns back to wait upon the few virtues they have still remaining.”

CHAP. XVI.

The family use art, which is opposed by still greater.

WHATEVER might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family were easily consoled for Mr Burchell's absence, by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent, and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning ; and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was parti-

cularly acquainted. He could repeat all the observations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet ; or, sometimes, in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it ; but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law, in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned, that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him ; or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea ate short and crisp, they were made by Olivia ; if the gooseberry-wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering : it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green ; and in the composition of a pudding, it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor woman would sometimes tell the squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size ; and would bid both stand up, to see which was tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which every body saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but very little short of it ; and his slowness was attributed, sometimes to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle. An occurrence, however, which happened soon after, put it beyond a doubt that he designed to become one of our family : my wife even regarded it as an absolute promise,

My wife and daughters, happening to return a visit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner, who travelled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a-head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us ; and notwithstanding all I could say,—and I said much,—it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too. Having, therefore, engaged the limner, (for what could I do ?) our next deliberation was, to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes. As for our neighbour's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges ; a thing quite out of taste—no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and, after many debates, at length came to an unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family-piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all ; and it would be infinitely more genteel ; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus ; and the painter was requested not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy. Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph, richly laced with gold,

and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing : and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather.— Our taste so much pleased the squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great, at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family ; nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work ; and as he wrought with assiduity and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large ; and, it must be owned, he did not spare his colours ; for which my wife gave him great encomiums. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance ; but an unfortunate circumstance, which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large, that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable ; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvass was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, too large to be removed ; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle ; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

But though it excited the ridicule of some, it effectually raised more malicious suggestions in

many. The squire's portrait being found united with our's, was an honour too great to escape envy. Scandalous whispers began to circulate at our expense; and our tranquillity was continually disturbed by persons who came as friends to tell us what was said of us by enemies. These reports we always resented with becoming spirit: but scandal ever improves by opposition.

We once again, therefore, entered into a consultation upon obviating the malice of our enemies; and at last came to a resolution which had too much cunning to give me entire satisfaction. It was this: As our principal object was to discover the honour of Mr Thornhill's addresses, my wife undertook to sound him, by pretending to ask his advice in the choice of a husband for her eldest daughter. If this was not found sufficient to induce him to a declaration, it was then resolved to terrify him with a rival. To this last step, however, I would by no means give my consent, till Olivia gave me the most solemn assurances that she would marry the person provided to rival him upon this occasion, if he did not prevent it by taking her himself. Such was the scheme laid, which, though I did not strenuously oppose, I did not entirely approve.

The next time, therefore, that Mr Thornhill came to see us, my girls took care to be out of the way, in order to give their mamma an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution; but they only retired to the next room, from whence they could overhear the whole conversation. My wife artfully introduced it, by observing, that one of the Miss Flamboroughs was like to have a very good match of it in Mr Spanker. To this the

squire assenting, she proceeded to remark, that they who had warm fortunes were always sure of getting good husbands. “But Heaven help,” continued she, “the girls that have none! what signifies beauty, Mr Thornhill? or what signifies all the virtue and all the qualifications in the world, in this age of self-interest? It is not what is she? but what has she? is all the cry.”

“Madam,” returned he, “I highly approve the justice as well as the novelty of your remarks; and if I were a king it should be otherwise. It should then, indeed, be fine times with the girls without fortunes; our two young ladies should be the first for whom I would provide.”

“Ah, sir,” returned my wife, “you are pleased to be facetious; but I wish I were a queen, and then I know where my eldest daughter should look for an husband. But now that you have put it into my head, seriously, Mr Thornhill, can’t you recommend me a proper husband for her? she is now nineteen years old, well grown, and well educated; and, in my humble opinion, does not want for parts.”

“Madam,” replied he, “if I were to choose, I would find out a person possessed of every accomplishment that can make an angel happy. One with prudence, fortune, taste, and sincerity: such, madam, would be, in my opinion, the proper husband.”—“Ay, sir,” said she, “but do you know of any such person?”—“No, madam,” returned he; “it is impossible to know any person that deserves to be her husband: she’s too great a treasure for one man’s possession: she’s a goddess. Upon my soul, I speak what I think; she’s an angel.”—“Ah, Mr Thornhill, you only

flatter my poor girl ; but we have been thinking of marrying her to one of your tenants, whose mother is lately dead, and who wants a manager ; you know whom I mean, Farmer Williams ; a warm man, Mr Thornhill, able to give her good bread : and who has several times made her proposals :” (which was actually the case.) “ But, sir,” concluded she, “ I should be glad to have your approbation of our choice.”—“ How, madam !” replied he, “ my approbation ! my approbation of such a choice ! Never. What ! sacrifice so much beauty, and sense, and goodness, to a creature insensible of the blessing ! Excuse me, I can never approve of such a piece of injustice ! And I have my reasons.”—“ Indeed, sir,” cried Deborah, “ if you have your reasons, that’s another affair ; but I should be glad to know those reasons.”—“ Excuse me, madam,” returned he ; “ they lie too deep for discovery ;” (laying his hand upon his bosom) “ they remain buried, rivetted here !”

After he was gone, upon a general consultation, we could not tell what to make of these fine sentiments. Olivia considered them as instances of the most exalted passion ; but I was not quite so sanguine : it seemed to me pretty plain, that they had more of love than matrimony in them ; yet, whatever they might portend, it was resolved to prosecute the scheme of Farmer Williams, who, from my daughter’s first appearance in the country, had paid her his addresses.

CHAP. XVII.

Scarcely any virtue found to resist the power of long and pleasing temptation.

As I only studied my child's real happiness, the assiduity of Mr Williams pleased me ; as he was in easy circumstances, prudent, and sincere. It required but very little encouragement to revive his former passion ; so that in an evening or two, he and Mr Thornhill met at our house, and surveyed each other for some time with looks of anger : but Williams owed his landlord no rent, and little regarded his indignation. Olivia, on her side, acted the coquette to perfection, if that might be called acting which was her real character ;—pretending to lavish all her tenderness on her new lover. Mr Thornhill appeared quite dejected at this preference, and, with a pensive air, took leave ; though I own it puzzled me to find him in so much pain as he appeared to be, when he had it in his power so easily to remove the cause, by declaring an honourable passion. But, whatever uneasiness he seemed to endure, it could easily be perceived that Olivia's anguish was still greater. After any of these interviews between her lovers, of which there were several, she usually retired to solitude, and there indulged her grief. It was in such a situation I found her one evening, after she had been for some time supporting a fictitious gayety. “ You now see, my child,” said I, “ that your confidence in Mr Thornhill's passion was all a dream,—he permits the rivalry of another, every way his in-

ferior, though he knows it lies in his power to secure you to himself by a candid declaration.”—“ Yes, papa,” returned she ; “ but he has his reasons for this delay ; I know he has. The sincerity of his looks and words convinces me of his real esteem. A short time, I hope, will discover the generosity of his sentiments, and convince you that my opinion of him has been more just than yours.”—“ Olivia, my darling,” returned I, “ every scheme that has been hitherto pursued, to compel him to a declaration, has been proposed and planned by yourself ; nor can you in the least say that I have constrained you. But you must not suppose, my dear, that I will ever be instrumental in suffering his honest rival to be the dupe of your ill-placed passion. Whatever time you require, to bring your fancied admirer to an explanation, shall be granted ; but at the expiration of that term, if he is still regardless, I must absolutely insist that honest Mr Williams shall be rewarded for his fidelity. The character which I have hitherto supported in life demands this from me ; and my tenderness, as a parent, shall never influence my integrity as a man.—Name, then, your day ; let it be as distant as you think proper ; and, in the meantime, take care to let Mr Thornhill know the exact time on which I design delivering you up to another. If he really loves you, his own good sense will readily suggest that there is but one method alone to prevent his losing you for ever.” This proposal, which she could not avoid considering as perfectly just, was readily agreed to. She again renewed her most positive promise of marrying Mr Williams, in case of the other’s insensi-

bility ; and, at the next opportunity, in Mr Thornhill's presence, that day month was fixed upon for her nuptials with his rival.

Such vigorous proceedings seemed to redouble Mr Thornhill's anxiety : but what Olivia really felt gave me some uneasiness. In this struggle between prudence and passion, her vivacity quite forsook her, and every opportunity of solitude was sought, and spent in tears. One week passed away ; but Mr Thornhill made no efforts to restrain her nuptials. The succeeding week he was still assiduous, but not more open. On the third he discontinued his visits entirely ; and, instead of my daughter testifying any impatience, as I expected, she seemed to retain a pensive tranquillity, which I looked upon as resignation. For my own part, I was now sincerely pleased with thinking that my child was going to be secured in a continuance of competence and peace ; and frequently applauded her resolution, in preferring happiness to ostentation.

It was within about four days of her intended nuptials, that my little family, at night, were gathered round a charming fire, telling stories of the past, and laying schemes for the future ;—busied in forming a thousand projects, and laughing at whatever folly came uppermost ;—“ Well, Moses,” cried I, “ we shall soon, my boy, have a wedding in the family ; what is your opinion of matters and things in general ? ”—“ My opinion, father, is, that all things go on very well ; and I was just now thinking, that when sister Livy is married to Farmer Williams, we shall then have the loan of his cider-press and brewing-tubs for nothing.”—“ That we shall, Moses,”

cried I, “and he will sing us *Death and the Lady*, to raise our spirits, into the bargain.”—“He has taught that song to our Dick,” cried Moses; “and I think he goes through it very prettily.”—“Does he so?” cried I; “then let us have it: where’s little Dick? let him up with it boldly.”—“My brother Dick,” cried Bill, my youngest, “is just gone out with sister Livy; but Mr Williams has taught me two songs, and I’ll sing them for you, papa. Which song do you choose, *The Dying Swan*, or the *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*?”—“The elegy, child, by all means,” said I; “I never heard that yet; and Deborah, my life—grief, you know, is dry: let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry wine, to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much at all sorts of elegies of late, that, without an enlivening glass, I am sure this will overcome me. And, Sophia, love, take your guitar, and thrum in with the boy a little.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene’er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around, from all the neighb'ring streets,
The wond'ring neighbours ran;
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied,—
The man recover'd of the bite,—
The dog it was that died.

“A very good boy, Bill, upon my word; and an elegy that may truly be called tragical. Come, my children, here's Bill's health, and may he one day be a bishop!”

“With all my heart,” cried my wife; “and if he but preaches as well as he sings, I make no doubt of him. The most of his family, by the mother's side, could sing a good song; it was a common saying in our country, that the family of the Blenkinsops could never look straight before them, nor the Hugginson's blow out a candle;—that there were none of the Grograms but could sing a song, or of the Marjorams but could tell a story.”—“However that be,” cried I, “the most vulgar ballad of them all generally pleases me better than the fine modern odes, and things that petrify us in a single stanza; productions that we at once detest and praise. Put the glass

to your brother, Moses. The great fault of these elegiasts is, that they are in despair for griefs that give the sensible part of mankind very little pain. A lady loses her muff, her fan, or her lap-dog, and so the silly poet runs home to versify the disaster."

"That may be the mode," cried Moses, "in sublimer compositions; but the Ranelagh songs that come down to us are perfectly familiar, and all cast in the same mould: Colin meets Dolly, and they hold a dialogue together; he gives her a fairing to put in her hair, and she presents him with a nosegay; and then they go together to church, where they give good advice to young nymphs and swains, to get married as fast as they can."

"And very good advice too," cried I; "and I am told there is not a place in the world where advice can be given with so much propriety as there; for, as it persuades us to marry, it also furnishes us with a wife: and surely that must be an excellent market, my boy, where we are told what we want, and supplied with it when wanting."

"Yes, sir," returned Moses, "and I know but of two such markets for wives in Europe,—Ranelagh in England, and Fontarabia in Spain. The Spanish market is open once a-year; but our English wives are saleable every night."

"You are right, my boy," cried his mother. "Old England is the only place in the world for husbands to get wives."—"And for wives to manage their husbands," interrupted I. "It is a proverb abroad, that if a bridge were built across the sea, all the ladies of the continent

would come over to take pattern from ours ; for there are no such wives in Europe as our own.—But let us have one bottle more, Deborah, my life : and Moses, give us a good song. What thanks do we not owe to Heaven, for thus bestowing tranquillity, health, and competence ! I think myself happier now than the greatest monarch upon earth ; he has no such fireside, nor such pleasant faces about it. Yes, Deborah, we are now growing old ; but the evening of our life is likely to be happy. We are descended from ancestors that knew no stain, and we shall leave a good and virtuous race of children behind us ; while we live they will be our support and our pleasure here ; and when we die, they will transmit our honour, untainted, to posterity. Come, my son, we wait for a song : let us have a chorus. But where is my darling Olivia ? that little cherub's voice is always sweetest in the concert.”—Just as I spoke, Dick came running in—“ O, papa ! papa ! she is gone from us, she is gone from us, my sister Livy is gone from us for ever !” “ Gone, child !”—“ Yes, she is gone off with two gentlemen in a post-chaise ; and one of them kissed her, and said he would die for her : and she cried very much, and was for coming back ; but he persuaded her again, and she went into the chaise, and said,—‘ O, what will my poor papa do when he knows I am undone !’ ”—“ Now, then,” cried I, “ my children, go and be miserable ; for we shall never enjoy one hour more. And O may Heaven's everlasting fury light upon him and his !—thus to rob me of my child !—and sure it will, for taking back my sweet innocent that I was leading up to Heaven. Such sin-

cerity as my child was possessed of ! But all our earthly happiness is now over ! Go, my children, go and be miserable, and infamous ; for my heart is broken within me !”—“ Father,” cried my son, “ is this your fortitude ?”—“ Fortitude, child ! yes, he shall see I have fortitude ! Bring me my pistols : while he is on earth I’ll pursue him. Old as I am, he shall find I can sting him yet. The villain ! the perfidious villain !” I had by this time reached down my pistols, when my poor wife, whose passions were not so strong as mine, caught me in her arms. “ My dearest, dearest husband,” cried she, “ the Bible is the only weapon that is fit for your old hands now. Open that, my love, and read our anguish into patience, for she has vilely deceived us.”—“ Indeed, sir,” resumed my son, after a pause, “ your rage is too violent and unbecoming. You should be my mother’s comforter, and you increase her pain. It ill suited you and your reverend character thus to curse your greatest enemy ; you should not have cursed him, villain as he is.”—“ I did not curse him, child, did I ?”—“ Indeed, sir, you did ; you cursed him twice.”—“ Then may Heaven forgive me and him, if I did ! And now, my son, I see it was more than human benevolence that first taught us to bless our enemies ! Blessed be his holy name, for all the good he hath given, and for all that he hath taken away. But it is not—it is not a small distress that can wring tears from these old eyes, that have not wept for so many years. My child !—to undo my darling !—May confusion seize !—Heaven forgive me, what am I about to say ?—You may remember, my love, how good she was, and how

charming ; till this vile moment, all her care was to make us happy. Had she but died !—But she is gone ; the honour of our family is contaminated, and I must look out for happiness in other worlds than here. But, my child, you saw them go off : perhaps he forced her away ! If he forced her, she may yet be innocent.”—“ Ah, no, sir,” cried the child ; “ he only kissed her, and called her his angel, and she wept very much, and leaned upon his arm, and they drove off very fast.”—“ She’s an ungrateful creature,” cried my wife, who could scarcely speak for weeping, “ to use us thus. She never had the least constraint put upon her affections. The vile strumpet has basely deserted her parents, without any provocation ; thus to bring your grey hairs to the grave, and I must shortly follow.”

In this manner, that night, the first of our real misfortunes, was spent in the bitterness of complaint and ill-supported sallies of enthusiasm.—I determined, however, to find out our betrayer, wherever he was, and reproach his baseness.—The next morning, we missed our wretched child at breakfast, where she used to give life and cheerfulness to us all. My wife, as before, attempted to ease her heart by reproaches. “ Never,” cried she, “ shall that vilest stain of our family again darken these harmless doors. I will never call her daughter more. No, let the strumpet live with her vile seducer : she may bring us to shame, but she shall never more deceive us.”

“ Wife,” said I, “ do not talk thus hardly ; my detestation of her guilt is as great as yours ;—but ever shall this house and this heart be open to a poor returning repentant sinner. The sooner

she returns from her transgression, the more welcome shall she be to me. For the first time, the very best may err; art may persuade, and novelty spread out its charm. The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other the offspring of guilt. Yes, the wretched creature shall be welcome to this heart and this house, though stained with ten thousand vices. I will again hearken to the music of her voice; again will I hang fondly on her bosom, if I find but repentance there.—My son, bring hither my Bible and my staff: I will pursue her, wherever she is; and though I cannot save her from shame, I may prevent the continuance of iniquity.”

CHAP. XVIII.

The pursuit of a father to reclaim a lost child to virtue.

THOUGH the child could not describe the gentleman's person who handed his sister into the post-chaise, yet my suspicions fell entirely upon our young landlord, whose character for such intrigues was but too well known. I therefore directed my steps towards Thornhill-castle, resolving to upbraid him, and, if possible, to bring back my daughter; but, before I had reached his seat, I was met by one of my parishioners, who said he saw a young lady, resembling my daughter, in a post-chaise with a gentleman—whom, by the description, I could only guess to be Mr Bur-

chell—and that they drove very fast. — This information, however, did by no means satisfy me. I therefore went to the young squire's, and, though it was yet early, insisted upon seeing him immediately ; he soon appeared, with the most open familiar air, and seemed perfectly amazed at my daughter's elopement ; protesting, upon his honour, that he was quite a stranger to it. I now therefore condemned my former suspicions, and could turn them only on Mr Burchell, who, I recollected, had of late several private conferences with her ; but the appearance of another witness left me no room to doubt of his villany, who averred, that he and my daughter were actually gone towards the Wells, about thirty miles off, where there was a great deal of company.— Being driven to that state of mind in which we are more ready to act precipitately than to reason right, I never debated with myself, whether these accounts might not have been given by persons purposely placed in my way to mislead me, but resolved to pursue my daughter and her fancied deluder thither. I walked along with earnestness, and inquired of several by the way ; but received no accounts, till, entering the town, I was met by a person on horseback, whom I remembered to have seen at the squire's, and he assured me, that, if I followed them to the races, which were but thirty miles farther, I might depend on overtaking them ; for he had seen them dance there the night before, and the whole assembly seemed charmed with my daughter's performance. Early the next day I walked forward to the races, and about four in the afternoon I came upon the course. The company made a very brilliant ap-

pearance—all earnestly employed in one pursuit, that of pleasure ; how different from mine, that of reclaiming a lost child to virtue ! I thought I perceived Mr Burchell at some distance from me ; but, as if he dreaded an interview, upon my approaching him, he mixed among a crowd, and I saw him no more.

I now reflected that it would be to no purpose to continue my pursuit farther, and resolved to return home to an innocent family, who wanted my assistance. But the agitations of my mind, and the fatigues I had undergone, threw me into a fever ; the symptoms of which I perceived before I came off the course. This was another unexpected stroke, as I was more than seventy miles distant from home ; however, I retired to a little alehouse by the road side ; and in this place, the usual retreat of indigence and frugality, I laid me down, patiently to wait the issue of my disorder. I languished here for nearly three weeks ; but at last my constitution prevailed,—though I was unprovided with money to defray the expenses of my entertainment. It is possible the anxiety from this last circumstance alone might have brought on a relapse, had I not been supplied by a traveller, who stopped to take a cursory refreshment. This person was no other than the philanthropic bookseller in St Paul's Church-yard, who has written so many little books for children ; he called himself their friend, but he was the friend of all mankind. He was no sooner alighted but he was in haste to be gone ; for he was ever on business of the utmost importance ; and was at that time actually compiling materials for the history of one Mr Thomas

Trip. I immediately recollected this good-natured man's red pimpled face—for he had published for me against the Deuterogamists of the age—and from him I borrowed a few pieces, to be paid at my return. Leaving the inn, therefore, as I was yet but weak, I resolved to return home by easy journeys of ten miles a-day.

My health and usual tranquillity were almost restored ; and I now condemned that pride which had made me refractory to the hand of correction. Man little knows what calamities are beyond his patience to bear, till he tries them ; as in ascending the heights of ambition, which look bright from below, every step we rise shows us some new and gloomy prospect of hidden disappointment ; so in our descent from the summits of pleasure, though the vale of misery below may appear at first dark and gloomy, yet the busy mind, still attentive to its own amusement, finds, as we descend, something to flatter and to please ; still, as we approach, the darkest objects appear to brighten, and the mental eye becomes adapted to its gloomy situation.

I now proceeded forward, and had walked about two hours, when I perceived what appeared at a distance like a waggon, which I was resolved to overtake ; but, when I came up to it, found it to be a strolling company's cart, that was carrying their scenes, and other theatrical furniture, to the next village, where they were to exhibit.

The cart was attended only by the person who drove it, and one of the company, as the rest of the players were to follow the ensuing day. " Good company upon the road," says the proverb, " is the shortest cut." I therefore entered

into conversation with the poor player ; and as I once had some theatrical powers myself, I descanted on such topics with my usual freedom : but as I was pretty much unacquainted with the present state of the stage, I demanded who were the present theatrical writers in vogue—who the Drydens and Otways of the day ? “ I fancy, sir,” cried the player, “ few of our modern dramatists would think themselves much honoured by being compared to the writers you mention. Dryden and Rowe’s manner, sir, are quite out of fashion ; our taste has gone back a whole century : Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and all the plays of Shakspeare, are the only things that go down.”—“ How,” cried I, “ is it possible the present age can be pleased with that antiquated dialect, that obsolete humour, those overcharged characters, which abound in the works you mention ?”—“ Sir,” returned my companion, “ the public think nothing about dialect, or humour, or character ; for that is none of their business ; they only go to be amused, and find themselves happy when they can enjoy a pantomime, under the sanction of Jonson’s or Shakspeare’s name.”—“ So then, I suppose,” cried I, “ that our modern dramatists are rather imitators of Shakspeare than of nature.”—“ To say the truth,” returned my companion, “ I don’t know that they imitate any thing at all : nor, indeed, does the public require it of them : it is not the composition of the piece, but the number of starts and attitudes that may be introduced into it, that elicits applause. I have known a piece, with not one jest in the whole, shrugged into popularity ; and another saved by the poet’s throwing in a fit of the gripes. No,

sir, the works of Congreve and Farquhar have too much wit in them for the present taste ; our modern dialect is much more natural.”

By the time the equipage of the strolling company was arrived at the village, which, it seems, had been apprized of our approach, and was come out to gaze at us ; for my companion observed, that strollers always have more spectators without doors than within. I did not consider the impropriety of my being in such company, till I saw a mob gather about me. I therefore took shelter, as fast as possible, in the first alehouse that offered ; and being shown into the common room, was accosted by a very well-dressed gentleman, who demanded whether I was the real chaplain of the company, or whether it was only to be my masquerade character in the play ? Upon my informing him of the truth, and that I did not belong in any sort to the company, he was condescending enough to desire me and the player to partake in a bowl of punch, over which he discussed modern politics with great earnestness and interest. I set him down in my own mind for nothing less than a parliament-man at least ; but was almost confirmed in my conjectures, when, upon asking what there was in the house for supper, he insisted that the player and I should sup with him at his house ; with which request, after some entreaties, we were prevailed on to comply.

CHAP. XIX.

The description of a person discontented with the present government, and apprehensive of the loss of our liberties.

THE house where we were to be entertained lying at a small distance from the village, our inviter observed, that as the coach was not ready, he would conduct us on foot ; and we soon arrived at one of the most magnificent mansions I had seen in that part of the country. The apartment into which we were shown was perfectly elegant and modern : he went to give orders for supper, while the player, with a wink, observed, that we were perfectly in luck. Our entertainer soon returned ; an elegant supper was brought in ; two or three ladies, in an easy dishabille, were introduced, and the conversation began with some sprightliness. Politics, however, was the subject on which our entertainer chiefly expatiated ; for he asserted, that liberty was at once his boast and his terror. After the cloth was removed, he asked me if I had seen the last Monitor ; to which replying in the negative, “ What ! nor the Auditor, I suppose ? ” cried he. “ Neither, sir,” returned I. “ That’s strange, very strange,” replied my entertainer. “ Now I read all the politics that come out—the Daily, the Public, the Ledger, the Chronicle, the London Evening, the Whitehall Evening, the seventeen Magazines, and the two Reviews ; and though they hate each other, I love them all. Liberty, sir, liberty is the Briton’s boast ; and, by all my coal-mines in

Cornwall, I reverence its guardians.”—“Then it is to be hoped,” cried I, “you reverence the king.”—“Yes,” returned my entertainer, “when he does what we would have him ; but if he goes on as he has done of late, I’ll never trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think only I could have directed some things better. I don’t think there has been a sufficient number of advisers ; he should advise with every person willing to give him advice, and then we should have things done in another guess manner.”

“I wish,” cried I, “that such intruding advisers were fixed in the pillory. It should be the duty of honest men to assist the weaker side of our constitution—that sacred power which has for some years been every day declining, and losing its due share of influence in the state. But these ignorants still continue the same cry of liberty ; and if they have any weight, basely throw it into the subsiding scale.”

“How !” cried one of the ladies, “do I live to see one so base, so sordid, as to be an enemy to liberty, and a defender of tyrants ? Liberty, that sacred gift of Heaven, that glorious privilege of Britons !”

“Can it be possible,” cried our entertainer, “that there should be any found, at present, advocates for slavery ? Any who are for meanly giving up the privileges of Britons ? Can any, sir, be so abject ?”

“No, sir,” replied I ; “I am for liberty, that attribute of gods ! Glorious liberty ! that theme of modern declamation. I would have all men kings ; I would be a king myself. We have all

naturally an equal right to the throne ; we are all originally equal. This is my opinion, and was once the opinion of a set of honest men, who were called Levellers. They tried to erect themselves into a community, where all should be equally free. But, alas ! it would never answer : for there were some among them stronger, and some more cunning, than others, and these became masters of the rest : for as sure as your groom rides your horses, because he is a cunninger animal than they, so surely will the animal that is cunninger or stronger than he, sit upon his shoulders in turn. Since, then, it is entailed upon humanity to submit—and some are born to command and others to obey—the question is, as there must be tyrants, whether it is better to have them in the same house with us, or in the same village, or, still farther off, in the metropolis ? Now, sir, for my own part, as I naturally hate the face of a tyrant, the farther off he is removed from me, the better pleased am I. The generality of mankind, also, are of my way of thinking ; and have unanimously created one king, whose election at once diminishes the number of tyrants, and puts tyranny at the greatest distance from the greatest number of people. Now, the great, who were tyrants themselves before the election of one tyrant, are naturally averse to a power raised over them, and whose weight must ever lean heaviest on the subordinate orders. It is the interest of the great, therefore, to diminish kingly power as much as possible ; because whatever they take from that, is naturally restored to themselves ; and all they have to do in the state, is to undermine the single tyrant, by which they resume

their primeval authority. Now, the state may be so circumstanced, or its laws may be so disposed, or its men of opulence so minded, as all to conspire in carrying on this business of undermining monarchy. For, in the first place, if the circumstances of our state be such, as to favour the accumulation of wealth, and make the opulent still more rich, this will increase their ambition. An accumulation of wealth, however, must necessarily be the consequence, when, as at present, more riches flow in from external commerce than arise from internal industry : for external commerce can only be managed to advantage by the rich ; and they have also, at the same time, all the emoluments arising from internal industry : so that the rich, with us, have two sources of wealth, whereas the poor have but one. For this reason, wealth, in all commercial states, is found to accumulate ; and all such have hitherto, in time, become aristocratical. Again, the very laws also of this country may contribute to the accumulation of wealth : as when, by their means, the natural ties that bind the rich and poor together are broken, and it is ordained that the rich shall only marry with the rich ; or when the learned are held unqualified to serve their country as counsellors, merely from a defect of opulence, and wealth is thus made the object of a wise man's ambition : by these means, I say, and such means as these, riches will accumulate. Now, the possessor of accumulated wealth, when furnished with the necessaries and pleasures of life, has no other method to employ the superfluity of his fortune, but in purchasing power ; that is, differently speaking, in making dependants, by

purchasing the liberty of the needy or the venal, of men who are willing to bear the mortification of contiguous tyranny for bread. Thus each very opulent man generally gathers round him a circle of the poorest of the people ; and the polity abounding in accumulated wealth, may be compared to a Cartesian system, each orb with a vortex of its own. Those, however, who are willing to move in a great man's vortex, are only such as must be slaves ; the rabble of mankind, whose souls and whose education are adapted to servitude, and who know nothing of liberty except the name. But there must still be a larger number of the people without the sphere of the opulent man's influence, namely, that order of men which subsists between the very rich and the very rabble ; those men who are possessed of too large fortunes to submit to the neighbouring man in power, and yet are too poor to set up for tyranny themselves. In this middle order of mankind are generally to be found all the arts, wisdom, and virtues of society. This order alone is known to be the true preserver of freedom, and may be called the people. Now, it may happen that this middle order of mankind may lose all its influence in a state, and its voice be in a manner drowned in that of the rabble : for if the fortune sufficient for qualifying a person at present to give his voice in state affairs, be ten times less than was judged sufficient upon forming the constitution, it is evident that greater numbers of the rabble will thus be introduced into the political system ; and they, ever moving in the vortex of the great, will follow where greatness shall direct. In such a state, therefore, all that the middle order has left, is to

preserve the prerogative and privileges of the one principal governor with the most sacred circumspection : for he divides the power of the rich, and calls off the great from falling with tenfold weight on the middle order placed beneath them. The middle order may be compared to a town, of which the opulent are forming the siege, and which the governor from without is hastening the relief. While the besiegers are in dread of an enemy over them, it is but natural to offer the townsmen the most specious terms ; to flatter them with sounds, and amuse them with privileges ; but if they once defeat the governor from behind, the walls of the town will be but a small defence to its inhabitants. What they may then expect, may be seen by turning our eyes to Holland, Genoa, or Venice, where the laws govern the poor, and the rich govern the law. I am then for, and would die for, monarchy, sacred monarchy ; for if there be any thing sacred amongst men, it must be the anointed *Sovereign* of his people ; and every diminution of his power, in war or in peace, is an infringement upon the real liberties of the subject. The sounds of liberty, patriotism, and Britons, have already done much ; it is to be hoped that the true sons of freedom will prevent their ever doing more. I have known many of those pretended champions for liberty in my time : yet do I not remember one, that was not in his heart and in his family a tyrant.”

My warmth, I found, had lengthened this harangue beyond the rules of good-breeding : but the impatience of my entertainer, who often strove to interrupt it, could be restrained no longer. “ What ! ” cried he, “ then I have been all this

while entertaining a Jesuit in parson's clothes : but, by all the coal-mines of Cornwall, out he shall pack, if my name be Wilkinson." I now found I had gone too far, and asked pardon for the warmth with which I had spoken. " Pardon !" returned he in a fury ; " I think such principles demand ten thousand pardons. What ! give up liberty, property, and, as the Gazetteer says, lie down to be saddled with wooden shoes ! Sir, I insist upon your marching out of this house immediately, to prevent worse consequences. Sir, I insist upon it. I was going to repeat my remonstrances ; but just then we heard a footman's rap at the door, and the two ladies cried out, " As sure as death, there is our master and mistress come home." It seems my entertainer was all this while only the butler, who, in his master's absence, had a mind to cut a figure, and be for a while the gentleman himself ; and, to say the truth, he talked politics as well as most country gentlemen do. But nothing could now exceed my confusion, upon seeing the gentleman and his lady enter ; nor was their surprise, at finding such company and good cheer, less than ours. " Gentlemen," cried the real master of the house to me and my companion, " my wife and I are your most humble servants ; but I protest this is so unexpected a favour, that we almost sink under the obligation." However unexpected our company might be to them, theirs, I am sure, was still more so to us ; and I was struck dumb with the apprehensions of my own absurdity, when, whom should I next see enter the room but my dear Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was formerly designed to be married to my son George ; but

whose match was broken off, as already related. As soon as she saw me, she flew to my arms with the utmost joy. “My dear sir,” cried she, “to what happy accident is it that we owe so unexpected a visit? I am sure my uncle and aunt will be in raptures when they find they have the good Doctor Primrose for their guest.” Upon hearing my name, the old gentleman and lady very politely stepped up, and welcomed me with most cordial hospitality. Nor could they forbear smiling, upon being informed of the nature of my present visit: but the unfortunate butler, whom they at first seemed disposed to turn away, was, at my intercession, forgiven.

Mr Arnold and his lady, to whom the house belonged, now insisted upon having the pleasure of my stay for some days: and as their niece, my charming pupil, whose mind in some measure had been formed under my own instructions, joined in their entreaties, I complied. That night I was shown to a magnificent chamber; and the next morning early, Miss Wilmot desired to walk with me in the garden, which was decorated in the modern manner. After some time spent in pointing out the beauties of the place, she inquired with seeming unconcern, when last I had heard from my son George. “Alas! madam,” cried I, “he has now been near three years absent, without ever writing to his friends or me. Where he is, I know not; perhaps I shall never see him or happiness more. No, my dear madam, we shall never more see such pleasing hours as were once spent by our fireside at Wakefield. My little family are now dispersing very fast, and poverty has brought not only want, but infamy up-

on us." The good-natured girl let fall a tear at this account ; but as I saw her possessed of too much sensibility, I forbore a more minute detail of our sufferings. It was, however, some consolation to me, to find that time had made no alteration in her affections, and that she had rejected several offers that had been made her since our leaving her part of the country. She led me round all the extensive improvements of the place, pointing to the several walks and arbours, and at the same time catching from every object a hint for some new question relative to my son. In this manner we spent the forenoon, till the bell summoned us to dinner, where we found the manager of the strolling company that I mentioned before, who was come to dispose of tickets for the Fair Penitent, which was to be acted that evening ; the part of Horatio by a young gentleman, who had never appeared on any stage. He seemed to be very warm in the praises of the new performer, and averred that he never saw any who bid so fair for excellence. Acting, he observed, was not learned in a day : " but this gentleman," continued he, " seems born to tread the stage. His voice, his figure, and attitudes, are all admirable. We caught him up accidentally in our journey down." This account in some measure excited our curiosity ; and, at the entreaty of the ladies, I was prevailed upon to accompany them to the playhouse, which was no other than a barn. As the company with which I went was incontestably the chief of the place, we were received with the greatest respect, and placed in the front seat of the theatre ; where we sat for some time with no small impatience to see Horatio make his

appearance. The new performer advanced at last; and let parents think of my sensations by their own, when I found it was my unfortunate son! He was going to begin, when, turning his eyes upon the audience, he perceived Miss Wilmot and me, and stood at once speechless and immoveable. The actors behind the scenes, who ascribed this pause to his natural timidity, attempted to encourage him: but, instead of going on, he burst into a flood of tears, and retired off the stage. I don't know what were my feelings on this occasion; for they succeeded with too much rapidity for description: but I was soon awaked from this disagreeable reverie by Miss Wilmot; who, pale, and with a trembling voice, desired me to conduct her back to her uncle's. When got home, Mr Arnold, who was as yet a stranger to our extraordinary behaviour, being informed that the new performer was my son, sent his coach, and an invitation, for him; and as he persisted in his refusal again to appear upon the stage, the players put another in his place, and we soon had him with us. Mr Arnold gave him the kindest reception, and I received him with my usual transport; for I could never counterfeit a false resentment. Miss Wilmot's reception was mixed with seeming neglect, and yet I could perceive she acted a studied part. The tumult in her mind seemed not yet abated; she said twenty giddy things that looked like joy, and then laughed loud at her own want of meaning. At intervals, she would take a sly peep at the glass, as if happy in the consciousness of irresistible beauty; and often would ask questions, without giving any manner of attention to the answers.

CHAP. XX.

The history of a philosophic vagabond, pursuing novelty, but losing content.

AFTER we had supped, Mrs Arnold politely offered to send a couple of her footmen for my son's baggage, which he at first seemed to decline ; but upon her pressing the request, he was obliged to inform her, that a stick and a wallet were all the moveable things upon this earth which he could boast of. " Why, ay, my son," cried I, " you left me but poor, and poor I find you are come back ; and yet I make no doubt you have seen a great deal of the world."—" Yes, sir," replied my son, " but travelling after fortune is not the way to secure her ; and, indeed, of late, I have desisted from the pursuit."—" I fancy, sir," cried Mrs Arnold, " that the account of your adventures would be amusing : the first part of them I have often heard from my niece ; but could the company prevail for the rest, it would be an additional obligation."—" Madam," replied my son, " I promise you, the pleasure you have in hearing, will not be half so great as my vanity in repeating them ; and yet, in the whole narrative, I can scarce promise you one adventure, as my account is rather of what I saw than what I did. The first misfortune of my life, which you all know, was great ; but though it distressed, it could not sink me. No person ever had a better knack at hoping than I. The less kind I found fortune at one time, the more I expected from her at another ; and being now at the

bottom of her wheel, every new revolution might lift, but could not depress me. I proceeded, therefore, towards London in a fine morning, no way uneasy about to-morrow, but cheerful as the birds that carolled by the road; and comforted myself with reflecting, that London was the mart where abilities of every kind were sure of meeting distinction and reward.

“ Upon my arrival in town, sir, my first care was to deliver your letter of recommendation to our cousin, who was himself in little better circumstances than I. My first scheme, you know, sir, was to be usher at an academy, and I asked his advice on the affair. Our cousin received the proposal with a true Sardonic grin.—‘ Ay,’ cried he, ‘ this is indeed a very pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late: I was brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred an apprentice to the business?’ No. ‘ Then you won’t do for a school. Can you dress the boys’ hair?’ No. ‘ Then you won’t do for a school. Have you had the small-pox?’ No. ‘ Then you won’t do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?’ No. ‘ Then you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?’ Yes. ‘ Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir, if you are for a genteel easy profession, bind yourself seven years

as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel ; but avoid a school by any means. Yet come,' continued he, ' I see you are a lad of spirit and some learning—what do you think of commencing author, like me ? You have read in books, no doubt, of men of genius starving at the trade : at present, I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town that live by it in opulence : all honest jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised : men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers, would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.'

“ Finding that there was no great degree of gentility affixed to the character of an usher, I resolved to accept his proposal ; and having the highest respect for literature, hailed the *antiqua mater* of Grub-street with reverence. I thought it my glory to pursue a track which Dryden and Otway trod before me. I considered the goddess of this region as the parent of excellence ; and however an intercourse with the world might give us good sense, the poverty she entailed I supposed to be the nurse of genius ! Big with these reflections, I sat down, and finding that the best things remained to be said on the wrong side, I resolved to write a book that should be wholly new. I therefore dressed up three paradoxes with some ingenuity. They were false indeed, but they were new. The jewels of truth have been so often imported by others, that nothing was left for me to import but some splendid things, that at a distance looked every bit as well. Witness, you powers, what fancied importance sat perched upon my quill while I was writing !

The whole learned world, I made no doubt, would rise to oppose my systems ; but then I was prepared to oppose the whole learned world. Like the porcupine, I sat self-collected, with a quill pointed against every opposer."

"Well said, my boy," cried I ; "and what subject did you treat upon ? I hope you did not pass over the importance of monogamy——But I interrupt ; go on ; you published your paradoxes ; well, and what did the world say to your paradoxes ?"

"Sir," replied my son, "the learned world said nothing to my paradoxes ; nothing at all, sir. Every man of them was employed in praising his friends and himself, or condemning his enemies ; and, unfortunately, as I had neither, I suffered the cruellest mortification——neglect."

"As I was meditating one day in a coffee-house on the fate of my paradoxes, a little man happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me ; and, after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply, that I had no money ; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, 'I see,' cried he, 'you are unacquainted with the town. I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals ; upon these very proposals I have subsisted very comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country-

seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request to beg a dedication-fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat of arms at the top. Thus,' continued he, 'I live by vanity, and laugh at it. But, between ourselves, I am now too well known; I should be glad to borrow your face a bit: a nobleman of distinction has just returned from Italy; my face is familiar to his porter; but if you bring this copy of verses, my life for it you succeed, and we divide the spoil.'

"Bless us, George," cried I, "and is this the employment of poets now? Do men of their exalted talents thus stoop to beggary? Can they so far disgrace their calling as to make a vile traffic of praise for bread?"

"O no, sir," returned he; "a true poet can never be so base; for wherever there is genius there is pride. The creatures I now describe are only beggars in rhyme. The real poet, as he braves every hardship for fame, so he is equally a coward to contempt; and none but those who are unworthy protection condescend to solicit it."

"Having a mind too proud to stoop to such indignities, and yet a fortune too humble to hazard a second attempt for fame, I was now obliged to take a middle course, and write for bread. But I was unqualified for a profession where mere industry alone was to ensure success. I could not suppress my lurking passion for applause; but usually consumed that time in efforts after excellence which takes up but little room, when it

should have been more advantageously employed in the diffusive productions of fruitful mediocrity. My little piece would therefore come forth in the midst of periodical publications, unnoticed and unknown. The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog; while Philautos, Philalethes, Philelutheros, and Philanthropos, all wrote better, because they wrote faster than I.

“Now, therefore, I began to associate with none but disappointed authors like myself, who praised, deplored, and despised each other. The satisfaction we found in every celebrated writer’s attempts was inversely as their merits. I found that no genius in another could please me. My unfortunate paradoxes had entirely dried up that source of comfort. I could neither read nor write with satisfaction; for excellence in another was my aversion, and writing was my trade.

“In the midst of these gloomy reflections, as I was one day sitting on a bench in St James’s Park, a young gentleman of distinction, who had been my intimate acquaintance at the university, approached me. We saluted each other with some hesitation; he almost ashamed of being known to one who made so shabby an appearance, and I afraid of a repulse. But my suspicions soon vanished; for Ned Thornhill was at the bottom a very good-natured fellow.”

“What did you say, George?” interrupted I.
 “Thornhill! was that his name? it can certain-

ly be no other than my landlord.”—“Bless me,” cried Mrs Arnold, “is Mr Thornhill so near a neighbour of yours? He has long been a friend in our family, and we expect a visit from him shortly.”

“My friend’s first care,” continued my son, “was to alter my appearance by a very fine suit of his own clothes; and then I was admitted to his table, upon the footing of half-friend, half-underling. My business was to attend him at auctions, to put him in spirits when he sat for his picture, to take the left-hand in his chariot, when not filled by another, and to assist at tattering a kip, as the phrase was, when we had a mind for a frolic. Besides this, I had twenty other little employments in the family. I was to do many small things without bidding: to carry the corkscrew; to stand god-father to all the butler’s children; to sing when I was bid; to be never out of humour; always to be humble; and, if I could, to be very happy.

“In this honourable post, however, I was not without a rival. A captain of marines, who was formed for the place by nature, opposed me in my patron’s affections. His mother had been laundress to a man of quality, and thus he early acquired a taste for pimping and pedigree. As this gentleman made it the study of his life to be acquainted with lords, though he was dismissed from several for his stupidity, yet he found many of them, who were as dull as himself, that permitted his assiduities. As flattery was his trade, he practised with the easiest address imaginable; but it came awkward and stiff from me; and as every day my patron’s desire of flattery increased,

so every hour, being better acquainted with his defects, I became more unwilling to give it. Thus I was once more fairly going to give up the field to the captain, when my friend found occasion for my assistance. This was nothing less than to fight a duel for him, with a gentleman whose sister it was pretended he had used ill. I readily complied with his request ; and, though I see you are displeased at my conduct, yet, as it was a debt indispensably due to friendship, I could not refuse. I undertook the affair, disarmed my antagonist, and, soon after, had the pleasure of finding, that the lady was only a woman of the town, and the fellow her bully and a sharper. This piece of service was repaid with the warmest professions of gratitude ; but as my friend was to leave town in a few days, he knew no other method of serving me, but by recommending me to his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, and another nobleman of great distinction, who enjoyed a post under the government. When he was gone, my first care was to carry his commendatory letter to his uncle, a man whose character for every virtue was universal, yet just. I was received by his servants with the most hospitable smiles ; for the looks of the domestics ever transmit their master's benevolence. Being shown into a grand apartment, where Sir William soon came to me, I delivered my message and letter, which he read ; and, after pausing some minutes, ' Pray, sir,' cried he, ' inform me what you have done for my kinsman to deserve this warm recommendation ? But I suppose, sir, I guess your merits ; you have fought for him ; and so you would expect a reward from me for being the instrument of his vices ? I wish, sincerely wish, that my present

refusal may be some punishment for your guilt ; but still more, that it may be some inducement to your repentance.' The severity of this rebuke I bore patiently, because I knew it was just. My whole expectations, now, therefore, lay in my letter to the great man. As the doors of the nobility are almost ever beset with beggars, all ready to thrust in some sly petition, I found it no easy matter to gain admittance. However, after bribing the servants with half my worldly fortune, I was at last shown into a spacious apartment, my letter being previously sent up for his lordship's inspection. During this anxious interval I had full time to look round me. Every thing was grand, and of happy contrivance ; the paintings, the furniture, the gildings, petrified me with awe, and raised my idea of the owner. Ah ! thought I to myself, how very great must the possessor of all these things be, who carries in his head the business of the state, and whose house displays half the wealth of a kingdom : sure his genius must be unfathomable ! During these awful reflections, I heard a step come heavily forward. Ah, this is the great man himself !—No ; it was only a chambermaid. Another foot was heard soon after. This must be he !—No ; it was only the great man's valet-de-chambre. At last his lordship actually made his appearance. ' Are you,' cried he, ' the bearer of this here letter ?' I answered with a bow. ' I learn by this,' continued he, ' as how that——' But just at that instant a servant delivered him a card ; and, without taking farther notice, he went out of the room, and left me to digest my own happiness at leisure. I saw no more of him, till told by a footman that his lordship was going to his coach at the door.

Down I immediately followed, and joined my voice to that of three or four more, who came, like me, to petition for favours. His lordship, however, went too fast for us, and was gaining his chariot-door, with large strides, when I hollowed out to know if I was to have any reply. He was by this time got in, and muttered an answer, half of which only I heard; the other half was lost in the rattling of his chariot-wheels. I stood for some time with my neck stretched out, in the posture of one that was listening to catch the glorious sounds, till, looking round me, I found myself alone at his lordship's gate.

“My patience,” continued my son, “was now quite exhausted: stung with the thousand indignities I had met with, I was willing to cast myself away, and only wanted the gulf to receive me. I regarded myself as one of those vile things that nature designed should be thrown by into a lumber-room, there to perish in obscurity. I had still, however, half-a-guinea left, and of that I thought fortune herself should not deprive me: but, in order to be sure of this, I was resolved to go instantly and spend it while I had it, and then trust to occurrences for the rest. As I was going along with this resolution, it happened that Mr Crispe's office seemed invitingly open to give me a welcome reception. In this office Mr Crispe kindly offers all his majesty's subjects a generous promise of £30 a year; for which promise, all they give in return is their liberty for life, and permission to let him transport them to America as slaves. I was happy at finding a place where I could lose my fears in desperation, and entered this cell (for it had the appearance of one) with

the devotion of a monastic. Here I found a number of poor creatures, all in circumstances like myself, expecting the arrival of Mr Crispe; presenting a true epitome of English impatience. Each untractable soul, at variance with fortune, wreaked her injuries on their own hearts; but Mr Crispe at last came down, and all our murmurs were hushed. He deigned to regard me with an air of peculiar approbation; and, indeed, he was the first man who, for a month past, talked to me with smiles. After a few questions, he found I was fit for every thing in the world. He paused a while upon the properest means of providing for me; and, slapping his forehead, as if he had found it, assured me that there was at that time an embassy talked of from the synod of Pennsylvania to the Chickasaw Indians, and that he would use his interest to get me made secretary. I knew in my own heart that the fellow lied, and yet his promise gave me pleasure, there was something so magnificent in the sound. I fairly, therefore, divided my half-guinea, one half of which went to be added to his thirty thousand pounds, and with the other half I resolved to go to the next tavern, to be there more happy than he.

“As I was going out with that resolution, I was met at the door by the captain of a ship, with whom I had formerly some little acquaintance, and he agreed to be my companion over a bowl of punch. As I never chose to make a secret of my circumstances, he assured me that I was upon the very point of ruin in listening to the office-keeper’s promises; for that he only designed to sell me to the plantations. ‘But,’ continued he, ‘I fancy you might, by a much shorter voyage, be easi-

ly put into a genteel way of bread. Take my advice. My ship sails to-morrow for Amsterdam : what if you go in her as a passenger ? The moment you land, all you have to do is to teach the Dutchmen English, and I'll warrant you'll get pupils and money enough. I suppose you understand English,' added he, ' by this time, or the deuce is in it.' I confidently assured him of that ; but expressed a doubt whether the Dutch would be willing to learn English. He affirmed, with an oath, that they were fond of it to distraction ; and, upon that affirmation, I agreed with his proposal, and embarked the next day, to teach the Dutch English in Holland. The wind was fair, our voyage short, and, after having paid my passage with half my moveables, I found myself, fallen as from the skies, a stranger in one of the principal streets of Amsterdam. In this situation I was unwilling to let any time pass unemployed in teaching. I addressed myself, therefore, to two or three of those I met, whose appearance seemed most promising ; but it was impossible to make ourselves mutually understood. It was not till this very moment I recollected, that, in order to teach the Dutchmen English, it was necessary that they should first teach me Dutch. How I came to overlook so obvious an objection is to me amazing ; but certain it is I overlooked it.

“ This scheme thus blown up, I had some thoughts of fairly shipping back to England again ; but falling into company with an Irish student, who was returning from Louvain, our conversation turned upon topics of literature, (for, by the way, it may be observed, that I always

forgot the meanness of my circumstances when I could converse upon such subjects ;) from him I learned, that there were not two men in his whole university who understood Greek. This amazed me. I instantly resolved to travel to Louvain, and there live by teaching Greek ; and in this design I was heartened by my brother student, who threw out some hints that a fortune might be got by it.

“ I set boldly forward the next morning. Every day lessened the burden of my moveables, like *Æsop* and his basket of bread : for I paid them for my lodgings to the Dutch, as I travelled on. When I came to Louvain, I was resolved not to go sneaking to the lower professors, but openly tendered my talents to the principal himself. I went, had admittance, and offered him my service as a master of the Greek language, which I had been told was a desideratum in his university. The principal seemed at first to doubt of my abilities ; but of these I offered to convince him, by turning a part of any Greek author he should fix upon into Latin. Finding me perfectly earnest in my proposal, he addressed me thus : ‘ You see me, young man, I never learned Greek, and I don’t find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor’s cap and gown without Greek ; I have had ten thousand florins a year without Greek ; I eat heartily without Greek ; and, in short,’ continued he, ‘ as I don’t know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it.’

“ I was now too far from home to think of returning ; so I resolved to go forward. I had some knowledge of music, with a tolerable voice ; and I now turned what was once my amusement

into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry ; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house, towards night-fall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion ; but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary, as whenever I used, in better days, to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my music never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially ; but as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt,—a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported.

“ In this manner I proceeded to Paris, with no design but just to look about me, and then to go forward. The people of Paris are much fonder of strangers that have money than of those that have wit. As I could not boast much of either, I was no great favourite. After walking about the town four or five days, and seeing the outsides of the best houses, I was preparing to leave this retreat of venal hospitality ; when, passing through one of the principal streets, whom should I meet but our cousin to whom you first recommended me. This meeting was very agreeable to me, and, I believe, not displeasing to him. He inquired into the nature of my journey to Paris, and informed me of his own business there ; which was to collect pictures, medals, intaglios, and an-

tiques of all kinds, for a gentleman in London, who had just stepped into taste and a large fortune. I was the more surprised at seeing our cousin pitched upon for this office, as he himself had often assured me he knew nothing of the matter. Upon asking how he had been taught the art of *cognoscento* so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules ; the one, always to observe that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains ; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino. ‘ But,’ says he, ‘ as I once taught you how to be an author in London, I’ll now undertake to instruct you in the art of picture-buying at Paris.’

“ With this proposal I very readily closed, as it was living, and now all my ambition was to live. I went, therefore, to his lodgings, improved my dress by his assistance, and, after some time, accompanied him to auctions of pictures, where the English gentry were expected to be purchasers. I was not a little surprised at his intimacy with people of the best fashion, who referred themselves to his judgment, upon every picture or medal, as to an unerring standard of taste. He made very good use of my assistance upon these occasions ; for, when asked his opinion, he would gravely take me aside, and ask mine, shrug, look wise, return, and assure the company that he could give no opinion upon an affair of so much importance. Yet there was sometimes an occasion for a more supported assurance. I remember to have seen him, after giving his opinion that the colouring of a picture was not

mellow enough, very deliberately take a brush with brown varnish, that was accidentally lying by, and rub it over the piece with great composure, before all the company, and then ask if he had not improved the tints.

“ When he had finished his commission in Paris, he left me strongly recommended to several men of distinction, as a person very proper for a travelling tutor ; and after some time I was employed in that capacity by a gentleman who brought his ward to Paris, in order to set him forward on his tour through Europe. I was to be the young gentleman’s governor ; but with a proviso that he should always be permitted to govern himself. My pupil, in fact, understood the art of guiding, in money concerns, much better than I. He was heir to a fortune of about two hundred thousand pounds, left him by an uncle in the West Indies ; and his guardians, to qualify him for the management of it, had bound him apprentice to an attorney. Thus avarice was his prevailing passion : all his questions on the road were—how money might be saved—which was the least expensive course of travel—whether any thing could be bought that would turn to account when disposed of again in London. Such curiosities on the way as could be seen for nothing, he was ready enough to look at ; but if the sight of them was to be paid for, he usually asserted that he had been told they were not worth seeing. He never paid a bill that he would not observe, how amazingly expensive travelling was ; and all this, though he was not yet twenty-one. When arrived at Leghorn, as we took a walk to look at the port and shipping, he

inquired the expense of the passage, by sea, home to England. This, he was informed, was but a trifle, compared to his returning by land; he was, therefore, unable to withstand the temptation, so paying me the small part of my salary that was due, he took leave, and embarked, with only one attendant, for London.

“ I now, therefore, was left once more upon the world at large; but then it was a thing I was used to. However, my skill in music could avail me nothing in a country where every peasant was a better musician than I; but, by this time, I had acquired another talent, which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents, there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England; walked along from city to city; examined mankind more nearly; and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. My remarks, however, are but few: I found that monarchy was the government for the poor to live in, and commonwealths for the rich. I found that riches, in general, were in every country another name for freedom; and that no man is so fond of liberty himself as not to be desirous of subjecting the will of some individuals in society to his own.

“ Upon my arrival in England, I resolved to pay my respects first to you, and then to enlist as a volunteer in the first expedition that was go-

ing forward ; but, on my journey down, my resolutions were changed, by meeting an old acquaintance, who, I found, belonged to a company of comedians, that were going to make a summer campaign in the country. The company seemed not much to disapprove of me for an associate. They all, however, apprised me of the importance of the task at which I aimed ; that the public was a many-headed monster, and that only such as had very good heads could please it ; that acting was not to be learned in a day ; and that without some traditional shrugs, which had been on the stage, and only on the stage, these hundred years, I could never pretend to please. The next difficulty was in fitting me with parts, as almost every character was in keeping. I was driven, for some time, from one character to another, till at last Horatio was fixed upon, which the presence of the present company has happily hindered me from acting.

CHAP. XXI.

The short continuance of friendship amongst the vicious, which is coeval only with mutual satisfaction.

MY son's account was too long to be delivered at once. The first part of it was begun that night, and he was concluding the rest after dinner the next day, when the appearance of Mr Thornhill's equipage at the door seemed to make a pause in

the general satisfaction. The butler, who was now become my friend in the family, informed me with a whisper, that the squire had already made some overtures to Miss Wilmot, and that her aunt and uncle seemed highly to approve the match. Upon Mr Thornhill's entering, he seemed, at seeing my son and me, to start back ; but I readily imputed that to surprise, and not displeasure. However, upon our advancing to salute him, he returned our greeting with the most apparent candour ; and, after a short time, his presence served only to increase the general good humour.

After tea, he called me aside, to inquire after my daughter ; but, upon my informing him that my inquiry was unsuccessful, he seemed greatly surprised ; adding, that he had been since frequently at my house, in order to comfort the rest of my family, whom he left perfectly well. He then asked if I had communicated her misfortune to Miss Wilmot, or my son ; and upon my replying that I had not told them as yet, he greatly approved of my prudence and precaution, desiring me, by all means, to keep it a secret. “ For, at best,” cried he, “ it is but divulging one's own infamy ; and perhaps Miss Livy may not be so guilty as we all imagine.” We were here interrupted by a servant, who came to ask the squire in, to stand up at country-dances ; so that he left me quite pleased with the interest he seemed to take in my concerns. His addresses, however, to Miss Wilmot, were too obvious to be mistaken ; and yet she seemed not perfectly pleased, but bore them rather in compliance to the will of her aunt, than from real inclination. I had even the satisfaction

to see her lavish some kind looks upon my unfortunate son, which the other could neither extort by his fortune nor assiduity. Mr Thornhill's seeming composure, however, not a little surprised me ; we had now continued here a week, at the pressing instances of Mr Arnold ; but each day the more tenderness Miss Wilmot showed my son, Mr Thornhill's friendship seemed proportionably to increase for him.

He had formerly made us the most kind assurances of using his interest to serve the family ; but now his generosity was not confined to promises alone. The morning I designed for my departure, Mr Thornhill came to me, with looks of real pleasure, to inform me of a piece of service he had done for his friend George. This was nothing less than his having procured him an ensign's commission in one of the regiments that was going to the West Indies, for which he had promised but one hundred pounds, his interest having been sufficient to get an abatement of the other two. " As for this trifling piece of service," continued the young gentleman, " I desire no other reward but the pleasure of having served my friend ; and as for the hundred pounds to be paid, if you are unable to raise it yourselves, I will advance it, and you shall repay me at your leisure." This was a favour we wanted words to express our sense of ; I readily therefore gave my bond for the money, and testified as much gratitude as if I never intended to pay.

George was to depart for town the next day, to secure his commission, in pursuance of his generous patron's directions, who judged it highly expedient to use despatch, lest, in the meantime,

another should step in with more advantageous proposals. The next morning, therefore, our young soldier was early prepared for his departure, and seemed the only person among us that was not affected by it. Neither the fatigues and dangers he was going to encounter, nor the friends and mistress—for Miss Wilmot actually loved him—he was leaving behind, any way damped his spirits. After he had taken leave of the rest of the company, I gave him all I had, my blessing. “And now, my boy,” cried I, “thou art going to fight for thy country, remember how thy brave grandfather fought for his sacred king, when loyalty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my boy,—and imitate him in all but his misfortunes—if it was a misfortune to die with Lord Falkland. Go, my boy,—and if you fall, though distant, exposed, and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which Heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier.”

The next morning I took leave of the good family, that had been kind enough to entertain me so long; not without several expressions of gratitude to Mr Thornhill for his late bounty. I left them in the enjoyment of all that happiness which affluence and good-breeding procure, and returned towards home, despairing of ever finding my daughter more, but sending a sigh to Heaven to spare and forgive her. I was now come within about twenty miles of home, having hired a horse to carry me, as I was yet but weak, and comforted myself with the hopes of soon seeing all I held dearest upon earth. But the night coming on, I put up at a little public-house by the road side, and asked for the landlord's com-

pany over a pint of wine. We sat beside his kitchen fire, which was the best room in the house, and chatted on politics, and the news of the country. We happened, among other topics, to talk of young Squire Thornhill, who, the host assured me, was hated as much as his uncle Sir William, who sometimes came down to the country, was loved. He went on to observe, that he made it his whole study to betray the daughters of such as received him to their houses ; and, after a fortnight or three weeks' possession, turned them out, unrewarded, and abandoned to the world. As we continued our discourse in this manner, his wife, who had been out to get change, returned, and perceiving that her husband was enjoying a pleasure in which she was not a sharer, she asked him, in an angry tone, what he did there ; to which he only replied, in an ironical way, by drinking her health. " Mr Symmonds," cried she, " you use me very ill, and I'll bear it no longer. Here three parts of the business is left for me to do, and the fourth left unfinished ; while you do nothing but soak with the guests all day long ; whereas, if a spoonful of liquor were to cure me of a fever, I never touch a drop." I now found what she would be at, and immediately poured her out a glass, which she received with a curtesy ; and drinking towards my good health, " Sir," resumed she, " it is not so much for the value of the liquor I am angry, but one cannot help it, when the house is going out of the windows. If the customers or guests are to be dunned, all the burden lies upon my back ; he'd as lief eat that glass as budge after them himself. There, now, above stairs, we have

a young woman, who has come to take up her lodgings here, and I don't believe she has got any money, by her over civility. I am certain she is very slow of payment, and I wish she were put in mind of it."—"What signifies minding her?" cried the host; "if she be slow, she is sure."—"I don't know that," replied the wife; "but I know that I am sure she has been here a fortnight, and we have not yet seen the cross of her money."—"I suppose, my dear," cried he, "we shall have it all in a lump."—"In a lump!" cried the other; "I hope we may get it any way, and that I am resolved we will this very night, or out she tramps bag and baggage."—"Consider, my dear," cried the husband, "she is a gentlewoman, and deserves more respect."—"As for the matter of that," returned the hostess, "gentle or simple, out she shall pack with a sarara. Gentry may be good things where they take; but for my part, I never saw much good of them at the sign of the Harrow." Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of stairs that went from the kitchen to a room over head: and I soon perceived, by the loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of her reproaches, that no money was to be had from her lodger. I could hear her remonstrances very distinctly—"Out, I say,—pack out this moment! Tramp, thou infamous strumpet, or I'll give thee a mark thou won't be the better for these three months. What! you trumpery, to come and take up an honest house, without cross or coin to bless yourself with!—come along, I say."—"O, dear madam," cried the stranger, "pity me, pity a poor abandoned creature for one night, and death will soon do

the rest." I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by the hair; and I caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms. "Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom. Though the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee; though thou hadst ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forget them all."—"O my own dear!" for minutes she could say no more; "my own dearest, good papa! Could angels be kinder! How do I deserve so much!—The villain! I hate him and myself, to be a reproach to so much goodness. You can't forgive me. I know you cannot."—"Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive thee! Only repent, and we both shall yet be happy. We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia."—"Ah! never, sir, never. The rest of my wretched life must be infamy abroad, and shame at home. But, alas! papa, you look much paler than you used to do. Could such a thing as I am give you so much uneasiness? Surely you have too much wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon yourself."—"Our wisdom, young woman," replied I. "Ah! why so cold a name, papa?" cried she. "This is the first time you ever called me by so cold a name."—"I ask pardon, my darling," returned I; "but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one."

The landlady now returned, to know if we did not choose a more genteel apartment; to which assenting, we were shown a room where

we could converse more freely. After we had talked ourselves into some degree of tranquillity, I could not avoid desiring some account of the gradations that led to her present wretched situation. "That villain, sir," said she, "from the first day of our meeting, made me honourable, though private proposals."

"Villain indeed," cried I; "and yet it in some measure surprises me, how a person of Mr Burchell's good sense and seeming honour could be guilty of such deliberate baseness, and thus step into a family to undo it."

"My dear papa," returned my daughter, "you labour under a strange mistake. Mr Burchell never attempted to deceive me. Instead of that, he took every opportunity of privately admonishing me against the artifices of Mr Thornhill, who, I now find, was even worse than he represented him."—"Mr Thornhill!" interrupted I; "can it be?"—"Yes, sir," returned she; "it was Mr Thornhill who seduced me; who employed the two ladies, as he called them, but who, in fact, were abandoned women of the town, without breeding or pity, to decoy us up to London.—Their artifices, you may remember, would have certainly succeeded, but for Mr Burchell's letter, who directed those reproaches at them which we all applied to ourselves. How he came to have so much influence as to defeat their intentions, still remains a secret to me; but I am convinced he was ever our warmest, sincerest friend."

"You amaze me, my dear," cried I; "but now I find my first suspicions of Mr Thornhill's baseness were too well grounded; but he can triumph in security,—for he is rich, and we are

poor. But tell me, my child ; sure it was no small temptation that could thus obliterate all the impressions of such an education, and so virtuous a disposition as thine ?”

“ Indeed, sir,” replied she, “ he owes all his triumph to the desire I had of making him, and not myself, happy. I knew that the ceremony of our marriage, which was privately performed by a popish priest, was no way binding, and that I had nothing to trust to but his honour.”—

“ What !” interrupted I, “ and were you indeed married by a priest in orders ?”—“ Indeed, sir, we were,” replied she ; “ though we were both sworn to conceal his name.”—“ Why, then, my child, come to my arms again : and now you are a thousand times more welcome than before, for you are now his wife to all intents and purposes ; nor can all the laws of man, though written upon tables of adamant, lessen the force of that sacred connexion.”

“ Alas ! papa,” replied she, “ you are but little acquainted with his villanies ; he has been married already, by the same priest, to six or eight wives more, whom, like me, he has deceived and abandoned.”

“ Has he so ?” cried I ; “ then we must hang the priest, and you shall inform against him to-morrow.”—“ But, sir,” returned she, “ will that be right, when I am sworn to secrecy ?”—“ My dear,” I replied, “ if you have made such a promise, I cannot, nor will I tempt you to break it. Even though it may benefit the public, you must not inform against him. In all human institutions, a smaller evil is allowed to procure a greater good ; as in politics, a province may be given

away to secure a kingdom ; in medicine, a limb may be lopped off to preserve the body : but, in religion, the law is written, and inflexible, *never* to do evil. And this law, my child, is right ; for, otherwise, if we commit a smaller evil to procure a greater good, certain guilt would be thus incurred, in expectation of contingent advantage. And though the advantage should certainly follow, yet the interval between commission and advantage, which is allowed to be guilty, may be that in which we are called away to answer for the things we have done, and the volume of human actions is closed for ever. But I interrupt you my dear—go on.”

“ The very next morning,” continued she, “ I found what little expectations I was to have from his sincerity. That very morning he introduced me to two unhappy women more, whom, like me, he had deceived, but who lived in contented prostitution. I loved him too tenderly to bear such rivals in his affections, and strove to forget my infamy in a tumult of pleasures. With this view, I danced, dressed, and talked ; but still was unhappy. The gentlemen who visited there told me every moment of the power of my charms, and this only contributed to increase my melancholy, as I had thrown all their power quite away. Thus each day I grew more pensive, and he more insolent, till at last the monster had the assurance to offer me to a young baronet of his acquaintance. Need I describe, sir, how his ingratitude stung me ? My answer to this proposal was almost madness. I desired to part. As I was going, he offered me a purse ; but I flung it at him with indignation, and burst from him in a

rage, that for a while kept me insensible of the miseries of my situation. But I soon looked round me, and saw myself a vile, abject, guilty thing, without one friend in the world to apply to. Just in that interval, a stage-coach happening to pass by ; I took a place, it being my only aim to be driven at a distance from a wretch I despised and detested. I was set down here ; where, since my arrival, my own anxiety, and this woman's unkindness, have been my only companions. The hours of pleasure that I have passed with my mamma and sister now grow painful to me. Their sorrows are much ; but mine are greater than theirs, for mine are mixed with guilt and infamy."

"Have patience, my child," cried I, "and I hope things will yet be better. Take some repose to-night, and to-morrow I'll carry you home to your mother and the rest of the family, from whom you will receive a kind reception. Poor woman ! this has gone to her heart ; but she loves you still, Olivia, and will forget it."

CHAP. XXII.

Offences are easily pardoned where there is love at bottom.

THE next morning I took my daughter behind me, and set out on my return home. As we travelled along, I strove, by every persuasion, to calm her sorrows and fears, and to arm her with resolution

to bear the presence of her offended mother. I took every opportunity, from the prospect of a fine country through which we passed, to observe how much kinder Heaven was to us than we to each other ; and that the misfortunes of nature's making were but very few. I assured her that she should never perceive any change in my affection, and that during my life, which yet might be long, she might depend upon a guardian and an instructor. I armed her against the censures of the world, showed her that books were sweet unrepublishing companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it.

The hired horse that we rode was to be put up that night at an inn by the way, within about five miles from my house ; and as I was willing to prepare my family for my daughter's reception, I determined to leave her that night at the inn, and to return for her, accompanied by my daughter Sophia, early the next morning. It was night before we reached our appointed stage ; however, after seeing her provided with a decent apartment, and having ordered the hostess to prepare proper refreshments, I kissed her, and proceeded towards home. And now my heart caught new sensations of pleasure, the nearer I approached that peaceful mansion. As a bird that had been frightened from its nest, my affections out-went my haste, and hovered round my little fireside with all the rapture of expectation. I called up the many fond things I had to say, and anticipated the welcome I was to receive. I already felt my wife's tender embrace, and smiled at the joy of my little ones. As I walked but slowly,

the night waned apace. The labourers of the day were all retired to rest—the lights were out in every cottage—no sounds were heard but of the shrilling cock, and the deep-mouthed watch-dog, at hollow distance. I approached my little abode of pleasure, and before I was within a furlong of the place, our honest mastiff came running to welcome me.

It was now near midnight that I came to knock at my door—all was still and silent,—my heart dilated with unutterable happiness ; when, to my amazement, I saw the house bursting out in a blaze of fire, and every aperture red with conflagration ! I gave a loud convulsive outcry, and fell upon the pavement insensible. This alarmed my son, who had till this been asleep, and he perceiving the flames, instantly waked my wife and daughter ; and all running out, naked, and wild with apprehension, recalled me to life with their anguish. But it was only to objects of new terror, for the flames had by this time caught the roof of our dwelling ; part after part continuing to fall in, while the family stood with silent agony, looking on, as if they enjoyed the blaze. I gazed upon them and upon it by turns, and then looked round me for my two little ones ; but they were not to be seen. “ O misery !—Where,” cried I, “ where are my little ones ? ” “ They are burnt to death in the flames,” said my wife calmly, “ and I will die with them.” That moment I heard the cry of the babes within, who were just awaked by the fire, and nothing could have stopped me. “ Where, where are my children ? ” cried I, rushing through the flames, and bursting the door of the chamber in which

they were confined. “Where are my little ones?” —“Here, dear papa ; here we are !” cried they together, while the flames were just catching the bed where they lay. I caught them both in my arms, and snatched them through the fire as fast as possible, while, just as I was got out, the roof sunk in. “Now,” cried I, holding up my children, “now let the flames burn on, and all my possessions perish. Here they are ; I have saved my treasure. Here, my dearest, here are our treasures, and we shall yet be happy.” We kissed our little darlings a thousand times ;—they clasped us round the neck, and seemed to share our transports, while their mother laughed and wept by turns.

I now stood a calm spectator of the flames ; and after some time, began to perceive that my arm, to the shoulder, was scorched in a terrible manner. It was therefore out of my power to give my son any assistance, either in attempting to save our goods, or preventing the flames spreading to our corn. By this time the neighbours were alarmed, and came running to our assistance ; but all they could do was to stand, like us, spectators of the calamity. My goods, among which were the notes I had reserved for my daughters’ fortunes, were entirely consumed, except a box with some papers, that stood in the kitchen, and two or three things more of little consequence, which my son brought away in the beginning. The neighbours contributed, however, what they could to lighten our distress. They brought us clothes, and furnished one of our out-houses with kitchen utensils ; so that by day-light we had another, though a wretched

dwelling, to retire to. My honest next neighbour, and his children, were not the least assiduous in providing us with every thing necessary, and offering whatever consolation untutored benevolence could suggest.

When the fears of the family had subsided, curiosity to know the cause of my long stay began to take place ; having therefore informed them of every particular, I proceeded to prepare them for the reception of our lost one ; and though we had nothing but wretchedness now to impart, I was willing to procure her a welcome to what we had. This task would have been very difficult but for our recent calamity, which had humbled my wife's pride, and blunted it by more poignant afflictions. Being unable to go for my poor child myself, as my arm grew very painful, I sent my son and daughter, who soon returned, supporting the wretched delinquent, who had not the courage to look up at her mother, whom no instructions of mine could persuade to a perfect reconciliation ; for women have a much stronger sense of female error than men. " Ah, madam," cried her mother, " this is but a poor place you are come to after so much finery. My daughter Sophy and I can afford but little entertainment to persons who have kept company only with people of distinction. Yes, Miss Livy, your poor father and I have suffered very much of late ;—but I hope Heaven will forgive you." During this reception, the unhappy victim stood pale and trembling, unable to weep or to reply ; but I could not continue a silent spectator of her distress ; wherefore, assuming a degree of severity in my voice and manner, which was ever followed

with instant submission—"I entreat, woman, that my words may be now marked once for all; I have here brought you back a poor deluded wanderer; her return to duty demands the revival of our tenderness. The real hardships of life are now coming fast upon us; let us not, therefore, increase them by dissension among each other. If we live harmoniously together, we may yet be contented, as there are enough of us to shut out the censuring world, and keep each other in countenance. The kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner, than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition, is itself a greater exertion of virtue than an hundred acts of justice."

CHAP. XXIII.

None but the guilty can be long and completely miserable.

SOME assiduity was now required to make our present abode as convenient as possible; and we were soon again qualified to enjoy our former serenity. Being disabled myself from assisting my son in our usual occupations, I read to my family from the few books that were saved, and particu-

larly from such as, by amusing the imagination, contributed to ease the heart. Our good neighbours, too, came every day with the kindest condolence, and fixed a time in which they were all to assist at repairing my former dwelling. Honest farmer Williams was not last among these visitors, but heartily offered his friendship. He would even have renewed his addresses to my daughter; but she rejected them in such a manner as totally repressed his future solicitations. Her grief seemed formed for continuing, and she was the only person of our little society that a week did not restore to cheerfulness. She now lost that unblushing innocence which once taught her to respect herself, and to seek pleasure by pleasing. Anxiety had now taken strong possession of her mind; her beauty began to be impaired with her constitution, and neglect still more contributed to diminish it. Every tender epithet bestowed on her sister brought a pang to her heart and a tear to her eye; and as one vice, though cured, ever plants others where it has been, so her former guilt, though driven out by repentance, left jealousy and envy behind. I strove a thousand ways to lessen her care, and even forgot my own pain in a concern for hers; collecting such amusing passages of history as a strong memory and some reading could suggest. "Our happiness, my dear," I would say, "is in the power of One who can bring it about a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story, my child, told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing historian.

"Matilda was married very young to a Nea-

politan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment, which hung over the river Volturna, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment. The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after ; but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself with great difficulty escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

“ As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city. Her beauty at first caught his eye ; her merit soon after his heart. They were married ; he rose to the highest posts ; they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent : after an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken.—Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty, than those which the French and Italians at that time exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the

victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death ; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon. The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner, with his sword, stood ready, while the spectators in gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband and deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturna, to be the spectator of still greater calamities. The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress ; but with still stronger emotions when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son ; the infant for whom she had encountered so much danger. He acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed : the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty, could confer on each, were united."

In this manner I would attempt to amuse my daughter ; but she listened with divided attention ; for her own misfortunes engrossed all the pity she once had for those of another, and nothing gave her ease. In company she dreaded contempt ; and in solitude she only found anxiety. Such was the colour of her wretchedness, when we received certain information that Mr Thorn-

hill was going to be married to Miss Wilmot ; for whom I always suspected he had a real passion, though he took every opportunity, before me, to express a contempt both of her person and fortune. This news only served to increase poor Olivia's affliction ; such a flagrant breach of fidelity was more than her courage could support. I was resolved, however, to get more certain information, and to defeat if possible the completion of his designs, by sending my son to old Mr Wilmot's, with instructions to know the truth of the report, and to deliver Miss Wilmot a letter, intimating Mr Thornhill's conduct in my family. My son went, in pursuance of my directions, and in three days returned, assuring us of the truth of the account ; but that he had found it impossible to deliver the letter, which he was therefore obliged to leave, as Mr Thornhill and Miss Wilmot were visiting round the country. They were to be married, he said, in a few days, having appeared together at church, the Sunday before he was there, in great splendour, the bride attended by six young ladies, and he by as many gentlemen.—Their approaching nuptials filled the whole country with rejoicing ; and they usually rode out together, in the grandest equipage that had been seen in the country for many years. All the friends of both families, he said, were there, particularly the squire's uncle, Sir William Thornhill, who bore so good a character. He added, that nothing but mirth and feasting were going forward ; that all the country praised the young bride's beauty, and the bridegroom's fine person, and that they were immensely fond of each other ; concluding, that he could not help

thinking Mr Thornhill one of the most happy men in the world.

“Why, let him, if he can,” returned I: “but, my son, observe this bed of straw, and unsheltering roof; those mouldering walls, and humid floor; my wretched body thus disabled by fire, and my children weeping round me for bread: you have come home, my child, to all this; yet here, even here, you see a man that would not for a thousand worlds exchange situations. O, my children, if you could but learn to commune with your own hearts, and know what noble company you can make them, you would little regard the elegance and splendour of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers that are going into exile.”

My compassion for my poor daughter, overpowered by this new disaster, interrupted what I had farther to observe. I bade her mother support her, and after a short time she recovered. She appeared from that time more calm, and I imagined had gained a new degree of resolution: but appearances deceived me; for her tranquillity was the languor of overwrought resentment. A supply of provisions, charitably sent us by my kind parishioners, seemed to diffuse new cheerfulness amongst the rest of my family; nor was I displeased at seeing them once more sprightly and at ease. It would have been unjust to damp

their satisfactions, merely to condole with resolute melancholy, or to burden them with a sadness they did not feel. Thus, once more, the tale went round, and the song was demanded; and cheerfulness condescended to hover round our little habitation.

CHAP. XXIV.

Fresh calamities.

THE next morning the sun arose with peculiar warmth for the season; so that we agreed to breakfast together on the honeysuckle bank: where, while we sat, my youngest daughter, at my request, joined her voice to the concert on the trees about us. It was in this place my poor Olivia first met her seducer, and every object served to recall her sadness. But that melancholy, which is excited by objects of pleasure, or inspired by sounds of harmony, soothes the heart instead of corroding it. Her mother, too, upon this occasion, felt a pleasing distress, and wept, and loved her daughter as before. "Do, my pretty Olivia," cried she, "let us have that little melancholy air your papa was so fond of; your sister Sophy has already obliged us. Do, child, it will please your old father." She complied in a manner so exquisitely pathetic, as moved me.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

As she was concluding the last stanza, to which an interruption in her voice, from sorrow, gave peculiar softness, the appearance of Mr Thornhill's equipage at a distance alarmed us all; but particularly increased the uneasiness of my eldest daughter, who, desirous of shunning her betrayer, returned to the house with her sister. In a few minutes he was alighted from his chariot, and making up to the place where I was still sitting, inquired after my health with his usual air of familiarity. "Sir," replied I, "your present assurance only serves to aggravate the baseness of your character; and there was a time when I would have chastised your insolence for presuming thus to appear before me. But now you are safe: for age has cooled my passions, and my calling restrains them."

"I vow, my dear sir," returned he, "I am amazed at all this; nor can I understand what it means! I hope you don't think your daughter's late excursion with me had any thing criminal in it?"

"Go," cried I, "thou art a wretch, a poor pitiful wretch, and every way a liar; but your meanness secures you from my anger! Yet, sir, I am descended from a family that would not have borne this! And, so, thou vile thing, to gratify a momentary passion, thou hast made one poor

creature wretched for life, and polluted a family that had nothing but honour for their portion."

"If she or you," returned he, "are resolved to be miserable, I cannot help it. But you may still be happy; and whatever opinion you may have formed of me, you shall ever find me ready to contribute to it. We can marry her to another in a short time: and what is more, she may keep her lover beside; for I protest I shall ever continue to have a true regard for her."

I found all my passions alarmed at this new degrading proposal; for though the mind may often be calm under great injuries, little villany can at any time get within the soul, and sting it into rage. "Avoid my sight, thou reptile!" cried I; "nor continue to insult me with thy presence. Were my brave son at home, he would not suffer this: but I am old and disabled, and every way undone."

"I find," cried he, "you are bent upon obliging me to talk in a harsher manner than I intended. But as I have shown you what may be hoped from my friendship, it may not be improper to represent what may be the consequences of my resentment. My attorney, to whom your late bond has been transferred, threatens hard; nor do I know how to prevent the course of justice, except by paying the money myself, which, as I have been at some expenses lately, previous to my intended marriage, is not so easy to be done. And then my steward talks of driving for the rent; it is certain he knows his duty; for I never trouble myself with affairs of that nature. Yet still I could wish to serve you, and even to have you and your daughter present at my marriage,

which is shortly to be solemnized with Miss Wilmot ; it is even the request of charming Arabella herself, whom I hope you will not refuse."

"Mr Thornhill," replied I, "hear me once for all ; as to your marriage with any but my daughter, that I never will consent to ;—and though your friendship could raise me to a throne, or your resentment sink me to the grave, yet would I despise both. Thou hast once wofully, irreparably deceived me. I reposed my heart upon thine honour, and have found its baseness. Never more, therefore, expect friendship from me. Go, and possess what fortune has given thee, beauty, riches, health, and pleasure. Go, and leave me to want, infamy, disease, and sorrow. Yet, humbled as I am, shall my heart still vindicate its dignity ; and though thou hast my forgiveness, thou shalt ever have my contempt."

"If so," returned he, "depend upon it you shall feel the effects of this insolence ; and we shall shortly see which is the fittest object of scorn, you or me." Upon which he departed abruptly.

My wife and son, who were present at this interview, seemed terrified with apprehension. My daughters, also, finding that he was gone, came out to be informed of the result of our conference ; which, when known, alarmed them not less than the rest. But as to myself, I disregarded the utmost stretch of his malevolence ; he had already struck the blow, and I now stood prepared to repel every new effort ; like one of those instruments used in the art of war, which, however thrown, still presents a point to receive the enemy.

We soon, however, found that he had not threatened in vain; for the very next morning his steward came to demand my annual rent, which, by the train of accidents already related, I was unable to pay. The consequence of my incapacity was, his driving my cattle that evening, and their being appraised and sold the next day for less than half their value. My wife and children now therefore entreated me to comply upon any terms, rather than incur certain destruction. They even begged of me to admit his visits once more, and used all their little eloquence to paint the calamities I was going to endure; the terrors of a prison in so rigorous a season as the present, with the danger that threatened my health from the late accident that happened by the fire. But I continued inflexible.

“Why, my treasures,” cried I, “why will you thus attempt to persuade me to the thing that is not right? My duty has taught me to forgive him, but my conscience will not permit me to approve. Would you have me applaud to the world what my heart must internally condemn? Would you have me tamely sit down and flatter our infamous betrayer; and, to avoid a prison, continually suffer the more galling bonds of mental confinement? No, never. If we are to be taken from this abode, only let us hold to the right, and wherever we are thrown, we can still retire to a charming apartment, when we can look round our own hearts with intrepidity and with pleasure.”

In this manner we spent that evening. Early the next morning, as the snow had fallen in great abundance in the night, my son was employed in

clearing it away, and opening a passage before the door. He had not been thus engaged long, when he came running in, with looks all pale, to tell us that two strangers, whom he knew to be officers of justice, were making towards the house.

Just as he spoke, they came in, and approaching the bed where I lay, after previously informing me of their employment and business, made me their prisoner ; bidding me prepare to go with them to the county jail, which was eleven miles off.

“ My friends,” said I, “ this is severe weather in which you have come to take me to a prison ; and it is particularly unfortunate at this time, as one of my arms has lately been burnt in a terrible manner, and it has thrown me into a slight fever, and I want clothes to cover me ; and I am now too weak and old to walk far in such deep snow ; but if it must be so—”

I then turned to my wife and children, and directed them to get together what few things were left us, and to prepare immediately for leaving this place. I entreated them to be expeditious ; and desired my son to assist his eldest sister, who, from a consciousness that she was the cause of all our calamities, was fallen, and had lost anguish in insensibility. I encouraged my wife, who, pale and trembling, clasped our affrighted little ones in her arms, that clung to her bosom in silence, dreading to look round at the strangers. In the meantime, my youngest daughter prepared for our departure ; and as she received several hints to use despatch, in about an hour we were ready to depart.

CHAP. XXV.

No situation, however wretched it seems, but has some sort of comfort attending it.

WE set forward from this peaceful neighbourhood, and walked on slowly. My eldest daughter being enfeebled by a slow fever, which had begun for some days to undermine her constitution, one of the officers, who had a horse, kindly took her behind him; for even these men cannot entirely divest themselves of humanity. My son led one of the little ones by the hand, and my wife the other; while I leaned upon my youngest girl, whose tears fell not for her own but my distresses.

We were now got from my late dwelling about two miles, when we saw a crowd running and shouting behind us, consisting of about fifty of my poorest parishioners. These, with dreadful imprecations, soon seized upon the two officers of justice, and, swearing they would never see their minister go to jail while they had a drop of blood to shed in his defence, were going to use them with great severity. The consequence might have been fatal, had I not immediately interposed, and with some difficulty rescued the officers from the hands of the enraged multitude.—My children, who looked upon my delivery now as certain, appeared transported with joy, and were incapable of containing their raptures.—But they were soon undeceived, upon hearing me address the poor deluded people, who came, as they imagined, to do me service.

“What ! my friends,” cried I, “and is this the way you love me ? Is this the manner you obey the instructions I have given you from the pulpit ? Thus to fly in the face of justice, and bring down ruin on yourselves and me ! Which is your ringleader ? Show me the man that has thus seduced you. As sure as he lives he shall feel my resentment. Alas ! my dear deluded flock, return back to the duty you owe to God, to your country, and to me. I shall yet perhaps one day see you in greater felicity here, and contribute to make your lives more happy. But let it at least be my comfort, when I pen my fold for immortality, that not one here shall be wanting.”

They now seemed all repentance, and melting into tears, came one after the other to bid me farewell. I shook each tenderly by the hand, and leaving them my blessing, proceeded forward, without meeting any farther interruption. Some hours before night we reached the town, or rather village ; for it consisted but of a few mean houses, having lost all its former opulence, and retaining no marks of its ancient superiority but the jail.

Upon entering we put up at an inn, where we had such refreshments as could most readily be procured, and I supped with my family with my usual cheerfulness. After seeing them properly accommodated for that night, I next attended the sheriff's officers to the prison, which had formerly been built for the purposes of war, and consisted of one large apartment strongly grated, and paved with stone, common to both felons and debtors at certain hours in the four and twenty. Besides this, every prisoner had a separate cell, where he was locked in for the night.

I expected, upon my entrance, to find nothing but lamentations and various sounds of misery ; but it was very different. The prisoners seemed all employed in one common design, that of forgetting thought in merriment or clamour. I was apprised of the usual perquisite required upon these occasions, and immediately complied with the demand, though the little money I had was very near being all exhausted. This was immediately sent away for liquor, and the whole prison was soon filled with riot, laughter, and profaneness.

“ How,” cried I to myself, “ shall men so very wicked be cheerful, and shall I be melancholy ? I feel only the same confinement with them, and I think I have more reason to be happy.”

With such reflections I laboured to become cheerful ; but cheerfulness was never yet produced by effort which is itself painful. As I was sitting, therefore, in a corner of the jail in a pensive posture, one of my fellow-prisoners came up, and sitting by me, entered into conversation. It was my constant rule in life never to avoid the conversation of any man who seemed to desire it : for, if good, I might profit by his instructions ; if bad, he might be assisted by mine. I found this to be a knowing man, of strong unlettered sense, but a thorough knowledge of the world, as it is called ; or, more properly speaking, of human nature on the wrong side. He asked me if I had taken care to provide myself with a bed, which was a circumstance I had never once attended to.

“ That’s unfortunate,” cried he, “ as you are allowed here nothing but straw, and your apart-

ment is very large and cold. However, you seem to be something of a gentleman, and as I have been one myself in my time, part of my bed-clothes are heartily at your service."

I thanked him, professing my surprise at finding such humanity in a jail, in misfortunes; adding, to let him see that I was a scholar, that the sage ancient seemed to understand the value of company in affliction, when he said, *ton kosmon aire, ei dos ton etairon*. "And, in fact," continued I, "what is the world, if it affords only solitude?"

"You talk of the world, sir," returned my fellow-prisoner; "*the world is in its dotage; and yet the cosmogony, or creation of the world, has puzzled the philosophers of every age. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world! Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words, Anarchon ara kai atelutaion to pan; which implies*"—" "I ask pardon, sir," cried I, "for interrupting so much learning; but I think I have heard all this before. Have I not had the pleasure of once seeing you at Welbridge fair, and is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson?" At this demand he only sighed. "I suppose you must recollect," resumed I, "one Doctor Primrose, from whom you bought a horse."

He now at once recollected me: for the gloominess of the place and the approaching night had prevented his distinguishing my features before. "Yes, sir," returned Mr Jenkinson, "I remember you perfectly well; I bought a horse, but forgot to pay for him. Your neighbour Flam-

borough is the only prosecutor I am any way afraid of at the next assizes ; for he intends to swear positively against me as a coiner. I am heartily sorry, sir, I ever deceived you, or indeed any man : for you see," continued he, showing his shackles, " what my tricks have brought me to."

" Well, sir," replied I, " your kindness in offering me assistance when you could expect no return, shall be repaid by my endeavours to soften or totally suppress Mr Flamborough's evidence, and I will send my son to him for that purpose the first opportunity ; nor do I in the least doubt but he will comply with my request ; and, as to my own evidence, you need be under no uneasiness about that."

" Well, sir," cried he, " all the return I can make shall be yours. You shall have more than half my bed-clothes to-night, and I'll take care to stand your friend in the prison, where I think I have some influence."

I thanked him, and could not avoid being surprised at the present youthful change in his aspect : for at the time I had seen him before, he appeared at least sixty. " Sir," answered he, " you are little acquainted with the world ; I had at that time false hair, and have learned the art of counterfeiting every age from seventeen to seventy. Ah, sir ! had I but bestowed half the pains in learning a trade, that I have in learning to be a scoundrel, I might have been a rich man at this day. But, rogue as I am, still I may be your friend, and that, perhaps, when you least expect it."

We were now prevented from farther conversa-

tion by the arrival of the jailer's servant, who came to call over the prisoners' names, and lock up for the night. A fellow, also, with a bundle of straw for my bed, attended, who led me along a dark narrow passage into a room paved like the common prison, and in one corner of this I spread my bed, and the clothes given me by my fellow-prisoner ; which done, my conductor, who was civil enough, bade me a good-night. After my usual meditations, and having praised my heavenly Corrector, I laid myself down, and slept with the utmost tranquillity till morning.

CHAP. XXVI.

A reformation in the jail.—To make laws complete, they should reward as well as punish.

THE next morning early I was awakened by my family, whom I found in tears at my bed-side. The gloomy appearance of every thing about us, it seems, had daunted them. I gently rebuked their sorrow, assuring them I had never slept with greater tranquillity ; and next inquired after my eldest daughter, who was not among them. They informed me that yesterday's uneasiness and fatigue had increased her fever, and it was judged proper to leave her behind. My next care was to send my son to procure a room or two to lodge my family in, as near the prison as conveniently could be found. He obeyed ; but could only find one apartment, which was hired, at a small expense, for his mother and sisters ; the jailer, with

humanity, consenting to let him and his two little brothers lie in the prison with me. A bed was therefore prepared for them in a corner of the room, which I thought answered very conveniently. I was willing, however, previously to know, whether my little children chose to lie in a place which seemed to fright them upon entrance.

“ Well,” cried I, “ my good boys, how do you like your bed ? I hope you are not afraid to lie in this room, dark as it appears ? ”

“ No, papa,” says Dick ; I am not afraid to lie any where where you are.”

“ And I,” says Bill, who was but yet four years old, “ love every place best that my papa is in.”

After this I allotted to each of the family what they were to do. My daughter was particularly directed to watch her declining sister's health ; my wife was to attend me ; my little boys were to read to me : “ And as for you, my son,” continued I, “ it is by the labour of your hands we must all hope to be supported. Your wages, as a day-labourer, will be fully sufficient, with proper frugality, to maintain us all, and comfortably too. Thou art now sixteen years old, and hast strength, and it was given thee, my son, for very useful purposes ; for it must save from famine your helpless parents and family. Prepare then, this evening, to look out for work against to-morrow, and bring home every night what money you earn for our support.”

Having thus instructed him, and settled the rest, I walked down to the common prison, where I could enjoy more air and room. But I was not long there, when the execrations, lewdness, and

brutality, that invaded me on every side, drove me back to my apartment again. Here I sat for some time, pondering upon the strange infatuation of wretches, who, finding all mankind in open arms against them, were labouring to make themselves a future and a tremendous enemy.

Their insensibility excited my highest compassion, and blotted my own uneasiness from my mind. It even appeared a duty incumbent upon me to attempt to reclaim them. I resolved, therefore, once more to return ; and, in spite of their contempt, to give them my advice, and conquer them by perseverance. Going, therefore, among them again, I informed Mr Jenkinson of my design ; at which he laughed heartily, but communicated it to the rest. The proposal was received with the greatest good-humour, as it promised to afford a new fund of entertainment to persons who had now no other resource for mirth, but what could be derived from ridicule or debauchery.

I therefore read them a portion of the service with a loud unaffected voice, and found my audience perfectly merry upon the occasion. Lewd whispers, groans of contrition burlesqued, winking and coughing, alternately excited laughter. However, I continued, with my natural solemnity, to read on, sensible that what I did might amend some, but could itself receive no contamination from any.

After reading, I entered upon my exhortation, which was rather calculated at first to amuse them than to reprove. I previously observed, that no other motive but their welfare could induce me to this ; that I was their fellow-prisoner, and now

got nothing by preaching. I was sorry, I said, to hear them so very profane, because they got nothing by it, but might lose a great deal: "For be assured, my friends," cried I, "for you are my friends, however the world may disclaim your friendship, though you swore twelve thousand oaths in a day, it would not put one penny in your purse. Then what signifies calling every moment upon the devil, and courting his friendship, since you find how scurvily he uses you. He has given you nothing here, you find, but a mouthful of oaths and an empty belly; and by the best accounts I have of him, he will give you nothing that's good hereafter.

"If used ill in our dealings with one man, we naturally go elsewhere. Were it not worth your while, then, just to try how you may like the usage of another master, who gives you fair promises, at least, to come to him? Surely, my friends, of all stupidity in the world, his must be the greatest, who, after robbing a house, runs to the thief-takers for protection. And yet how are you more wise? You are all seeking comfort from one that has already betrayed you, applying to a more malicious being than any thief-taker of them all; for they only decoy, and then hang you; but he decoys and hangs, and, what is worst of all, will not let you loose after the hangman has done."

When I had concluded, I received the compliments of my audience; some of whom came and shook me by the hand, swearing that I was a very honest fellow, and that they desired my further acquaintance. I therefore promised to repeat my lecture next day, and actually conceived some

hopes of making a reformation here ; for it had ever been my opinion, that no man was past the hour of amendment, every heart lying open to the shafts of reproof, if the archer could but take a proper aim. When I had thus satisfied my mind, I went back to my apartment, where my wife prepared a frugal meal, while Mr Jenkinson begged leave to add his dinner to ours, and partake of the pleasure, as he was kind enough to express it, of my conversation. He had not yet seen my family ; for as they came to my apartment by a door in the narrow passage already described, by this means they avoided the common prison. Jenkinson, at the first interview, therefore, seemed not a little struck with the beauty of my youngest daughter, which her pensive air contributed to heighten ; and my little ones did not pass unnoticed.

“ Alas ! doctor,” cried he, “ these children are too handsome and too good for such a place as this !”

“ Why, Mr Jenkinson,” replied I, “ thank Heaven, my children are pretty tolerable in morals ; and if they be good, it matters little for the rest.”

“ I fancy, sir,” returned my fellow-prisoner, “ that it must give you great comfort to have this little family about you.”

“ A comfort, Mr Jenkinson !” replied I ; “ yes, it is indeed a comfort, and I would not be without them for all the world ; for they can make a dungeon seem a palace. There is but one way in this life of wounding my happiness, and that is by injuring them.”

“ I am afraid then, sir,” cried he, “ that I am

in some measure culpable ; for I think I see here (looking at my son Moses) one that I have injured, and by whom I wish to be forgiven."

My son immediately recollected his voice and features, though he had before seen him in disguise, and, taking him by the hand, with a smile forgave him. " Yet," continued he, " I can't help wondering at what you could see in my face to think me a proper mark for deception."

" My dear sir," returned the other, " it was not your face, but your white stockings and the black riband in your hair that allured me. But, no disparagement to your parts, I have deceived wiser men than you in my time ; and yet, with all my tricks, the blockheads have been too many for me at last."

" I suppose," cried my son, " that the narrative of such a life as yours must be extremely instructive and amusing."

" Not much of either," returned Mr Jenkinson. " Those relations which describe the tricks and vices only of mankind, by increasing our suspicion in life, retard our success. The traveller that distrusts every person he meets, and turns back upon the appearance of every man that looks like a robber, seldom arrives in time at his journey's end."

" Indeed, I think, from my own experience, that the knowing one is the silliest fellow under the sun. I was thought cunning from my very childhood ; when but seven years old, the ladies would say that I was a perfect little man ; at fourteen, I knew the world, cocked my hat, and loved the ladies ; at twenty, though I was perfectly honest, yet every one thought me so cun-

ning, that not one would trust me. Thus I was at last obliged to turn sharper in my own defence, and have lived ever since, my head throbbing with schemes to deceive, and my heart palpitating with fears of detection. I used often to laugh at your honest simple neighbour Flamborough, and, one way or other, generally cheated him once a year. Yet still the honest man went forward without suspicion, and grew rich, while I still continued tricky and cunning, and was poor, without the consolation of being honest. However," continued he, "let me know your case, and what has brought you here; perhaps, though I have not skill to avoid a jail myself, I may extricate my friends."

In compliance with this curiosity, I informed him of the whole train of accidents and follies that had plunged me into my present troubles, and my utter inability to get free.

After hearing my story, and pausing some minutes, he slapped his forehead, as if he had hit upon something material, and took his leave, saying, he would try what could be done.

CHAP. XXVII.

The same subject continued.

THE next morning I communicated to my wife and children the scheme I had planned of reforming the prisoners, which they received with universal disapprobation, alleging the impossibility

and impropriety of it ; adding, that my endeavours would no way contribute to their amendment, but might probably disgrace my calling.

“ Excuse me,” returned I ; “ these people, however fallen, are still men, and that is a very good title to my affections. Good counsel rejected returns to enrich the giver’s bosom ; and, though the instruction I communicate may not mend them, yet it will assuredly mend myself. If these wretches, my children, were princes, there would be thousands ready to offer their ministry ; but, in my opinion, the heart that is buried in a dungeon is as precious as that seated upon a throne. Yes, my treasures, if I can mend them, I will : perhaps they will not all despise me. Perhaps I may catch up even one from the gulf, and that will be great gain ; for is there upon earth a gem so precious as the human soul ?”

Thus saying, I left them, and descended to the common prison, where I found the prisoners very merry, expecting my arrival ; and each prepared with some jail-trick to play upon the doctor. Thus, as I was going to begin, one turned my wig awry, as if by accident, and then asked my pardon. A second, who stood at some distance, had a knack of spitting through his teeth, which fell in showers upon my book. A third would cry Amen, in such an affected tone as gave the rest great delight. A fourth had slyly picked my pocket of my spectacles. But there was one whose trick gave more universal pleasure than all the rest ; for, observing the manner in which I had disposed my books on the table before me, he very dexterously displaced one of them, and put an obscene jest-book of his own in the place.

However, I took no notice of all that this mischievous group of little beings could do ; but went on, perfectly sensible that what was ridiculous in my attempt would excite mirth only the first or second time, while what was serious would be permanent. My design succeeded ; and in less than six days some were penitent, and all attentive.

It was now that I applauded my perseverance and address, at thus giving sensibility to wretches divested of every moral feeling, and now began to think of doing them temporal services also, by rendering their situation somewhat more comfortable. Their time had hitherto been divided between famine and excess, tumultuous riot and bitter repining. Their only employment was quarrelling among each other, playing at cribbage, and cutting tobacco-stoppers. From this last mode of idle industry I took the hint of setting such as chose to work at cutting pegs for tobacco-nists and shoemakers, the proper wood being bought by a general subscription, and, when manufactured, sold by my appointment : so that each earned something every day ; a trifle indeed, but sufficient to maintain him.

I did not stop here, but instituted fines for the punishment of immorality, and rewards for peculiar industry. Thus, in less than a fortnight, I had formed them into something social and humane, and had the pleasure of regarding myself as a legislator, who had brought men from their native ferocity into friendship and obedience.

And it were highly to be wished, that legislative power would thus direct the law rather to reformation than severity ; that it would seem

convinced, that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find, or make men guilty; which enclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands; it were to be wished we had, as in other parts of Europe, places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not the increasing punishments, is the way to mend a state; nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who hath shown a disregard for the life of another: against such, all nature rises in arms; but it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as by that, the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If then I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he who deprives the other of his horse shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life, any more than to take it away, as it is not his own. And, besides, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a very trifling inconvenience; since it is far better that two men should live, than that one man should ride. But a compact that is false between two men, is equally so between

an hundred and an hundred thousand ; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voices of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood. It is thus that reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone, are very tender of the lives of each other ; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty.

Our Saxon ancestors, fierce as they were in war, had but few executions in times of peace ; and in all commencing governments that have the print of nature still strong upon them, scarce any crime is held capital.

It is among the citizens of a refined community that penal laws, which are in the hands of the rich, are laid upon the poor. Government, while it grows older, seems to acquire the moroseness of age : and, as if our property were become dearer in proportion as it increased ; as if the more enormous our wealth, the more extensive our fears ; all our possessions are paled up with new edicts every day, and hung round with gibbets to scare every invader.

I cannot tell whether it is from the number of our penal laws, or the licentiousness of our people, that this country should show more convicts in a year than half the dominions of Europe united. Perhaps it is owing to both ; for they mutually produce each other. When by indiscriminate penal laws a nation beholds the same punishment affixed to dissimilar degrees of guilt, from perceiving no distinction in the penalty, the people are led to lose all sense of distinction in the crime, and this distinction is the bulwark of

all morality : thus the multitude of laws produce new vices, and new vices call for fresh restraints.

It were to be wished then that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice ; instead of drawing hard the cords of society till a convulsion come to burst them ; instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility ; instead of converting correction into vengeance ; it were to be wished that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant of the people. We should then find that creatures whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner ; we should then find that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger ; that as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so to ; that few minds are so base, as that perseverance cannot amend ; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it ; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Happiness and misery rather the result of prudence than of virtue in this life ; temporal evils or felicities being regarded by Heaven as things merely in themselves trifling, and unworthy its care in the distribution.

I HAD now been confined more than a fortnight, but had not, since my arrival, been visited by my

dear Olivia, and I greatly longed to see her.— Having communicated my wishes to my wife, the next morning the poor girl entered my apartment, leaning on her sister's arm. The change which I saw in her countenance struck me. The numberless graces that once resided there were now fled, and the hand of death seemed to have moulded every feature to alarm me. Her temples were sunk, her forehead was tense, and a fatal paleness sat upon her cheek.

“ I am glad to see thee, my dear,” cried I ; “ but why this dejection, Livy ? I hope, my love, you have too great a regard for me, to permit disappointment thus to undermine a life which I prize as my own. Be cheerful, child, and we yet may see happier days.”

“ You have ever, sir,” replied she, “ been kind to me, and it adds to my pain, that I shall never have an opportunity of sharing that happiness you promise. Happiness, I fear, is no longer reserved for me here ; and I long to be rid of a place where I have only found distress. Indeed, sir, I wish you would make a proper submission to Mr Thornhill ; it may in some measure induce him to pity you, and it will give me relief in dying.”

“ Never, child,” replied I ; “ never will I be brought to acknowledge my daughter a prostitute ; for though the world may look upon your offence with scorn, let it be mine to regard it as a mark of credulity, not of guilt. My dear, I am nowise miserable in this place, however dismal it may seem ; and be assured, that while you continue to bless me by living, he shall never have

my consent to make you more wretched by marrying another."

After the departure of my daughter, my fellow-prisoner, who was by at this interview, sensibly enough expostulated upon my obstinacy in refusing a submission which promised to give me freedom. He observed, that the rest of my family was not to be sacrificed to the peace of one child alone, and she the only one who had offended me. "Beside," added he, "I don't know if it be just thus to obstruct the union of man and wife, which you do at present, by refusing to consent to a match which you cannot hinder, but may render unhappy."

"Sir," replied I, "you are unacquainted with the man that oppresses us. I am very sensible that no submission I can make could procure me liberty even for an hour. I am told that even in this very room a debtor of his, no later than last year, died for want. But though my submission and approbation could transfer me from hence to the most beautiful apartment he is possessed of, yet I would grant neither, as something whispers me that it would be giving sanction to adultery.—While my daughter lives, no other marriage of his shall ever be legal in my eye. Were she removed, indeed, I should be the basest of men, from any resentment of my own, to attempt putting asunder those who wish for an union. No, villain as he is, I should then wish him married, to prevent the consequences of his future debaucheries. But now, should I not be the most cruel of all fathers, to sign an instrument which must send my child to the grave, merely

to avoid a prison myself ; and thus to escape one pang, break my child's heart with a thousand ?”

He acquiesced in the justice of this answer, but could not avoid observing, that he feared my daughter's life was already too much wasted to keep me long a prisoner. “ However,” continued he, “ though you refuse to submit to the nephew, I hope you have no objection to laying your case before the uncle, who has the first character in the kingdom for every thing that is just and good. I would advise you to send him a letter by the post, intimating all his nephew's ill usage, and my life for it, that in three days you shall have answer.” I thanked him for the hint, and instantly set about complying ; but I wanted paper, and unluckily all our money had been laid out that morning in provisions : however, he supplied me.

For the three ensuing days I was in a state of anxiety, to know what reception my letter might meet with ; but in the meantime, was frequently solicited by my wife to submit to any conditions rather than remain here ; and every hour received repeated accounts of the decline of my daughter's health. The third day and the fourth arrived, but I received no answer to my letter ; the complaints of a stranger against a favourite nephew were no way likely to succeed ; so that these hopes soon vanished, like all my former. My mind, however, still supported itself, though confinement and bad air began to make a visible alteration in my health ; and my arm that had suffered in the fire grew worse. My children, however, sat by me, and while I was stretched on my straw, read to me by turns, or listened and wept

at my instructions. But my daughter's health declined faster than mine ; every message from her contributed to increase my apprehensions and pain. The fifth morning after I had written the letter which was sent to Sir William Thornhill, I was alarmed with an account that she was speechless. Now it was that confinement was truly painful to me ; my soul was bursting from its prison to be near the pillow of my child, to comfort, to strengthen her, to receive her last wishes, and teach her soul the way to heaven. Another account came—she was expiring, and yet I was debarred the small comfort of weeping by her. My fellow-prisoner, some time after, came with the last account. He bade me be patient—she was dead. The next morning he returned, and found me with my two little ones, now my only companions, who were using all their innocent efforts to comfort me. They entreated to read to me, and bade me not to cry, for I was now too old to weep. “ And is not my sister an angel now, papa ? ” cried the eldest ; “ and why then are you sorry for her ? I wish I were an angel out of this frightful place, if my papa were with me.”—“ Yes,” added my youngest darling, “ heaven, where my sister is, is a finer place than this, and there are none but good people there, and the people here are very bad.”

Mr Jenkinson interrupted their harmless prattle, by observing, that now my daughter was no more, I should seriously think of the rest of my family, and attempt to save my own life, which was every day declining, for want of necessaries and wholesome air. He added, that it was now incumbent on me to sacrifice any pride or resent-

ment of my own to the welfare of those who depended on me for support, and that I was now, both by reason and justice, obliged to try to reconcile my landlord.

“Heaven be praised,” replied I, “there is no pride left me now. I should detest my own heart if I saw either pride or resentment lurking there. On the contrary, as my oppressor has been once my parishioner, I hope one day to present him up an unpolluted soul at the eternal tribunal. No, sir, I have no resentment now ; and though he has taken from me what I held dearer than all his treasures, though he has wrung my heart, for I am sick almost to fainting, very sick, my fellow-prisoner, yet that shall never inspire me with vengeance. I am now willing to approve his marriage ; and if this submission can do him any pleasure, let him know, that if I have done him any injury, I am sorry for it.” Mr Jenkinson took pen and ink, and wrote down my submission nearly as I have expressed it, to which I signed my name. My son was employed to carry the letter to Mr Thornhill, who was then at his seat in the country. He went, and in about six hours returned with a verbal answer. He had some difficulty, he said, to get a sight of his landlord, as the servants were insolent and suspicious ; but he accidentally saw him as he was going out upon business, preparing for his marriage, which was to be in three days. He continued to inform us, that he stepped up in the humblest manner, and delivered the letter ; which, when Mr Thornhill had read, he said that all submission was now too late and unnecessary ; that he had heard of our application to his uncle, which met the

contempt it deserved ; and as for the rest, that all future applications should be directed to his attorney, not to him. He observed, however, that as he had a very good opinion of the discretion of the two young ladies, they might have been the most agreeable intercessors.

“ Well, sir,” said I to my fellow-prisoner, “ you now discover the temper of the man who oppresses me. He can at once be facetious and cruel : but let him use me as he will, I shall soon be free, in spite of all his bolts to restrain me. I am now drawing towards an abode that looks brighter as I approach it : this expectation cheers my afflictions ; and though I leave an helpless family of orphans behind me, yet they will not be utterly forsaken ; some friend, perhaps, will be found to assist them for the sake of their poor father, and some may charitably relieve them for the sake of their heavenly Father.”

Just as I spoke, my wife, whom I had not seen that day before, appeared with looks of terror, and making efforts, but unable to speak. “ Why, my love,” cried I, “ why will you thus increase my afflictions by your own ? What though no submission can turn our severe master, though he has doomed me to die in this place of wretchedness, and though we have lost a darling child, yet still you will find comfort in your other children when I shall be no more.”— “ We have indeed lost,” returned she, “ a darling child. My Sophia, my dearest, is gone ; snatched from us, carried off by ruffians !”

“ How, madam,” cried my fellow-prisoner, “ Miss Sophia carried off by villains ! Sure it cannot be ?”

She could only answer with a fixed look, and a flood of tears. But one of the prisoner's wives, who was present, and came in with her, gave us a more distinct account: she informed us, that as my wife, my daughter, and herself, were taking a walk together on the great road, a little way out of the village, a post-chaise and pair drove up to them, and instantly stopped. Upon which a well-dressed man, but not Mr Thornhill, stepping out, clasped my daughter round the waist, and forcing her in, bid the postilion drive on, so that they were out of sight in a moment.

“Now,” cried I, “the sum of my miseries is made up, nor is it in the power of any thing on earth to give me another pang. What! not one left! not leave me one! the monster!—The child that was next my heart!—She had the beauty of an angel, and almost the wisdom of an angel.—But support that woman, nor let her fall.—Not to leave me one!”—“Alas! my husband,” said my wife, “you seem to want comfort even more than I! Our distresses are great; but I could bear this, and more, if I saw you but easy. They may take away my children, and all the world, if they leave me but you.”

My son, who was present, endeavoured to moderate our grief; he bade us take comfort, for he hoped that we might still have reason to be thankful.—“My child,” cried I, “look round the world, and see if there be any happiness left me now. Is not every ray of comfort shut out, while all our bright prospects only lie beyond the grave?”—“My dear father,” returned he, “I hope there is still something that will give you an interval of satisfaction; for I have a letter from

my brother George.”—“What of him, child?” interrupted I; “does he know our misery? I hope my boy is exempt from any part of what his wretched family suffers?”—“Yes, sir,” returned he, “he is perfectly gay, cheerful, and happy. His letter brings nothing but good news; he is the favourite of his colonel, who promises to procure him the very next lieutenancy that becomes vacant!”

“And are you sure of all this,” cried my wife, “are you sure that nothing ill has befallen my boy?”—“Nothing indeed, madam,” returned my son; “you shall see the letter, which will give you the highest pleasure: and if any thing can procure you comfort, I am sure that will.”—“But are you sure,” still repeated she, “that the letter is from himself, and that he is really so happy?”—“Yes, madam,” replied he, “it is certainly his, and he will one day be the credit and the support of our family!”—“Then I thank Providence,” cried she, “that my last letter to him has miscarried. Yes, my dear,” continued she, turning to me, “I will now confess, that though the hand of Heaven is sore upon us in other instances, it has been favourable here. By the last letter I wrote my son, which was in the bitterness of anger, I desired him, upon his mother’s blessing, and if he had the heart of a man, to see justice done his father and sister, and avenge our cause. But thanks be to Him who directs all things, it has miscarried, and I am at rest.”—“Woman,” cried I, “thou hast done very ill; and at another time my reproaches might have been more severe. Oh! what a tremendous gulf hast thou escaped, that would have

buried both thee and him in endless ruin. Providence, indeed, has here been kinder to us than we to ourselves. It has reserved that son to be the father and protector of my children when I shall be away. How unjustly did I complain of being stripped of every comfort ; when still I hear that he is happy, and insensible of our afflictions ; still kept in reserve to support his widowed mother, and to protect his brothers and sisters. But what sisters has he left ? He has no sisters now ; they are all gone, robbed from me, and I am undone !”—“ Father,” interrupted my son, “ I beg you will give me leave to read his letter ; I know it will please you.” Upon which, with my permission, he read as follows :

“ HONOURED SIR,

“ I HAVE called off my imagination a few moments from the pleasures that surround me, to fix it upon objects that are still more pleasing, the dear little fireside at home. My fancy draws that harmless group as listening to every line of this with great composure. I view those faces with delight which never felt the deforming hand of ambition or distress ! But, whatever your happiness may be at home, I am sure it will be some addition to it, to hear that I am perfectly pleased with my situation, and every way happy here.

“ Our regiment is countermanded, and is not to leave the kingdom : the colonel, who professes himself my friend, takes me with him to all companies where he is acquainted, and after my first visit, I generally find myself received with increased respect upon repeating it. I danced last night with Lady G——, and could I forget you

know whom, I might be perhaps successful. But it is my fate still to remember others, while I am myself forgotten by most of my absent friends ; and in this number, I fear, sir, I must consider you, for I have long expected the pleasure of a letter from home to no purpose. Olivia and Sophia, too, promised to write, but seem to have forgotten me. Tell them they are two arrant little baggages, and that I am this moment in a most violent passion with them : yet still, I know not how, though I want to bluster a little, my heart is respondent only to softer emotions. Then tell them, sir, that, after all, I love them affectionately ; and be assured of my ever remaining
Your dutiful son."

"In all our miseries," cried I, "what thanks have we not to return, that one at least of our family is exempted from what we suffer. Heaven be his guard, and keep my boy thus happy, to be the support of his widowed mother, and the father of these two babes, which is all the patrimony I can now bequeath him ! May he keep their innocence from the temptations of want, and be their conductor in the paths of honour !" I had scarcely said these words, when a noise, like that of a tumult, seemed to proceed from the prison below : it died away soon after, and a clanking of fetters was heard along the passage that led to my apartment. The keeper of the prison entered, holding a man all bloody, wounded, and fettered with the heaviest irons. I looked with compassion on the wretch as he approached me, but with horror when I found it was my own son. "My George ! my George ! and do I behold thee

thus ?—Wounded !—fettered !—Is this thy happiness ?—Is this the manner you return to me ? O that this sight could break my heart at once, and let me die !”

“ Where, sir, is your fortitude ?” returned my son, with an intrepid voice ; “ I must suffer, my life is forfeited, and let them take it.”

“ I tried to restrain my passion for a few minutes in silence, but I thought I should have died with the effort. “ O my boy, my heart weeps to behold thee thus ; and I cannot, cannot help it. In the moment that I thought thee blest, and prayed for thy safety, to behold thee thus again ! chained, wounded ! And yet the death of the youthful is happy. But I am old, a very old man, and have lived to see this day. To see my children all untimely falling about me, while I continue a wretched survivor in the midst of ruin ! May all the curses that ever sunk a soul fall heavy upon the murderer of my children. May he live, like me, to see—”

“ Hold, sir,” replied my son, “ or I shall blush for thee. How, sir, forgetful of your age, your holy calling, thus to arrogate the justice of Heaven, and fling those curses upward that must soon descend to crush thy own grey head with destruction ! No, sir, let it be your care now to fit me for that vile death I must shortly suffer, to arm me with hope and resolution, to give me courage to drink of that bitterness which must shortly be my portion.”

“ My child, you must not die : I am sure no offence of thine can deserve so vile a punishment. My George could never be guilty of any crime to make his ancestors ashamed of him.”

“ Mine, sir,” returned my son, “ is, I fear, an unpardonable one. When I received my mother’s letter from home, I immediately came down, determined to punish the betrayer of our honour, and sent him an order to meet me ; which he answered, not in person, but by despatching four of his domestics to seize me. I wounded one who first assaulted me, and I fear desperately ; but the rest made me their prisoner. The coward is determined to put the law in execution against me ; the proofs are undeniable ; I have sent a challenge, and as I am the first transgressor upon the statute, I see no hopes of pardon. But you have often charmed me with your lessons of fortitude ; let me now, sir, find them in your example.”

“ And, my son, you shall find them. I am now raised above this world, and all the pleasures it can produce. From this moment I break from my heart all the ties that held it down to earth, and will prepare to fit us both for eternity. Yes, my son, I will point out the way, and my soul shall guide yours in the ascent, for we will take our flight together. I now see and am convinced you can expect no pardon here, and I can only exhort you to seek it at that greatest tribunal, where we both shall shortly answer. But let us not be niggardly in our exhortation, but let all our fellow-prisoners have a share.—Good jailer, let them be permitted to stand here, while I attempt to improve them.” Thus saying, I made an effort to rise from my straw, but wanted strength, and was able only to recline against the wall. The prisoners assembled according to my directions, for they loved to hear my counsel ;

my son and his mother supported me on either side ; I looked, and saw that none were wanting, and then addressed them with the following exhortation.

CHAP. XXIX.

The equal dealings of Providence demonstrated with regard to the happy and the miserable here below.—That from the nature of pleasure and pain, the wretched must be repaid the balance of their sufferings in the life hereafter.

“ MY friends, my children, and fellow-sufferers, when I reflect on the distribution of good and evil here below, I find that much has been given man to enjoy, yet still more to suffer. Though we should examine the whole world, we shall not find one man so happy as to have nothing left to wish for ; but daily see thousands who, by suicide, show us they have nothing left to hope. In this life, then, it appears that we cannot be entirely blessed ; but yet we may be completely miserable.

“ Why man should thus feel pain, why our wretchedness should be requisite in the formation of universal felicity ; why, when all other systems are made perfect by the perfection of their subordinate parts, the great system should require for its perfection parts that are not only subordinate to others, but imperfect in themselves ? These are questions that never can be

explained, and might be useless if known. On this subject Providence has thought fit to elude our curiosity, satisfied with granting us motives to consolation.

“ In this situation man has called in the friendly assistance of philosophy ; and Heaven, seeing the incapacity of that to console him, has given him the aid of religion. The consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts, if we will but enjoy them ; and, on the other hand, that though we unavoidably have miseries here, life is short, and they will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other ; for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery : and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is weak ; but religion comforts in an higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body, and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here ; while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with terror, and finds that he has anticipated the vengeance of Heaven. To religion, then, we must hold, in every circumstance of life, for our truest comfort ; for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending ; and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think that there is a place of rest. Thus to the fortunate religion holds out a continuance of bliss ; to the wretched, a change from pain.

“ But though religion is very kind to all men,

it has promised peculiar rewards to the unhappy ; the sick, the naked, the houseless, the heavy-laden, and the prisoner, have ever most frequent promises in our sacred law. The Author of our religion everywhere professes himself the wretch's friend ; and, unlike the false ones of this world, bestows all his caresses upon the forlorn. The unthinking have censured this as partiality, as a preference without merit to deserve it. But they never reflect that it is not in the power even of Heaven itself to make the offer of unceasing felicity as great a gift to the happy as to the miserable. To the first, eternity is but a single blessing, since at most it but increases what they already possess. To the latter, it is a double advantage ; for it diminishes their pain here, and rewards them with heavenly bliss hereafter.

“ But Providence is in another respect kinder to the poor than the rich ; for as it thus makes the life after death more desirable, so it smooths the passage there. The wretched have had a long familiarity with every face of terror. The man of sorrow lays himself quietly down, with no possessions to regret, and but few ties to stop his departure : he feels only nature's pang in the final separation, and this is no way greater than he has often fainted under before ; for after a certain degree of pain, every new breach that death opens in the constitution, nature kindly covers with insensibility.

“ Thus Providence has given the wretched two advantages over the happy in this life—greater felicity in dying, and in heaven all that superiority of pleasure which arises from contrasted enjoyment. And this superiority, my friends, is

no small advantage, and seems to be one of the pleasures of the poor man in the parable; for though he was already in heaven, and felt all the raptures it could give, yet it was mentioned as an addition to his happiness, that he had once been wretched, and now was comforted; that he had known what it was to be miserable, and now felt what it was to be happy.

“Thus, my friends, you see, religion does what philosophy could never do: it shows the equal dealings of Heaven to the happy and the unhappy, and levels all human enjoyments to nearly the same standard. It gives to both rich and poor the same happiness hereafter, and equal hopes to aspire after it; but if the rich have the advantage of enjoying pleasure here, the poor have the endless satisfaction of knowing what it was once to be miserable, when crowned with endless felicity hereafter; and even though this should be called a small advantage, yet being an eternal one, it must make up by duration what the temporal happiness of the great may have exceeded by intenseness.

“These are therefore the consolations which the wretched have peculiar to themselves, and in which they are above the rest of mankind; in other respects they are below them. They who would know the miseries of the poor, must see life, and endure it. To declaim on the temporal advantages they enjoy, is only repeating what none either believe or practise. The men who have the necessaries of living are not poor, and they who want them must be miserable. Yes, my friends, we must be miserable. No vain efforts of a refined imagination can sooth the wants

of nature, can give elastic sweetness to the dank vapour of a dungeon, or ease to the throbbings of a broken heart. Let the philosopher from his couch of softness tell us we can resist all these. Alas ! the effort by which we resist them is still the greatest pain ! Death is slight, and any man may sustain it ; but torments are dreadful, and these no man can endure.

“ To us, then, my friends, the promises of happiness in heaven should be peculiarly dear ; for if our reward be in this life alone, we are indeed of all men the most miserable. When I look round these gloomy walls, made to terrify, as well as to confine us ; this light, that only serves to show the horrors of the place ; those shackles, that tyranny has imposed, or crime made necessary ; when I survey these emaciated looks, and hear those groans, O my friends, what a glorious exchange would heaven be for these ! To fly through regions unconfined as air ; to bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss ; to carol over endless hymns of praise ; to have no master to threaten or insult us, but the form of Goodness himself for ever in our eyes ; when I think of these things, death becomes the messenger of very glad tidings ; when I think of these things, his sharpest arrow becomes the staff of my support ; when I think of these things, what is there in life worth having ? when I think of these things, what is there that should not be spurned away ? kings in their palaces should groan for such advantages ; but we, humbled as we are, should yearn for them.

“ And shall these things be ours ? Ours they will certainly be, if we but try for them ; and, what is a comfort, we are shut out from many

temptations that would retard our pursuit. Only let us try for them, and they will certainly be ours; and, what is still a comfort, shortly too: for if we look back on past life, it appears but a very short span, and whatever we may think of the rest of life, it will yet be found of less duration; as we grow older, the days seem to grow shorter, and our intimacy with time ever lessens the perception of his stay. Then let us take comfort now, for we shall soon be at our journey's end: we shall soon lay down the heavy burden laid by Heaven upon us; and though death, the only friend of the wretched, for a little while mocks the weary traveller with the view, and, like his horizon, still flies before him, yet the time will certainly and shortly come, when we shall cease from our toil; when the luxurious great ones of the world shall no more tread us to the earth; when we shall think with pleasure on our sufferings below; when we shall be surrounded with all our friends, or such as deserved our friendship; when our bliss shall be unutterable, and still, to crown all, unending."

CHAP. XXX.

Happier prospects begin to appear.—Let us be inflexible, and fortune will at last change in our favour.

WHEN I had thus finished, and my audience was retired, the jailer, who was one of the most

humane of his profession, hoped I would not be displeased, as what he did was but his duty; observing, that he must be obliged to remove my son into a stronger cell, but he should be permitted to visit me every morning. I thanked him for his clemency, and grasping my boy's hand, bade him farewell, and be mindful of the great duty that was before him.

I again, therefore, laid me down, and one of my little ones sat by my bed-side reading, when Mr Jenkinson entering, informed me that there was news of my daughter; for that she was seen by a person about two hours before, in a strange gentleman's company, and that they had stopped at a neighbouring village for refreshment, and seemed as if returning to town. He had scarce delivered this news, when the jailer came with looks of haste and pleasure, to inform me that my daughter was found. Moses came running in a moment after, crying out that his sister Sophy was below, and coming up with our old friend Mr Burchell.

Just as he delivered this news, my dearest girl entered, and with looks almost wild with pleasure, ran to kiss me in a transport of affection. Her mother's tears and silence also showed her pleasure. "Here, papa," cried the charming girl, "here is the brave man to whom I owe my delivery; to this gentleman's intrepidity I am indebted for my happiness and safety—" A kiss from Mr Burchell, whose pleasure seemed even greater than her's, interrupted what she was going to add.

"Ah, Mr Burchell," cried I, "this is but a wretched habitation you now find us in; and we

are now very different from what you last saw us. You were ever our friend : we have long discovered our errors with regard to you, and repented of our ingratitude. After the vile usage you then received at my hands, I am almost ashamed to behold your face ; yet I hope you'll forgive me, as I was deceived by a base ungenerous wretch, who, under the mask of friendship, has undone me."

"It is impossible," replied Mr Burchell, "that I should forgive you, as you never deserved my resentment. I partly saw your delusion then, and as it was out of my power to restrain, I could only pity it !"

"It was ever my conjecture," cried I, "that your mind was noble ; but now I find it so.—But tell me, my dear child, how hast thou been relieved, or who the ruffians were who carried thee away ?"

"Indeed, sir," replied she, "as to the villain who carried me off, I am yet ignorant. For as my mamma and I were walking out, he came behind us, and almost before I could call for help, forced me into the post-chaise, and in an instant the horses drove away. I met several on the road, to whom I cried out for assistance ; but they disregarded my entreaties. In the meantime, the ruffian himself used every art to hinder me from crying out : he flattered and threatened me by turns, and swore that if I continued but silent, he intended no harm. In the meantime I had broken the canvass that he had drawn up, and whom should I perceive at some distance but your old friend Mr Burchell, walking along with his usual swiftness, with the great stick for which

we used so much to ridicule him. As soon as we came within hearing, I called out to him by name, and entreated his help. I repeated my exclamations several times ; upon which, with a very loud voice, he bid the postilion stop ; but the boy took no notice, but drove on with still greater speed. I now thought he could never overtake us ; when, in less than a minute, I saw Mr Burchell come running up by the side of the horses, and with one blow knock the postilion to the ground. The horses, when he was fallen, soon stopped of themselves, and the ruffian stepping out, with oaths and menaces, drew his sword, and ordered him at his peril to retire : but Mr Burchell running up, shivered his sword to pieces, and then pursued him for near a quarter of a mile ; but he made his escape. I was at this time come out myself, willing to assist my deliverer ; but he soon returned to me in triumph. The postilion, who was recovered, was going to make his escape too ; but Mr Burchell ordered him at his peril to mount again, and drive back to town. Finding it impossible to resist, he reluctantly complied, though the wound he had received seemed to me at least to be dangerous. He continued to complain of the pain as we drove along, so that he at last excited Mr Burchell's compassion ; who, at my request, exchanged him for another at an inn where we called on our return."

"Welcome, then," cried I, "my child ; and thou, her gallant deliverer, a thousand welcomes. Though our cheer is but wretched, yet our hearts are ready to receive you. And now, Mr Burchell, as you have delivered my girl, if you think

her a recompense, she is yours : if you can stoop to an alliance with a family so poor as mine, take her ; obtain her consent, as I know you have her heart, and you have mine. And let me tell you, sir, that I give you no small treasure ; she has been celebrated for beauty, it is true ; but that is not my meaning, I give you up a treasure in her mind."

"But I suppose, sir," cried Mr Burchell, "that you are apprised of my circumstances, and of my incapacity to support her as she deserves."

"If your present objection," replied I, "be meant as an evasion of my offer, I desist ; but I know no man so worthy to deserve her as you ; and if I could give her thousands, and thousands sought her from me, yet my honest brave Burchell should be my dearest choice."

To all this his silence alone seemed to give a mortifying refusal ; and without the least reply to my offer, he demanded if we could not be furnished with refreshments from the next inn ; to which being answered in the affirmative, he ordered them to send in the best dinner that could be provided upon such short notice. He bespoke also a dozen of their best wine, and some cordials for me : adding, with a smile, that he would stretch a little for once, and though in a prison, asserted he was never better disposed to be merry. The waiter soon made his appearance with preparations for dinner ; a table was lent us by the jailer, who seemed remarkably assiduous ; the wine was disposed in order, and two very well-dressed dishes were brought in.

My daughter had not yet heard of her poor brother's melancholy situation, and we all seem-

ed unwilling to damp her cheerfulness by the relation. But it was in vain that I attempted to appear cheerful ; the circumstances of my unfortunate son broke through all efforts to dissemble ; so that I was at last obliged to damp our mirth by relating his misfortunes, and wishing that he might be permitted to share with us in this little interval of satisfaction. After my guests were recovered from the consternation my account had produced, I requested also that Mr Jenkinson, a fellow-prisoner, might be admitted, and the jailer granted my request with an air of unusual submission. The clanking of my son's irons was no sooner heard along the passage, than his sister ran impatiently to meet him ; while Mr Burchell, in the meantime, asked me if my son's name was George ? to which replying in the affirmative, he still continued silent. As soon as my boy entered the room, I could perceive he regarded Mr Burchell with a look of astonishment and reverence. " Come on," cried I, " my son ; though we are fallen very low, yet Providence has been pleased to grant us some small relaxation from pain. Thy sister is restored to us, and there is her deliverer : to that brave man it is that I am indebted for yet having a daughter ; give him, my boy, the hand of friendship, he deserves our warmest gratitude."

My son seemed all this while regardless of what I said, and still continued fixed at a respectful distance. " My dear brother," cried his sister, " why don't you thank my good deliverer ? the brave should ever love each other."

He still continued his silence and astonishment, till our guest at last perceived himself to be

known, and, assuming all his native dignity, desired my son to come forward. Never before had I seen any thing so truly majestic as the air he assumed upon this occasion. The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity: yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it. After he had regarded my son for some time with a superior air,—“ I again find,” said he, “ unthinking boy, that the same crime——” But here he was interrupted by one of the jailer’s servants, who came to inform us that a person of distinction, who had driven into town with a chariot and several attendants, sent his respects to the gentleman that was with us, and begged to know when he should think proper to be waited upon. “ Bid the fellow wait,” cried our guest, “ till I shall have leisure to receive him:” and then turning to my son, “ I again find, sir,” proceeded he, “ that you are guilty of the same offence for which you once had my reproof, and for which the law is now preparing its justest punishments. You imagine, perhaps, that a contempt for your own life gives you a right to take that of another: but where, sir, is the difference between a duellist who hazards a life of no value, and the murderer who acts with greater security? is it any diminution of the gamester’s fraud when he alleges that he has staked a counter?”

“ Alas! sir,” cried I, “ whoever you are, pity the poor misguided creature; for what he has done was in obedience to a deluded mother, who, in the bitterness of her resentment, required him, upon her blessing, to avenge her quarrel. Here,

sir, is the letter, which will serve to convince you of her imprudence, and diminish his guilt."

He took the letter, and hastily read it over. "This," says he, "though not a perfect excuse, is such a palliation of his fault as induces me to forgive him. And now, sir," continued he, kindly taking my son by the hand, "I see you are surprised at finding me here; but I have often visited prisons upon occasions less interesting. I am now come to see justice done a worthy man, for whom I have the most sincere esteem. I have long been a disguised spectator of thy father's benevolence. I have at his little dwelling enjoyed respect uncontaminated by flattery; and have received that happiness that courts could not give, from the amusing simplicity round his fire-side. My nephew has been apprized of my intentions of coming here, and I find is arrived; it would be wronging him and you to condemn him without examination: if there be injury, there shall be redress; and this I may say, without boasting, that none have ever taxed the injustice of Sir William Thornhill."

We now found the personage whom we had so long entertained as an harmless amusing companion, was no other than the celebrated Sir William Thornhill, to whose virtues and singularities scarcely any were strangers. The poor Mr Burchell was in reality a man of large fortune and great interest, to whom senates listened with applause, and whom party heard with conviction; who was the friend of his country, but loyal to his king. My poor wife, recollecting her former familiarity, seemed to shrink with apprehension: but Sophia, who a few moments before thought

him her own, now perceiving the immense distance to which he was removed by fortune, was unable to conceal her tears.

“Ah ! sir,” cried my wife with a piteous aspect, “how is it possible that I can ever have your forgiveness ? The slights you received from me the last time I had the honour of seeing you at our house, and the jokes which I audaciously threw out ; these, sir, I fear, can never be forgiven.”

“My dear good lady,” returned he with a smile, “if you had your joke, I had my answer : I’ll leave it to all the company if mine were not as good as yours. To say the truth, I know nobody whom I am disposed to be angry with at present but the fellow who so frightened my little girl here. I had not even time to examine the rascal’s person, so as to describe him in an advertisement. Can you tell me, Sophia, my dear, whether you should know him again ?”

“Indeed, sir,” replied she, “I can’t be positive : yet now I recollect he had a large mark on one of his eyebrows.”—“I ask pardon, madam,” interrupted Jenkinson, who was by, “but be so good as to inform me if the fellow wore his own red hair ?”—“Yes, I think so,” cried Sophia. “And did your honour,” continued he, turning to Sir William, “observe the length of his legs ?”—“I can’t be sure of their length,” cried the baronet, “but I am convinced of their swiftness ; for he outran me, which is what I thought few men in the kingdom could have done.”—“Please your honour,” cried Jenkinson, “I know the man : it is certainly the same : the best runner in England ; he has beat-

en Pinwire of Newcastle : Timothy Baxter is his name ; I know him perfectly, and the very place of his retreat this moment. If your honour will bid Mr Jailer let two of his men go with me, I'll engage to produce him to you in an hour at furthest." Upon this the jailer was called, who instantly appearing, Sir William demanded if he knew him ? " Yes, please your honour," replied the jailer, " I know Sir William Thornhill well, and every body that knows any thing of him will desire to know more of him."—" Well then," said the baronet, " my request is this, that you will permit this man and two of your servants to go upon a message by my authority ; and, as I am in the commission of the peace, I undertake to secure you."—" Your promise is sufficient," replied the other ; " and you may, at a minute's warning, send them over England whenever your honour thinks fit."

In pursuance of the jailer's compliance, Jenkinson was despatched in search of Timothy Baxter, while we were amused with the assiduity of our youngest boy Bill, who had just come in and climbed up to Sir William's neck in order to kiss him. His mother was immediately going to chastise his familiarity, but the worthy man prevented her ; and taking the child, all ragged as he was, upon his knee—" What, Bill, you chubby rogue," cried he, " do you remember your old friend Burchell ?—and Dick, too, my honest veteran, are you here ? You shall find I have not forgot you." So saying, he gave each a large piece of gingerbread, which the poor fellows ate very heartily, as they had got that morning but a very scanty breakfast.

We now sat down to dinner, which was almost cold; but previously, my arm still continuing painful, Sir William wrote a prescription; for he had made the study of physic his amusement, and was more than moderately skilled in the profession: this being sent to an apothecary who lived in the place, my arm was dressed, and I found almost instantaneous relief. We were waited upon at dinner by the jailer himself, who was willing to do our guest all the honour in his power. But before we had well dined, another message was brought from his nephew, desiring permission to appear, in order to vindicate his innocence and honour; with which request the baronet complied, and desired Mr Thornhill to be introduced.

CHAP. XXXI.

Former benevolence now repaid with unexpected interest.

MR THORNHILL made his appearance with a smile, which he seldom wanted, and was going to embrace his uncle, which the other repulsed with an air of disdain. "No fawning, sir, at present," cried the baronet, with a look of severity; "the only way to my heart is by the road of honour; but here I only see complicated instances of falsehood, cowardice, and oppression. How is it, sir, that this poor man, for whom I know you professed a friendship, is used thus hardly? His

daughter vilely seduced as a recompense for his hospitality, and he himself thrown into a prison, perhaps but for resenting the insult? His son, too, whom you feared to face as a man——”

“Is it possible, sir,” interrupted his nephew, “that my uncle could object that as a crime, which his repeated instructions alone have persuaded me to avoid?”

“Your rebuke,” cried Sir William, “is just; you have acted in this instance prudently and well, though not quite as your father would have done: my brother, indeed, was the soul of honour; but thou—yes, you have acted in this instance perfectly right, and it has my warmest approbation.”

“And I hope,” said his nephew, “that the rest of my conduct will not be found to deserve censure. I appeared, sir, with this gentleman’s daughter at some places of public amusement: thus, what was levity, scandal called by a harsher name, and it was reported that I had debauched her. I waited on her father in person, willing to clear the thing to his satisfaction, and he received me only with insult and abuse. As for the rest, with regard to his being here, my attorney and steward can best inform you, as I commit the management of business entirely to them. If he has contracted debts, and is unwilling, or even unable, to pay them, it is their business to proceed in this manner; and I see no hardship or injustice in pursuing the most legal means of redress.”

“If this,” cried Sir William, “be as you have stated it, there is nothing unpardonable in your offence; and though your conduct might have

been more generous in not suffering this gentleman to be oppressed by subordinate tyranny, yet it has been at least equitable."

"He cannot contradict a single particular," replied the squire; "I defy him to do so; and several of my servants are ready to attest what I say. Thus sir," continued he, finding that I was silent, for in fact I could not contradict him; "thus, sir, my own innocence is vindicated: but though, at your entreaty, I am ready to forgive this gentleman every other offence, yet his attempts to lessen me in your esteem excite a resentment that I cannot govern; and this, too, at a time when his son was actually preparing to take away my life: this, I say, was such guilt, that I am determined to let the law take its course. I have here the challenge that was sent me, and two witnesses to prove it: one of my servants has been wounded dangerously; and even though my uncle himself should dissuade me, which I know he will not, yet I will see public justice done, and he shall suffer for it."

"Thou monster!" cried my wife, "hast thou not had vengeance enough already, but must my poor boy feel thy cruelty? I hope that good Sir William will protect us, for my son is as innocent as a child; I am sure he is, and never did harm to man."

"Madam," replied the good man, "your wishes for his safety are not greater than mine; but I am sorry to find his guilt too plain; and if my nephew persists——" But the appearance of Jenkinson and the jailer's two servants now called off our attention, who entered hauling in a tall man, very genteelly dressed, and answering the

description already given of the ruffian who had carried off my daughter.—“ Here,” cried Jenkinson, pulling him in, “ here we have him ; and if ever there was a candidate for Tyburn, this is one.”

The moment Mr Thornhill perceived the prisoner, and Jenkinson who had him in custody, he seemed to shrink back with terror. His face became pale with conscious guilt, and he would have withdrawn ; but Jenkinson, who perceived his design, stopped him. “ What, squire !” cried he, “ are you ashamed of your two old acquaintances, Jenkinson and Baxter ? But this is the way that all great men forget their friends, though I am resolved we will not forget you. Our prisoner, please your honour,” continued he, turning to Sir William, “ has already confessed all. This is the gentleman reported to be so dangerously wounded ; he declares that it was Mr Thornhill who first put him upon this affair ; that he gave him the clothes he now wears, to appear like a gentleman, and furnished him with the post-chaise. The plan was laid between them, that he should carry off the young lady to a place of safety, and that there he should threaten and terrify her ; but Mr Thornhill was to come in, in the meantime, as if by accident, to her rescue ; and that they should fight a while, and then he was to run off ; by which Mr Thornhill would have the better opportunity of gaining her affections himself, under the character of her defender.”

Sir William remembered the coat to have been frequently worn by his nephew, and all the rest the prisoner himself confirmed by a more circum-

stantial account ; concluding, that Mr Thornhill had often declared to him, that he was in love with both sisters at the same time.

“Heavens !” cried Sir William, “what a viper have I been fostering in my bosom ! And so fond of public justice too, as he seemed to be. But he shall have it ; secure him, Mr Jailer—yet hold, I fear there is not legal evidence to detain him.”

Upon this, Mr Thornhill, with the utmost humility, entreated that two such abandoned wretches might not be admitted as evidences against him, but that his servants should be examined.—

“Your servants !” replied Sir William ; “wretch, call them yours no longer : but come, let us hear what those fellows have to say ; let his butler be called.”

When the butler was introduced, he soon perceived by his former master’s looks that all his power was now over. “Tell me,” cried Sir William, sternly, “have you ever seen your master, and that fellow dressed up in his clothes, in company together ?”—“Yes, please your honour,” cried the butler, “a thousand times : he was the man that always brought him his ladies.”—“How,” interrupted young Mr Thornhill, “this to my face !”—“Yes,” replied the butler, “or to any man’s face. To tell you a truth, Master Thornhill, I never either loved or liked you, and I don’t care if I tell you now a piece of my mind.”—“Now then,” cried Jenkinson, “tell his honour if you know any thing of me.”—“I can’t say,” replied the butler, “that I know much good of you. The night that gentleman’s daughter was deluded to our

house, you were one of them.”—“ So then,” cried Sir William, “ I find you have brought a very fine witness to prove your innocence : Thou stain to humanity ! to associate with such wretches ! —But,” continuing his examination, “ you tell me, Mr Butler, that this was the person who brought him this old gentleman’s daughter.”—“ No, please your honour,” replied the butler, “ he did not bring her, for the squire himself undertook that business ; but he brought the priest that pretended to marry them.”—“ It is but too true,” cried Jenkinson ; “ I cannot deny it ; that was the employment assigned me, and I confess it to my confusion.”

“ Good heavens !” exclaimed the baronet, “ how every new discovery of his villany alarms me ! All his guilt is now too plain ; and I find his present prosecution was dictated by tyranny, cowardice, and revenge. At my request, Mr Jailer set this young officer, now your prisoner, free and trust to me for the consequences. I’ll make it my business to set the affair in a proper light to my friend the magistrate who has committed him. But where is the unfortunate young lady herself ? let her appear to confront this wretch : I long to know by what arts he has seduced her. Entreat her to come in. Where is she ?”

“ Ah, sir !” said I, “ that question stings me to the heart ; I was once indeed happy in a daughter, but her miseries——” Another interruption here prevented me ; for who should make her appearance but Miss Arabella Wilmot, who was next day to have been married to Mr Thornhill. Nothing could equal her surprise at seeing Sir William and his nephew here before her ; for her

arrival was quite accidental. It happened that she and the old gentleman her father were passing through the town, on their way to her aunt's, who had insisted that her nuptials with Mr Thornhill should be consummated at her house; but stopping for refreshment, they put up at an inn at the other end of the town. It was there, from the window, that the young lady happened to observe one of my little boys playing in the street; and, instantly sending a footman to bring the child to her, she learned from him some account of our misfortunes; but was still kept ignorant of young Mr Thornhill's being the cause. Though her father made several remonstrances on the impropriety of going to a prison to visit us, yet they were ineffectual: she desired the child to conduct her, which he did; and it was thus she surprised us at a juncture so unexpected.

Nor can I go on without a reflection on those accidental meetings, which, though they happen every day, seldom excite our surprise, but upon some extraordinary occasion. To what a fortuitous concurrence do we not owe every pleasure and convenience of our lives! How many seeming accidents must unite before we can be clothed or fed! The peasant must be disposed to labour, the shower must fall, the wind fill the merchant's sail, or numbers must want the usual supply.

We all continued silent for some moments, while my charming pupil, which was the name I generally gave this young lady, united in her looks compassion and astonishment, which gave new finishing to her beauty. "Indeed, my dear Mr Thornhill," cried she to the squire, who she supposed was come here to succour, and not to

oppress us, “ I take it a little unkindly that you should come here without me, or never inform me of the situation of a family so dear to us both : you know I should take as much pleasure in contributing to the relief of my revered old master here, whom I shall ever esteem, as you can. But I find that, like your uncle, you take a pleasure in doing good in secret.”

“ He find a pleasure in doing good !” cried Sir William, interrupting her ; “ no, my dear, his pleasures are as base as he is. You see in him, madam, as complete a villain as ever disgraced humanity. A wretch who, after having deluded this poor man’s daughter, after plotting against the innocence of her sister, has thrown the father into prison, and the eldest son into fetters, because he had courage to face her betrayer. And give me leave, madam, now to congratulate you upon your escape from the embraces of such a monster.”

“ O goodness !” cried the lovely girl, “ how have I been deceived ! Mr Thornhill informed me for certain, that this gentleman’s eldest son, Captain Primrose, was gone off to America with his new-married lady.”

“ My sweetest Miss,” cried my wife, “ he has told you nothing but falsehoods. My son George never left the kingdom, nor never was married. Though you have forsaken him, he has always loved you too well to think of any body else ; and I have heard him say he would die a bachelor for your sake.” She then proceeded to expatiate upon the sincerity of her son’s passion : she set his duel with Mr Thornhill in a proper light ; from thence she made a rapid digression to the squire’s

debaucheries, his pretended marriages, and ended with a most insulting picture of his cowardice.

“ Good Heaven !” cried Miss Wilmot, “ how very near have I been to the brink of ruin. But how great is my pleasure to have escaped it.— Ten thousand falsehoods has this gentleman told me. He had at last art enough to persuade me that my promise to the only man I esteemed was no longer binding, since he had been unfaithful. By his falsehoods I was taught to detest one equally brave and generous !”

But by this time my son was freed from the encumbrances of justice, as the person supposed to be wounded was detected to be an impostor. Mr Jenkinson also, who had acted as his valet de chambre, had dressed up his hair, and furnished him with whatever was necessary to make a genteel appearance. He now therefore entered, handsomely dressed in his regimentals ; and without vanity (for I am above it), he appeared as handsome a fellow as ever wore a military dress. As he entered, he made Miss Wilmot a modest and distant bow, for he was not as yet acquainted with the change which the eloquence of his mother had wrought in his favour. But no decorums could restrain the impatience of his blushing mistress to be forgiven. Her tears, her looks, all contributed to discover the real sensations of her heart, for having forgotten her former promise, and having suffered herself to be deluded by an impostor. My son appeared amazed at her condescension, and could scarcely believe it real. “ Sure, madam,” cried he, “ this is but delusion. I can never have merited this ! To be blessed thus is to be too happy.”—“ No, sir,”

replied she ; “ I have been deceived, basely deceived, else nothing could have ever made me unjust to my promise. You know my friendship—you have long known it—but forget what I have done, and as you once had my warmest vows of constancy, you shall now have them repeated ; and be assured, that if your Arabella cannot be yours, she shall never be another’s.”—“ And no other’s you shall be,” cried Sir William, “ if I have any influence with your father.”

This hint was sufficient for my son Moses, who immediately flew to the inn where the old gentleman was, to inform him of every circumstance that had happened. But, in the meantime, the squire perceiving that he was on every side undone, now finding that no hopes were left from flattery, or dissimulation, concluded that his wisest way would be to turn and face his pursuers. Thus, laying aside all shame, he appeared the open hardy villain. “ I find then,” cried he, “ that I am to expect no justice here ; but I am resolved it shall be done me. You shall know, sir,” turning to Sir William, “ I am no longer a poor dependant upon your favours ;—I scorn them. Nothing can keep Miss Wilmot’s fortune from me, which, I thank her father’s assiduity, is pretty large. The articles, and a bond for her fortune, are signed, and safe in my possession.—It was her fortune, not her person, that induced me to wish for this match ; and possessed of the one, let who will take the other.”

This was an alarming blow : Sir William was sensible of the justness of his claims, for he had been instrumental in drawing up the marriage

articles himself. Miss Wilmot, therefore, perceiving that her fortune was irretrievably lost, turning to my son, she asked if the loss of fortune could lessen her value to him? "Though fortune," said she, "is out of my power, at least I have my hand to give."

"And that, madam," cried her real lover, "was indeed all that you ever had to give; at least, all that I ever thought worth the acceptance. And I now protest, my Arabella, by all that's happy, your want of fortune this moment increases my pleasure, as it serves to convince my sweet girl of my sincerity."

Mr Wilmot now entering, he seemed not a little pleased at the danger his daughter had just escaped, and readily consented to a dissolution of the match. But finding that her fortune, which was secured to Mr Thornhill by bond, would not be given up, nothing could exceed his disappointment. He now saw that his money must all go to enrich one who had no fortune of his own. He could bear his being a rascal, but to want an equivalent to his daughter's fortune was wormwood. He sat, therefore, for some minutes, employed in the most mortifying speculation, till Sir William attempted to lessen his anxiety.— "I must confess, sir," cried he, "that your present disappointment does not entirely displease me. Your immoderate passion for wealth is now justly punished. But though the young lady cannot be rich, she has still a competence sufficient to give content. Here you see an honest young soldier who is willing to take her without fortune;—they have long loved each other; and for the friendship I bear his father,

my interest shall not be wanting in his promotion. Leave, then, that ambition which disappoints you, and for once admit that happiness which courts your acceptance."

"Sir William," replied the old gentleman, "be assured I never yet forced her inclinations, nor will I now. If she still continues to love this young gentleman, let her have him with all my heart. There is still, thank Heaven, some fortune left, and your promise will make it something more. Only let my old friend here," meaning me, "give me a promise of settling six thousand pounds upon my girl, if ever he should come to his fortune, and I am ready this night to be the first to join them together."

As it now remained with me to make the young couple happy, I readily gave a promise of making the settlement he required; which, to one who had such little expectations as I, was no great favour. We had now therefore the satisfaction of seeing them fly into each other's arms in a transport. "After all my misfortunes," cried my son George, "to be thus rewarded! Sure this is more than I could have presumed to hope for!—To be possessed of all that's good, and after such an interval of pain. My warmest wishes could never rise so high!" "Yes, my George," returned his lovely bride, "now let the wretch take my fortune; since you are happy without it, so am I. O what an exchange have I made, from the basest of men to the dearest, best! Let him enjoy our fortune, I now can be happy even in indigence."—"And I promise you," cried the squire, with a malicious grin, "that I shall be very happy with

what you despise.”—“ Hold, hold, sir,” cried Jenkinson, “ there are two words to that bargain. As for that lady’s fortune, sir, you shall never touch a single stiver of it. Pray your honour,” continued he, to Sir William, “ can the squire have this lady’s fortune if he be married to another ?” —“ How can you make such a simple demand ?” replied the baronet ; “ undoubtedly he cannot.” —“ I am sorry for that,” cried Jenkinson, “ for this gentleman and I have been old fellow-sporters, I have a friendship for him. But I must declare, well as I love him, that his contract is not worth a tobacco-stopper, for he is married already.” —“ You lie like a rascal,” returned the squire, who seemed roused by this insult ; “ I never was legally married to any woman.” —“ Indeed, begging your honour’s pardon,” replied the other, “ you were ; and I hope you will show a proper return of friendship to your own honest Jenkinson, who brings you a wife ; and if the company restrain their curiosity a few minutes, they shall see her.” So saying, he went off with his usual celerity, and left us all unable to form any probable conjecture as to his design. “ Ay, let him go,” cried the squire ; “ whatever else I may have done I defy him there. I am too old now to be frightened with squibs.”

“ I am surprised,” said the baronet, “ what the fellow can intend by this. Some low piece of humour, I suppose.” —“ Perhaps, sir,” replied I, “ he may have a more serious meaning. For when we reflect on the various schemes this gentleman has laid to seduce innocence, perhaps some one, more artful than the rest, has been

found able to deceive him. When we consider what numbers he has ruined, how many parents now feel with anguish the infamy and the contamination which he has brought into their families, it would not surprise me if some one of them—Amazement ! Do I see my lost daughter. Do I hold her !—It is, it is my life, my happiness. I thought thee lost, my Olivia ; yet still I hold thee, and still thou shalt live to bless me.” The warmest transports of the fondest lover were not greater than mine, when I saw him introduce my child, and held my daughter in my arms, whose silence only spoke her raptures. “ And art thou returned to me, my darling,” cried I, “ to be my comfort in age ?”—“ That she is,” cried Jenkinson, and make much of her, for she is your own honourable child, and as honest a woman as any in the whole room, let the other be who she will. And as for you, squire, as sure as you stand there, this young lady is your lawful wedded wife. And to convince you that I speak nothing but truth, here is the license by which you were married together.” So saying, he put the license into the baronet’s hands, who read it, and found it perfect in every respect.

“ And now, gentlemen,” continued he, “ I find you are surprised at all this ; but a few words will explain the difficulty. That there squire of renown, for whom I have a great friendship (but that’s between ourselves), has often employed me in doing odd little things for him. Among the rest, he commissioned me to procure him a false license and a false priest, in order to deceive this young lady. But as I was very much his friend, what did I do, but went and got

a true license and a true priest, and married them both as fast as the cloth could make them. Perhaps you'll think it was generosity that made me do all this ; but no. To my shame I confess it, my only design was to keep the license, and let the squire know that I could prove it upon him whenever I thought proper, and so make him come down whenever I wanted money." A burst of pleasure now seemed to fill the whole apartment ; our joy reached even to the common room, where the prisoners themselves sympathized—

And shook their chains
In transport and rude harmony.

Happiness was expanded upon every face ; and even Olivia's cheek seemed flushed with pleasure. To be thus restored to reputation, to friends and fortune at once, was a rapture sufficient to stop the progress of decay, and restore former health and vivacity. But, perhaps, among all, there was not one who felt sincerer pleasure than I. Still holding the dear-loved child in my arms, I asked my heart if these transports were not delusive. " How could you," cried I, turning to Mr Jenkinson, " how could you add to my miseries by the story of her death ? But it matters not ; my pleasure at finding her again is more than a recompense for the pain."

" As to your question," replied Jenkinson, " that is easily answered. I thought the only probable means of freeing you from prison, was by submitting to the squire, and consenting to his marriage with the other young lady. But these you had vowed never to grant while your daughter was living ; there was, therefore, no

other method to bring things to bear, but by persuading you that she was dead. I prevailed on your wife to join in the deceit ; and we have not had a fit opportunity of undeceiving you till now."

In the whole assembly there now appeared only two faces that did not glow with transport. Mr Thornhill's assurance had entirely forsaken him ; he now saw the gulf of infamy and want before him, and trembled to take the plunge.—He therefore fell on his knees before his uncle, and in a voice of piercing misery implored compassion. Sir William was going to spurn him away, but at my request he raised him ; and after pausing a few moments,—“ Thy vices, crimes, and ingratitude,” cried he, “ deserve no tenderness ; yet thou shalt not entirely be forsaken ; a bare competence shall be supplied to support the wants of life, but not its follies. This young lady, thy wife, shall be put in possession of a third part of that fortune which once was thine, and from her tenderness alone thou art to expect any extraordinary supplies for the future. He was going to express his gratitude for such kindness in a set speech ; but the baronet prevented him, by bidding him not aggravate his meanness, which was already but too apparent. He ordered him at the same time to be gone ; and from all his former domestics to choose one, such as he should think proper, which was all that should be granted to attend him.

As soon as he left us, Sir William very politely stepped up to his new niece with a smile, and wished her joy. His example was followed by Miss Wilmot and her father. My wife too

kissed her daughter with much affection, as, to use her own expression, she was now made an honest woman of. Sophia and Moses followed in turn ; and even our benefactor Jenkinson desired to be admitted to that honour. Our satisfaction seemed scarcely capable of increase. Sir William, whose greatest pleasure was in doing good, now looked round with a countenance open as the sun, and saw nothing but joy in the looks of all, except that of my daughter Sophia, who, for some reasons we could not comprehend, did not seem perfectly satisfied. “ I think now,” cried he with a smile, “ that all the company, except one or two, seem perfectly happy. There only remains an act of justice for me to do. You are sensible, sir,” continued he, turning to me, “ of the obligations we both owe Mr Jenkinson ; and it is but just we should both reward him for it. Miss Sophia will, I am sure, make him very happy, and he shall have from me five hundred pounds as her fortune ; and upon this, I am sure, they can live very comfortably together. Come, Miss Sophia, what say you to this match of my making ? Will you have him ?” My poor girl seemed almost sinking into her mother’s arms at the hideous proposal. “ Have him, sir,” cried she, faintly, “ No, sir, never.”—“ What !” cried he again, “ not have Mr Jenkinson, your benefactor ; a handsome young fellow, with five hundred pounds, and good expectations.”—“ I beg, sir,” returned she, scarcely able to speak, “ that you will desist, and not make me so very wretched.” “ Was ever such obstinacy known,” cried he again, “ to refuse the man whom the family has such infinite obligations to ; who has preserved

your sister, and who has five hundred pounds ! What, not have him !”—“ No, sir, never,” replied she angrily ; “ I’d sooner die first.”—“ If that be the case then,” cried he, “ if you will not have him, I think I must have you myself.” And so saying, he caught her to his breast with ardour. “ My loveliest, my most sensible of girls,” cried he, “ how could you ever think your own Burchell could deceive you, or that Sir William Thornhill could ever cease to admire a mistress that loved him for himself alone ? I have for some years sought for a woman, who, a stranger to my fortune, could think that I had merit as a man. After having tried in vain, even among the pert and ugly, how great at last must be my rapture to have made a conquest over such sense and such heavenly beauty !” Then turning to Jenkinson—“ As I cannot, sir, part with this young lady myself, for she hath taken a fancy to the cut of my face, all the recompense I can make is to give you her fortune ; and you may call upon my steward to-morrow for five hundred pounds.” Thus we had all our compliments to repeat, and Lady Thornhill underwent the same round of ceremony that her sister had done before. In the meantime, Sir William’s gentleman appeared, to tell us that the equipages were ready to carry us to the inn, where every thing was prepared for our reception. My wife and I led the van, and left those gloomy mansions of sorrow. The generous baronet ordered forty pounds to be distributed among the prisoners ; and Mr Wilmot, induced by his example, gave half that sum. We were received below by the shouts of the villagers, and I saw and shook by the hand

two or three of my honest parishioners, who were among the number. They attended us to our inn, where a sumptuous entertainment was provided, and coarser provisions distributed in great quantities among the populace.

After supper, as my spirits were exhausted by the alternation of pleasure and pain which they had sustained during the day, I asked permission to withdraw; and leaving the company in the midst of their mirth, as soon as I found myself alone, I poured out my heart in gratitude to the Giver of joy as well as sorrow; and then slept undisturbed till morning.

CHAP. XXXII.

The Conclusion.

THE next morning, as soon as I awaked, I found my eldest son sitting by my bed-side, who came to increase my joy with another turn of fortune in my favour. First having released me from the settlement that I had made the day before in his favour, he let me know that my merchant who had failed in town was arrested at Antwerp, and there had given up effects to a much greater amount than what was due to his creditors. My boy's generosity pleased me almost as much as this unlooked-for good fortune: but I had some doubts whether I ought in justice to accept his offer. While I was pondering upon this, Sir William entered the room, to whom I communicated my doubts. His opinion was, that as my

son was already possessed of a very affluent fortune by his marriage, I might accept his offer without any hesitation. His business, however, was to inform me, that as he had the night before sent for the licenses, and expected them every hour, he hoped that I would not refuse my assistance in making all the company happy that morning. A footman entered while we were speaking, to tell us that the messenger was returned; and as I was by this time ready, I went down, where I found the whole company as merry as affluence and innocence could make them. However, as they were now preparing for a very solemn ceremony, their laughter entirely displeased me. I told them of the grave, becoming, and sublime deportment they should assume upon this mystical occasion, and read them two homilies and a thesis of my own composing, in order to prepare them. Yet they still seemed perfectly refractory and ungovernable. Even as we were going along to church, to which I led the way, all gravity had quite forsaken them, and I was often tempted to turn back in indignation. In church a new dilemma arose, which promised no easy solution. This was, which couple should be married first: my son's bride warmly insisted, that Lady Thornhill (that was to be) should take the lead; but this the other refused with equal ardour, protesting she would not be guilty of such rudeness for the world. The argument was supported for some time between both with equal obstinacy and good breeding. But, as I stood all this time with my book ready, I was at last quite tired of the contest, and shutting it—"I perceive," cried I, "that none of you have

a mind to be married, and I think we had as good go back again ; for I suppose there will be no business done here to-day." This at once reduced them to reason. The baronet and his lady were first married, and then my son and his lovely partner.

I had previously, that morning, given orders that a coach should be sent for my honest neighbour Flamborough and his family ; by which means, upon our return to the inn, we had the pleasure of finding the two Miss Flamboroughs alighted before us. Mr Jenkinson gave his hand to the eldest, and my son Moses led up the other ; (and I have since found that he has taken a real liking to the girl, and my consent and bounty he shall have whenever he thinks proper to demand them.) We were no sooner returned to the inn, but numbers of my parishioners, hearing of my success, came to congratulate me ; but among the rest were those who rose to rescue me, and whom I formerly rebuked with such sharpness. I told the story to Sir William, my son-in-law, who went out and reproved them with great severity ; but finding them quite disheartened by his harsh reproof, he gave them half-a-guinea a-piece to drink his health, and raise their dejected spirits.

Soon after this, we were called to a very genteel entertainment, which was dressed by Mr Thornhill's cook. And it may not be improper to observe, with respect to that gentleman, that he now resides in quality of companion at a relation's house, being very well liked, and seldom sitting at the side-table, except when there is no room at the other, for they make no stranger of

him. His time is pretty much taken up in keeping his relation, who is a little melancholy, in spirits, and in learning to blow the French horn. My eldest daughter, however, still remembers him with regret; and she has even told me, though I make a great secret of it, that when he reforms she may be brought to relent.—But to return, for I am not apt to digress thus; when we were to sit down to dinner, our ceremonies were going to be renewed. The question was, whether my eldest daughter, as being a matron, should not sit above the two young brides? but the debate was cut short by my son George, who proposed that the company should sit indiscriminately, every gentleman by his lady. This was received with great approbation by all, excepting my wife, who, I could perceive, was not perfectly satisfied, as she expected to have had the pleasure of sitting at the head of the table, and carving the meat for all the company. But, notwithstanding this, it is impossible to describe our good humour. I cannot say whether we had more wit among us now than usual, but I am certain we had more laughing, which answered the end as well. One jest I particularly remember: old Mr Wilmot, drinking to Moses, whose head was turned another way, my son replied—“Madam, I thank you.” Upon which the old gentleman, winking upon the rest of the company, observed, that he was thinking of his mistress. At which jest I thought the two Miss Flamboroughs would have died with laughing. As soon as dinner was over, according to my old custom, I requested that the table might be taken away, to have the pleasure of seeing all my

family assembled once more by a cheerful fire-side. My two little ones sat upon each knee; the rest of the company by their partners. I had nothing now on this side of the grave to wish for; all my cares were over; my pleasure was unspeakable. It now only remained, that my gratitude in good fortune should exceed my former submission in adversity.

END OF THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

REMARKS

ON THE

ESSAYS AND POEMS.

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IN speaking of the accomplishments that adorn the character of the scholar and gentleman, Beattie tells us somewhere, that he was much more anxious that his son should become what is called a man of general learning, and possess a smattering of most subjects, than that he should be particularly eminent in any one department of science or literature. From this remark, it is abundantly plain, that the poet and moralist had no intention of training his son to the profession of an author, since in literature—that is, modern literature—excellence is every thing, and mediocrity nothing. To be able to talk plausibly, and with some degree of information, on a variety of topics, may procure a man the reputation of a *savant* in the limited circle of his friends and acquaintance; but when he becomes ambitious of acquiring a name in the republic of letters, and challenges attention in the shape of an author, all this imaginary consequence vanishes in a moment. He is then tried by his particular rather than by his general merits, and rises or falls in public estimation according to the success, and not according to the diligence, with which he may

have laboured. It is in vain to tell us, that this, that, and the other aspirant to literary honours, is a man of great powers, considering their variety,—a man, in fact, who has only to confine his powers, and bring the whole resources of his active mind to the illustration of any one subject, to eclipse every competitor in the same line of authorship. This may all be; and yet, as in a trial for libel, the truth of the statements would prove no extenuation of the indiscretion committed. By the laws of the turf, all accidents are “barred” in the affairs of horseracing; and in judging of a literary failure, the public appear to be equally severe, chary, and inflexible. Excepting in very particular cases, they never admit that a book is very well *considering*; they have neither leisure nor inclination to inquire into the unfavourable circumstances under which it may have been composed; if the article be excellent of its kind, they praise, purchase, and recommend it; if it be only so-so, they allow it to slumber among the “crypts” of the publisher’s library. From these premises it may be inferred, that, for every useful purpose, it is better to be a proficient in one branch of study, than a dabbler in many, although, under certain circumstances, infinitely more ability may be evinced in the latter than in the former instance. And if we admire versatility of talent even in a mediocre writer, what shall we say of him who excels in every thing he puts his hand to,—whose pen is perpetually dropping golden thoughts, however unpromising the subject, however irksome the labour? That such was the character of Oliver Goldsmith, we have the highest authority for affirming. As

a poet, a novelist, a critic, an essayist, a historian, and a compiler generally, he will bear a proud comparison with any author, either of his own or later times. Johnson—that giant among his peers—had undoubtedly more depth, eloquence, and learning; but with all these advantages the great lexicographer could neither have written “*The Traveller*,” nor “*The Vicar of Wakefield*.” Burke’s fancy was probably richer, and his mind far more philosophical; but, taken as an author of all-work, the kind-hearted and inimitable Goldsmith may be regarded as at least the second star in, perhaps, the brightest constellation that ever adorned our literary hemisphere. From his habitual imprudence, and total want of management, he was frequently compelled to write at the call of the booksellers, that he might provide for the day that was passing over him; and yet, amidst all these disadvantages, even his most uncongenial performances, as Mr Campbell justly remarks, were executed “with a grace which no other author could give to task-work.” Johnson’s kindness for Goldsmith is well known; and in the introduction to a biographical article, written shortly after his death, we have the following striking passage:—“The life of Parnel is a task which I should very willingly decline, since it has been lately written by Goldsmith—a man of such variety of powers, and felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness.”

In a similar strain of panegyric, a distinguished modern critic, who rarely errs on the side of exuberant praise, bears testimony to the merits of the universally-admired subject of the present hasty sketch. "The principal name," says he, "of the period we are now come to is that of Goldsmith, than which few names stand higher or fairer in modern literature. One should have his own pen to describe him as he ought to be described, amiable, various, and bland,—with careless, inimitable grace, touching on every kind of excellence; with manners unstudied, but a gentle heart,—performing miracles of skill from pure happiness of nature,—and whose greatest fault was ignorance of his own worth. As a poet, he is the most flowing and elegant of our versifiers since Pope, with traits of artless nature which Pope had not, and with peculiar felicity in the turns upon words which he constantly repeated with the most delightful effect. As a novelist, his *Vicar of Wakefield* has charmed all Europe. His genius was a mixture of originality and imitation; he could do nothing without some model before him, and he could copy nothing that he did not adorn with the graces of his mind."

Regarding Goldsmith's essays, very little requires to be said. If popularity be a test of merit,—and where shall we find a better?—these essays are among the most finished things of the kind in the English language. From their first appearance to the present time, they have been reprinted and circulated in perhaps a thousand different shapes—from the trumpery compilations of would-be authors like ourselves, to the genuine and multiplied editions of the original

publisher. Even so far back as the year 1765, we find the author complaining that these papers had been seized upon and appropriated with an avidity that fairly set at defiance every thing like the law of copy-right. “Most of them,” he tells us in a humorous preface, “have been regularly reprinted two or three times a-year, and conveyed to the public through the channel of some engaging compilation. If there be a pride in multiplied editions, I have seen some of my labours sixteen times reprinted, and claimed by different parents as their own. I have seen them flourished at the beginning with praise, and signed at the end with the names of Philantos, Philalethes, Philaleutheros, and Philanthropos. These gentlemen have kindly stood sponsors to my productions ; and, to flatter me still more, have always passed them as their own.”

As a writer of light and engaging papers, Goldsmith, in the opinion of many, possessed neither the range of Addison, nor the wit and playfulness of Steele ; but in almost every other respect, we are inclined to rank him higher than either of these celebrated names. For one thing, he abounds in historical allusions ; and in place of fatiguing the reader with a fine-spun philosophical thesis, he generally brings the subject home to our business and bosoms, by one of those *episodical* illustrations, which, when properly timed, and judiciously chosen, are better than a thousand arguments. His style, too, is fairly unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Of this, we have an admirable example in the beautiful story of “Alcander and Septimius,—a story which is in every school-boy’s mouth, and which clings to the imagination scarce-

ly less pertinaciously than *The Vision of Mirza* itself. Many more of the papers in the present volume are in the highest degree instructive and amusing. We particularly admire the reminiscencies of Dame Quickly, the story of the Merry Andrew to the puppet-show, whose parents had made some noise in the world, (his mother by crying oysters, and his father by beating a drum); and perhaps, above all, the precious morsel of auto-biography related by the beggar with the wooden leg. Goldsmith, like a still greater teller of stories, was not afraid to venture on a humble theme, and the moral he deduces from the misfortunes of the quondam sailor, is so excellent, that it should be read every morning before breakfast, to the numerous victims of *cnnui* and peevishness. We shall close these remarks with the words of Johnson, premising, that what he says of Addison, at least in regard to style, is infinitely more applicable to Oliver Goldsmith. "His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal; on light occasions not grovelling;—pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration;—always equable and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. Addison (*Goldsmith*) never deviates from his track to snatch a grace; he seeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazardous innovations. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. What he attempted he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity. Whoever wishes to attain an

English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison," (*Goldsmith.*)

If it would be improper to dilate on the subject of the author's Essays, still less needs to be said on the subject of his Poems; for why should we waste words in characterizing what every reader of taste has committed to memory? Goldsmith wrote little poetry, but that little is remembered, and remembered too, not in the mass, but in the detail, down even to words, lines, and sentences. Poetry, as he says himself, did not pay, otherwise he would undoubtedly have produced more; but let us be thankful for what we have received, and congratulate ourselves that, in his case at least, we have not to search for a grain of corn amidst a bushel of chaff. No; in his writings the same sterling ore is dug up almost in solid bars, which, in the case of shallower and more prolific wits, is scattered over such an extended surface, and gathered in such minute particles, that the produce can scarcely be said to repay the labour. The price paid for the copy-right of "The Traveller" amounted to nearly five shillings the couplet—a sum which the author, on second thoughts, conceived to be so gross an overcharge, that he refunded part of the proceeds to his confiding and no doubt astonished publisher. We could name modern poets, who have been paid at a still more extravagant rate, and who never, so far as we know, gave way to the weakness of conceiving that the labourer was unworthy of his hire. And why should they? Times have changed as well as trades; the readers and admirers of

belles-lettres have multiplied a thousand-fold : books, from an article of luxury, have become an article of necessity ; booksellers, in place of losing by their speculations, generally contrive to make handsome fortunes ; and what was an indiscretion in Goldsmith would be absolute insanity in Lord Byron or Sir Walter Scott.

There is one remarkable circumstance regarding Goldsmith, and that is, all the world are agreed about his merits. This, of itself, is both a rare and an enviable distinction ; for we have heard of two or three poets in modern times who are praised to the very echo by their friends and admirers, and denounced by an equally numerous party as possessing almost no merit at all. This undoubtedly arises from the inequality of their writings. In “ *The Excursion*,” “ *Thalaba*,” and “ *Curse of Kehama*,” there are unquestionably many beautiful thoughts and happy images ; but, considering the great mass of the volumes referred to, such passages are, “ like angel-visits, few and far between ;” and hence many fastidious critics, who meet with something revolting at the porch of the temple, never think of proceeding farther. But, in Goldsmith, every line tells,—every thing is elaborated into perfect excellence. And who, it may be asked, would not rather be the author of a poem which is never noticed but with approbation, and never repeated but with a deep feeling of its excellence, than the author of numerous tomes that fret their little hour in periodicals, and then only live in catalogues and the memories of collectors and antiquaries ? The one is like a dear friend or relation, who is seldom long absent from our waking thoughts ; the other

resembles a stray acquaintance we accidentally encountered in a steam-boat or mail-coach—whom we only, in fact, met once, and do not care much if we should never meet again.

Not to deal uncandidly with the reader, we will confess that we had prepared a short critique on the poetry of Goldsmith ; but after perusing Mr Campbell's admirable remarks on the same subject, we threw the paper into the fire in absolute despair ; and, even at the risk of imparting to our notice the character of a cento, we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of borrowing pretty freely from such high authority.

“ Goldsmith's poetry enjoys a calm and steady fame. It inspires us indeed with no admiration of daring design, or of fertile invention ; but it presents, within its narrow limits, a distinct and unbroken view of poetical delightfulness. His descriptions and sentiments have the pure zest of nature. He is refined without false delicacy, and correct without insipidity. Perhaps there is an intellectual composure in his manner, which may, in some passages, be said to approach to the reserved and prosaic ; but he unbends from this graver strain of reflection to tenderness, and even to playfulness, with an ease and grace almost peculiarly his own ; and connects extensive views of the happiness and interests of society with pictures of life that touch the heart by their familiarity. His language is certainly simple, though it is not cast in a careless or rugged mould. He is no disciple of the gaunt and famished school of simplicity. Deliberately as he wrote, he cannot be accused of wanting natural and idiomatic expression, but still it is select and refined expres-

sion. He uses the ornaments which must always distinguish true poetry from prose ; and when he adopts colloquial plainness, it is with the utmost care and skill to avoid a vulgar humility. The tendency towards abstracted observation in his poetry agrees peculiarly with the compendious form of expression he studied ; while the home-felt joys on which his fancy loved to repose, required at once the chastest and sweetest colours of language to make them harmonize with the dignity of a philosophical poem. His whole manner has a still depth of feeling and reflection, which gives back the image of nature unruffled and minutely. He has no redundant thoughts or false transports, but seems, on every occasion, to have weighed the impulse to which he surrendered himself. Whatever ardour or casual felicities he may thus have sacrificed, he gained a high degree of purity and self-possession. His chaste pathos makes him an insinuating moralist, and throws a charm of bland-like softness over his descriptions of homely objects that would seem only fit to be the subjects of Dutch painting. But his great enthusiasm leads the affections to humble things without a vulgar association ; and he inspires us with a fondness to trace the simplest recollections of Auburn, till we count the furniture of its alehouse, and listen to the ‘ varnished clock that clicked behind the door.’ ”

ESSAYS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimsical figure in nature, than a man of real modesty, who assumes an air of impudence ; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good humour. In this situation, however, every unexperienced writer, as I am, finds himself. Impressed with terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humour turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity.

For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often even blundered in making my bow, I am at a loss whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occasion. Should I modestly decline all merit, it is too probable the hasty reader may take me at my word. If, on the other hand, like labourers in the magazine trade, I humbly presume to promise an epitome of all the good things that were ever said or written, these readers I most desire to please may forsake me.

My bookseller, in this dilemma, perceiving my embarrassment, instantly offered his assistance and advice. ‘ You must know, sir,’ says he, ‘ that the republic of letters is at present divided into several classes. One writer excels at a plan or a title-page ; another works away at the body

of a book ; and the third is a dab at an index. Thus a magazine is not the result of any single man's industry, but goes through as many hands as a new pin, before it is fit for the public. I fancy, sir,' continues he, ' I can provide an eminent hand, and upon moderate terms, to draw up a promising plan to smooth up our readers a little ; and pay them, as Colonel Chartres paid his seraglio, at the rate of three-halfpence in hand, and three shillings more in promises.'

He was proceeding in his advice, which, however, I thought proper to decline, by assuring him, that as I intended to pursue no fixed method, so it was impossible to form any regular plan : determined never to be tedious in order to be logical ; whatever pleasure presented, I was resolved to follow.

It will be improper, therefore, to pall the reader's curiosity by lessening his surprise, or anticipate any pleasure I am able to procure him, by saying what shall come next. Happy, could any effort of mine but repress one criminal pleasure, or but for a moment fill up an interval of anxiety ! How gladly would I lead mankind from the vain prospects of life, to prospects of innocence and ease, where every breeze breathes health, and every sound is but the echo of tranquillity !

But, whatever may be the merit of his intentions, every writer is now convinced that he must be chiefly indebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to allow him any degree of reputation. It has been remarked, that almost every character which has excited either attention or pity, has owed part of its success to merit, and part to a happy concurrence of circumstances in

its favour. Had Cæsar or Cromwell exchanged countries, the one might have been a serjeant, and the other an exciseman. So it is with wit, which generally succeeds more from being happily addressed, than from its native poignancy. A jest calculated to spread at a gaming-table, may be received with perfect indifference should it happen to drop in a mackarel-boat. We have all seen dunces triumph in some companies, where men of real humour were disregarded, by a general combination in favour of stupidity. To drive the observation as far as it will go, should the labours of a writer, who designs his performances for readers of a more refined appetite, fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, what can he expect but contempt and confusion? If his merits are to be determined by judges who estimate the value of a book from its bulk, or its frontispiece, every rival must acquire an easy superiority, who, with persuasive eloquence, promises four extraordinary pages of letter-press, or three beautiful prints, curiously coloured from nature.

Thus, then, though I cannot promise as much entertainment, or as much elegance, as others have done, yet the reader may be assured he shall have as much of both as I can. He shall, at least, find me alive while I study his entertainment; for I solemnly assure him, I was never yet possessed of the secret of writing and sleeping.

During the course of this paper, therefore, all the wit and learning I have are heartily at his service; which if, after so candid a confession, he should, notwithstanding, still find intolerably dull, or low, or sad stuff, this I protest is more than I

know ; I have a clear conscience, and am entirely out of the secret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the perusal of a single paper, pronounce me incorrigible ; he may try a second, which, as there is a studied difference in subject and style, may be more suited to his taste ; if this also fails, I must refer him to a third, or even a fourth, in case of extremity ; if he should still continue refractory, and find me dull to the last, I must inform him, with Bayes in the Rehearsal, that I think him a very odd kind of fellow, and desire no more of his acquaintance : but still, if my readers impute the general tenor of my subject to me as a fault, I must beg leave to tell them a story.

A traveller, in his way to Italy, found himself in a country where the inhabitants had each a large excrescence depending from the chin,—a deformity which, as it was endemic, and the people little used to strangers, it had been the custom, time immemorial, to look upon as the greatest beauty. Ladies grew toasts from the size of their chins, and no men were beaux whose faces were not broadest at the bottom. It was Sunday ; a country church was at hand, and our traveller was willing to perform the duties of the day. Upon his first appearance at the church-door, the eyes of all were naturally fixed on the stranger ; but what was their amazement, when they found that he actually wanted that emblem of beauty, a pursed chin ! Stifled bursts of laughter, winks, and whispers, circulated from visage to visage ; the prismatic figure of the stranger's face was a fund of infinite gayety. Our traveller could no longer patiently continue an object of deformity to point

at. 'Good folks,' said he, 'I perceive that I am a very ridiculous figure here, but, I assure you, I am reckoned no way deformed at home.'

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP ;

OR, THE

STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

(Taken from a Byzantine Historian.)

ATHENS, even long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolised.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together ; the one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum ; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world ; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world ; and as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed ; the previous ceremonies were performed ; and nothing

now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did, with all the gayety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander, being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess: in short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Sep-

timius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or prætor.

In the meantime, Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the powerful influence of a party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning awakened him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten

a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of ; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed amongst the rest ; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another ; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags, as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness ; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger ; in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep, and found on this flinty couch more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat ; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther inquiry, an alarm was spread ; the cave

was examined ; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty ; he was determined to make no defence ; and, thus louting with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon diverted by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared ; but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude ; but their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal. Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and joy. Need the sequel be related ?—Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, that no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve.

ON HAPPINESS OF TEMPER.

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure ; I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth, thought cross-purposes the highest stretch of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational way of spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion continue ! I find that age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure the best actor gives, can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag who imitated a quaker's sermon. The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession : some may be awkward, others ill dressed ; but none but a fool is, for this, enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touch-

ed with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained ; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for life ; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here ! a happy constitution supplied philosophy ; and, though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth ; and, though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate ; for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when nature seems to deny the means.

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction ; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gal-

lantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally the foremost to raise the auction. Being a universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception. If she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress: he persuaded himself, that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied that he had loved her, and so all was well again. When Fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarin (being confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes), he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements and even the conveniences of life, he still retained his good humour, laughed at all the little spite of his enemies, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged by writing the life of his jailer.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach, is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it: for my own part, I never pass by one of our prisons for debt, that I do not envy

the felicity which is still going forward among those people who forget the cares of the world by being shut out from its silly ambition.

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any body but themselves. Whenever he fell into misery he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money-matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his deathbed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. "I leave my second son, Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself. "I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds." "Ah! father," cried Simon, in great affliction to be sure, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" At last, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I'll leave you a shilling to buy a halter." "Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless, imprudent creature. However, the

tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father ; and my friend is now not only excessively good-humoured, but competently rich.

Yes, let the world cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball, at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce, at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good humour in spite of scandal ; but such is the wisest behaviour that any of us can possibly assume. It is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it : by the first method, we forget our miseries ; by the last, we only conceal them from others : by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict ; but a sure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

DESCRIPTION OF VARIOUS CLUBS.

I REMEMBER to have read in some philosopher (I believe in Tom Brown's works), that, let a man's character, sentiments, or complexion, be what they will, he can find company in London to match them. If he be splenetic, he may every day meet companions on the seats in St James's Park, with whose groans he may mix his own, and pathetically talk of the weather. If he be passionate, he may vent his rage among the old orators at Slaughter's coffeehouse, and damn the nation because it keeps him from starving. If he be phlegmatic, he may sit in silence at the Humdrum club in Ivy-lane ; and, if actually mad, he

may find very good company in Moorfields, either at Bedlam or the Foundry, ready to cultivate a nearer acquaintance.

But, although such as have a knowledge of the town, may easily class themselves with tempers congenial to their own, a countryman who comes to live in London finds nothing more difficult. With regard to myself, none ever tried with more assiduity, or came off with such indifferent success. I spent a whole season in the search, during which time my name has been enrolled in societies, lodges, convocations, and meetings, without number. To some I was introduced by a friend, to others invited by an advertisement; to these I introduced myself, and to those I changed my name to gain admittance. In short, no coquette was ever more solicitous to match her ribands to her complexion, than I to suit my club to my temper; for I was too obstinate to bring my temper to conform to it.

The first club I entered upon coming to town was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely suited to my taste; I was a lover of mirth, good-humour, and even sometimes of fun, from my childhood.

As no other passport was requisite but the payment of two shillings at the door, I introduced myself without farther ceremony to the members, who were already assembled, and had, for some time, begun upon business. The grand, with a mallet in his hand, presided at the head of the table. I could not avoid, upon my entrance, making use of all my skill in physiognomy, in order to discover that superiority of genius in men

who had taken a title so superior to the rest of mankind. I expected to see the lines of every face marked with strong thinking ; but, though I had some skill in this science, I could for my life discover nothing but a pert simper, fat, or profound stupidity.

My speculations were soon interrupted by the grand, who had knocked down Mr Spriggins for a song. I was, upon this, whispered by one of the company who sat next me, that I should now see something touched off to a nicety, for Mr Spriggins was going to give us Mad Tom in all its glory. Mr Spriggins endeavoured to excuse himself ; for, as he was to act a madman and a king, it was impossible to go through the part properly without a crown and chains. His excuses were overruled by a great majority, and with much vociferation. The president ordered up the jack-chain ; and, instead of a crown, our performer covered his brows with an inverted jordan. After he had rattled his chain, and shook his head, to the great delight of the whole company, he began his song. As I have heard few young fellows offer to sing in company that did not expose themselves, it was no great disappointment to me to find Mr Spriggins among the number ; however, not to seem an odd fish, I rose from my seat in rapture, cried out, “ Bravo ! encore ! ” and slapped the table as loud as any of the rest.

The gentleman who sat next me seemed highly pleased with my taste, and the ardour of my approbation ; and, whispering, told me I had suffered an immense loss ; for, had I come a few minutes sooner, I might have heard Gee-ho Dobbin

sung in a tip-top manner by the pimple-nosed spirit at the president's right elbow : but he was evaporated before I came.

As I was expressing my uneasiness at this disappointment, I found the attention of the company employed upon a fat figure, who, with a voice more rough than the Staffordshire giant's, was giving us the "Softly sweet, in Lydian measure," of Alexander's Feast. After a short pause of admiration, to this succeeded a Welsh dialogue, with the Humours of Teague and Taffy : after that came on Old Jackson, with a story between every stanza : next was sung the Dust-Cart, and then Solomon's Song. The glass began now to circulate pretty freely ; those who were silent when sober, would now be heard in their turn ; every man had his song, and he saw no reason why he should not be heard as well as any of the rest : one begged to be heard while he gave Death and the Lady in high taste ; another sung to a plate which he kept trundling on the edges ; nothing was now heard but singing ; voice rose above voice, and the whole became one universal shout, when the landlord came to acquaint the company that the reckoning was drunk out. Rabelais calls the moments in which a reckoning is mentioned the most melancholy of our lives : never was so much noise so quickly quelled, as by this short but pathetic oration of our landlord. "Drunk out !" was echoed in a tone of discontent round the table : "drunk out already ! that was very odd ! that so much punch could be drunk out already ! impossible !" The landlord, however, seeming resolved not to retreat from his

first assurances, the company was dissolved, and a president chosen for the night ensuing.

A friend of mine, to whom I was complaining some time after of the entertainment I have been describing, proposed to bring me to the club that he frequented, which, he fancied, would suit the gravity of my temper exactly. "We have, at the Muzzy club," says he, "no riotous mirth nor awkward ribaldry; no confusion or bawling; all is conducted with wisdom and decency: besides, some of our members are worth forty thousand pounds; men of prudence and foresight every one of them: these are the proper acquaintance, and to such I will to-night introduce you." I was charmed at the proposal: to be acquainted with men worth forty thousand pounds, and to talk wisdom the whole night, were offers that threw me into rapture.

At seven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by my friend; not indeed to the company, for, though I made my best bow, they seemed insensible of my approach, but to the table at which they were sitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not avoid feeling a secret veneration from the solemnity of the scene before me; the members kept a profound silence, each with a pipe in his mouth and a pewter pot in his hand, and with faces that might easily be construed into absolute wisdom. Happy society! thought I to myself, where the members think before they speak, deliver nothing rashly, but convey their thoughts to each other pregnant with meaning, and matured by reflection.

In this pleasing speculation I continued a full

half-hour, expecting each moment that somebody would begin to open his mouth ; every time the pipe was laid down, I expected it was to speak ; but it was only to spit. At length, resolving to break the charm myself, and overcome their extreme diffidence, for to this I imputed their silence, I rubbed my hands, and, looking as wise as possible, observed that the nights began to grow a little coolish at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to none of the company in particular, none thought himself obliged to answer ; wherefore I continued still to rub my hands and look wise. My next effort was addressed to a gentleman who sat next me ; to whom I observed, that the beer was extremely good : my neighbour made no reply, but by a large puff of tobacco smoke.

I now began to be uneasy in this dumb society, till one of them a little relieved me by observing, that bread had not risen these three weeks. “ Ah ! ” says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth, “ that puts me in mind of a pleasant story about that—hem—very well ; you must know—but, before I begin—sir, my service to you—where was I ? ”

My next club goes by the name of the Harmonical Society ; probably from that love of order and friendship which every person commends in institutions of this nature. The landlord was himself founder. The money spent is fourpence each ; and they sometimes whip for a double reckoning. To this club few recommendations are requisite, except the introductory fourpence, and my landlord’s good word, which, as he gains by it, he never refuses.

We all here talked and behaved as every body else usually does on his club-night ; we discussed the topic of the day, drank each other's healths, snuffed the candles with our fingers, and filled our pipes from the same plate of tobacco. The company saluted each other in the common manner. Mr Bellows-mender hoped Mr Currycomb-maker had not caught cold going home the last club-night ; and he returned the compliment by hoping that young Master Bellows-mender had got well again of the chincough. Doctor Twist told us a story of a parliament-man with whom he was intimately acquainted ; while the bug-man, at the same time, was telling a better story of a noble lord with whom he could do any thing. A gentleman in a black wig and leather breeches, at the other end of the table, was engaged in a long narrative of the ghost in Cock-lane : he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to some that sat next him, who could not read. Near him Mr Dibbins was disputing on the old subject of religion with a Jew pedlar, over the table, while the president vainly knocked down Mr Leathersides for a song. Besides the combination of these voices, which I could hear all together, and which formed an upper part to the concert, there were several others playing under parts by themselves, and endeavouring to fasten on some luckless neighbour's ear, who was himself bent upon the same design against some other.

We have often heard of the speech of a corporation, and this induced me to transcribe a speech of this club, taken in short hand, word for word, as it was spoken by every member of the company. It may be necessary to observe, that the

man who told of the ghost had the loudest voice, and the longest story to tell, so that his continuing narrative filled every chasm in the conversation.

“So, sir, d’ye perceive me, the ghost giving three loud raps at the bed-post”—“Says my lord to me, my dear Smokeum, you know there is no man upon the face of the yearth for whom I have so high”—“A damnable false heretical opinion of all sound doctrine and good learning; for I’ll tell it aloud, and spare not that”—“Silence for a song; Mr Leathersides for a song”—“As I was walking upon the highway, I met a young damsel”—“Then what brings you here? says the parson to the ghost”—“Sanconiathon, Manetho, and Berosus”—“The whole way from Islington turnpike to Dog-house bar”—“Dam”—“As for Abel Drugger, sir, he’s damn’d low in it; my prentice boy has more of the gentleman than he”—“For murder will out one time or another; and none but a ghost, you know, gentlemen, can”—“Damme, if I don’t; for my friend, whom you know, gentlemen, and who is a parliament-man, a man of consequence, a dear, honest creature, to be sure; we were laughing last night at”—“Death and damnation upon all his posterity by simply barely tasting”—“Sour grapes, as the fox said once when he could not reach them; and I’ll, I’ll tell you a story about that, that will make you burst your sides with laughing. A fox once”—“Will nobody listen to the song?”—As I was a-walking upon the highway, I met a young damsel both buxom and gay”—“No ghost, gentlemen, can be murdered; nor did I ever hear but of one ghost killed in all

my life, and that was stabbed in the belly with a"—“ My blood and soul if I don't”—Mr Bellows-mender, I have the honour of drinking your very good health”—“ Blast me if I do”—“ Dam”—“ Blood”—“ Bugs”—“ Fire”—“ Whizz”—“ Blid”—“ Tit”—“ Rat”—“ Trip”—The rest all riot, nonsense, and rapid confusion.

Were I to be angry at men for being fools, I could here find ample room for declamation ; but, alas ! I have been a fool myself ; and why should I be angry with them for being something so natural to every child of humanity ?

Fatigued with this society, I was introduced, the following night, to a club of fashion. On taking my place, I found the conversation sufficiently easy, and tolerably good-natured ; for my lord and Sir Paul were not yet arrived. I now thought myself completely fitted, and, resolving to seek no farther, determined to take up my residence here for the winter : while my temper began to open insensibly to the cheerfulness I saw diffused on every face in the room : but the delusion soon vanished, when the waiter came to apprise us that his lordship and Sir Paul were just arrived.

From this moment all our felicity was at an end ; our new guests bustled into the room, and took their seats at the head of the table. Adieu now all confidence ; every creature strove who should most recommend himself to our members of distinction. Each seemed quite regardless of pleasing any but our new guests ; and what before wore the appearance of friendship, was now turned into rivalry.

Yet I could not observe that, amidst all this

flattery and obsequious attention, our great men took any notice of the rest of the company. Their whole discourse was addressed to each other. Sir Paul told his lordship a long story of Moravia the Jew ; and his lordship gave Sir Paul a very long account of his new method of managing silk-worms : he led him, and consequently the rest of the company, through all the stages of feeding, sunning, and hatching ; with an episode on mulberry-trees, a digression upon grass-seeds, and a long parenthesis about his new postilion. In this manner we travelled on, wishing every story to be the last ; but all in vain :

‘ Hills over hills and Alps on Alps arose.’

The last club in which I was enrolled a member was a society of moral philosophers, as they called themselves, who assembled twice a week, in order to show the absurdity of the present mode of religion, and establish a new one in its stead.

I found the members very warmly disputing when I arrived, not indeed about religion or ethics, but about who had neglected to lay down his preliminary sixpence upon entering the room. The president swore that he had laid his own down, and so swore all the company.

During this contest I had an opportunity of observing the laws, and also the members, of the society. The president, who had been, as I was told, lately a bankrupt, was a tall, pale figure, with a long black wig ; the next to him was dressed in a large white wig and a black cravat ;

a third, by the brownness of his complexion, seemed a native of Jamaica ; and a fourth, by his hue, appeared to be a blacksmith. But their rules will give the most just idea of their learning and principles.

“ I. We, being a laudable society of moral philosophers, intend to dispute twice a week about religion and priestcraft ; leaving behind us old wives’ tales, and following good learning and sound sense : and if so be that any other persons has a mind to be of the society, they shall be entitled so to do, upon paying the sum of three shillings, to be spent by the company in punch.

“ II. That no member get drunk before nine of the clock, upon pain of forfeiting threepence, to be spent by the company in punch.

“ III. That as members are sometimes apt to go away without paying, every person shall pay sixpence upon his entering the room ; and all disputes shall be settled by a majority ; and all fines shall be paid in punch.

“ IV. That sixpence shall be every night given to the president in order to buy books of learning for the good of the society ; the president has already put himself to a good deal of expense in buying books for the club, particularly the works of Tully, Socrates, and Cicero, which he will soon read to the society.

“ V. All them who brings a new argument against religion, and who, being a philosopher, and a man of learning, as the rest of us is, shall be admitted to the freedom of the society, upon paying sixpence only, to be spent in punch.

“ VI. Whenever we are to have an extraordi-

nary meeting, it shall be advertised by some outlandish name in the newspapers.

“ SAUNDERS MACWILD, president.

ANTHONY BLEWIT, vice-president,
his × mark.

WILLIAM TURPIN, secretary.”

ON THE POLICY OF CONCEALING OUR WANTS OR POVERTY.

IT is usually said by grammarians, that the use of language is to express our wants and desires ; but men who know the world hold, and, I think, with some show of reason, that he who best knows how to keep his necessities private, is the most likely person to have them redressed ; and that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favours, there appears something so attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the smaller : and the poor find as much pleasure in increasing the enormous mass of the rich, as the miser, who owns it, sees happiness in its increase. Nor is there in this any thing repugnant to the laws of morality. Seneca himself allows, that, in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling stations are obliged to be content with presents something less ; while the beggar, who may be truly said to want indeed, is well

paid if a farthing rewards his warmest solicitations.

Every man who has seen the world, and has had his ups and downs in life, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine ; and must know, that to have much, or to seem to have it, is the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column ; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him ; but, should his wants be such, that he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum. A certain young fellow, whom I knew, whenever he had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to prelude his request as if he wanted two hundred ; and talked so familiarly of large sums, that none could ever think he wanted a small one. The same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a suit of clothes, always made the proposal in a laced coat ; for he found by experience, that, if he appeared shabby on these occasions, his tailor had taken an oath against trusting, or, what was every whit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and would not be at home for some time.

There can be no inducement to reveal our wants, except to find pity, and by this means relief ; but before a poor man opens his mind in such circumstances, he should first consider whether he is contented to lose the esteem of the person he solicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendship to excite compassion. Pity and friendship are passions incompatible with each other ;

and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast, for the smallest space, without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt: the mind may, for some time, fluctuate between them, but it can never entertain both at once.

In fact, pity, though it may often relieve, is but, at best, a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than transitory assistance: with some it scarce lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket; with others it may continue for twice that space; and on some of extraordinary sensibility, I have seen it operate for half an hour together: but still, last as it may, it generally produces but beggarly effects; and where, from this motive, we give five farthings, from others we give pounds: whatever be our feelings from the first impulse of distress, when the same distress solicits a second time, we then feel with diminished sensibility; and, like the repetition of an echo, every stroke becomes weaker; till, at last, our sensations lose all mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

These speculations bring to my mind the fate of a very good-natured fellow who is now no more. He was bred in a counting-house, and his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him a handsome fortune, and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which my friend had been brought up had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as prudence; and, from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Such as had money,

were ready to offer him their assistance that way ; and they who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection, advised him to marry. My friend, however, was in good circumstances ; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife ; and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

Some errors, however, in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought him to a different way of thinking ; and he at last considered, that it was his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was to a scrivener, who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused. As a man, therefore, confident of not being refused, he requested the use of a hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had occasion for money. “ And pray, sir,” replied the scrivener, “ do you want all this money ? ” — “ Want it, sir ! ” says the other, “ if I did not want it I should not have asked it. ” — “ I am sorry for that,” says the friend ; “ for those who want money when they borrow, will always want money when they should come to pay. To say the truth, sir, money is money now ; and I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the sea, for my part ; he that has got a little, is a fool if he does not keep what he has got.”

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another, who he knew was the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship.

“ Let me see ; you want a hundred guineas ; and pray, dear Jack, would not fifty answer ? ” — “ If you have but fifty to spare, sir, I must be contented. ” — “ Fifty to spare ! I do not say that, for I believe I have but twenty about me. ” — “ Then I must borrow the other thirty from some other friend. ” — “ And pray, ” replied the friend, “ would it not be the best way to borrow the whole money from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all, you know ? You know, my dear sir, that you need make no ceremony with me at any time ; you know I’m your friend ; and when you choose a bit of dinner or so — You, Tom, see the gentleman down. You won’t forget to dine with us now and then. Your very humble servant. ”

Distressed, but not discouraged, at this treatment, he was at last resolved to find that assistance from love which he could not have from friendship. A young lady, a distant relation by the mother’s side, had a fortune in her own hands ; and, as she had already made all the advances that her sex’s modesty would permit, he made his proposal with confidence. He soon, however, perceived that no bankrupt ever found the fair one kind. She had lately fallen deeply in love with another, who had more money, and the whole neighbourhood thought it would be a match.

Every day now began to strip my poor friend of his former finery ; his clothes flew, piece by piece, to the pawnbroker’s, and he seemed at length equipped in the genuine livery of misfortune. But still he thought himself secure from actual necessity ; the numberless invitations he

had received to dine, even after his losses, were yet unanswered ; he was therefore now resolved to accept of a dinner, because he wanted one ; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The last place I saw him in was at a reverend divine's. He had, as he fancied, just nicked the time of dinner, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being desired, and talked for some time without being attended to. He assured the company, that nothing procured so good an appetite as a walk in the Park, where he had been that morning. He went on, and praised the figure of the damask tablecloth ; talked of a feast where he had been the day before, but that the venison was overdone. But all this procured him no invitation : finding, therefore, the gentleman of the house insensible to all his fetches, he thought proper, at last, to retire, and mend his appetite by a second walk in the Park.

You then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance, whether in rags or lace, whether in Kent-street or the Mall, whether at the Smyrna or St Giles's, I might be permitted to advise as a friend, never seem to want the favour which you solicit. Apply to every passion but human pity for redress : you may find permanent relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice, but from compassion never. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting ; and that mouth which is opened even by wisdom, is seldom expected to close without the horrors of a petition.

To ward off the gripe of poverty, you must pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at

least use you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of pease-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe that Dr Cheyne has prescribed pease-broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of those who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark, that stuffs are very much worn at Paris; or, if there be found some irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say, that neither you nor Sir Simon Gideon were ever very fond of dress. If you be a philosopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the tailors you choose to employ; assure the company that man ought to be content with a bare covering, since what now is so much his pride was formerly his shame. In short, however caught, never give out; but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise: pride in the great is hateful; in the wise it is ridiculous; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity which I have been taught to applaud and excuse.

ON GENEROSITY AND JUSTICE.

LYSIPPUS is a man whose greatness of soul the whole world admires. His generosity is such, that it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver the confusion of a request. His liberality also

does not oblige more by its greatness, than by his inimitable grace in giving. Sometimes he even distributes his bounty to strangers, and has been known to do good offices to those who professed themselves his enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity ; there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct : Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a conduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in satisfying creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice, on the contrary, is a mere mechanic virtue, only fit for tradesmen, and what is practised by every broker in Change alley.

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory. Should Lysippus satisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world ? Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raised above duty, and, from its elevation, attracts the attention and the praises of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reason upon justice and generosity. The first is despised, though a virtue essential to the good of society, and the other attracts our esteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuosity of temper, rather directed by vanity than reason. Lysippus is told that his banker asks a debt of forty pounds, and that a distressed acquaintance petitions for the same sum. He gives it without hesitation to

the latter, for he demands as a favour what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This I allow is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, is fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue; and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at best, indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a bet-

ter method of disposing of our superfluities ; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed on us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Misers are generally characterized as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accumulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as madmen, who, in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make, from imaginary wants, real necessities. But few, very few, correspond to this exaggerated picture ; and, perhaps, there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober and the industrious branded by the vain and the idle with this odious appellation ; men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well were it for society, had we more of these characters amongst us. In general, these close men are found at last the true benefactors of society. With an avaricious man we seldom lose in our dealings, but too frequently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French priest, whose name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and, by a skilful management of his vineyard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him ; and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went, followed him with shouts of contempt. He still, however, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. He had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price ; wherefore that whole fortune which he had been amassing he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service, than if he had distributed his whole income in charity every day at his door.

Among men long conversant with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues, of which I have been now complaining. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakingly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on those supererogatory duties, than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with a heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced, by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves.

I shall conclude this paper with the advice of

one of the ancients, to a young man whom he saw giving away all his substance to pretended distress. “It is possible, that the person you relieve may be an honest man ; and I know that you, who relieve him, are such. You see then, by your generosity, that you rob a man who is certainly deserving, to bestow it on one who may possibly be a rogue : and, while you are unjust in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty by stripping yourself.”

ON THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

As few subjects are more interesting to society, so few have been more frequently written upon, than the education of youth. Yet it is a little surprising that it has been treated almost by all in a declamatory manner. They have insisted largely on the advantages that result from it, both to individuals and to society ; and have expatiated in the praise of what none have ever been so hardy as to call in question.

Instead of giving us fine but empty harangues upon this subject, instead of indulging each his particular and whimsical systems, it had been much better if the writers on this subject had treated it in a more scientific manner, repressed all the sallies of imagination, and given us the result of their observations with didactic simplicity. Upon this subject, the smallest errors are of the most dangerous consequence ; and the author should venture the imputation of stupidity upon a topic, where his slightest deviations may tend to injure the rising generation. However, such are

the whimsical and erroneous productions written upon this subject. Their authors have studied to be uncommon, not to be just ; and, at present, we want a treatise upon education, not to tell us any thing new, but to explode the errors which have been introduced by the admirers of novelty. It is in this manner books become numerous : a desire of novelty produces a book, and other books are required to destroy the former.

I shall, therefore, throw out a few thoughts upon this subject, which, though known, have not been attended to by others ; and shall dismiss all attempts to please, while I study only instruction.

The manner in which our youth of London are at present educated is, some in free-schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding-schools about town. The parent justly consults the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this much more than a continuance in town. Thus far he is right ; if there were a possibility of having even our free-schools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduce to the health and vigour of, perhaps, the mind as well as the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth ; I have found, by experience, that they who have spent all their lives in cities contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have said that the boarding-schools are preferable to free-schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them : otherwise it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions, he finds his last re-

source in setting up a school. Do any become bankrupts in trade, they still set up a boarding-school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail : nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers who have turned schoolmasters ; and, more surprising still, made fortunes in their new profession.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilized people, could it be conceived that we have any regard for posterity, when such are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health of those dear little pledges, who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe, and who may serve as the honour and bulwark of their aged parents ? The care of our children, is it below the state ? Is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the disposal of their children in this particular ? For the state to take the charge of all its children, as in Persia or Sparta, might at present be inconvenient ; but surely, with great ease, it might cast an eye to their instructors. Of all professions in society, I do not know a more useful, or a more honourable one, than a schoolmaster ; at the same time, that I do not see any more generally despised, or whose talents are so ill rewarded.

Were the salaries of schoolmasters to be augmented from a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people ! a people whom, without flattery, I may, in other respects, term the wisest and greatest upon earth. But while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unqualified for their employment : in short, I would make the business of a schoolmaster every way more respectable, by in-

creasing their salaries, and admitting only men of proper abilities.

It is true we have schoolmasters appointed, and they have some small salaries : but where at present there is only one schoolmaster appointed, there should at least be two ; and wherever the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be a hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children ? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary ; and I will be bold enough to say, that schoolmasters in a state are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country, to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But, lest the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is generally consigned to the usher. This is commonly some poor needy animal, little superior to a footman either in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying disposition, and making the children fond of him. “ You give your child to be educated to a slave,” says a philosopher to a rich man ; “ instead of one slave, you will then have two.”

It were well, however, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would examine the abilities of the usher as well as the master ; for, whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is generally the person most em-

ployed in their education. If, then, a gentleman, upon putting his son to one of these houses, sees the usher disregarded by the master, he may depend upon it, that he is equally disregarded by the boys: the truth is, in spite of all their endeavours to please, they are generally the laughing-stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, are a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself, now and then, cannot avoid joining in the laugh; and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill usage, seems to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning? They must esteem learning very much, when they see its professors used with such little ceremony! If the usher be despised, the father may be assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose, that there are some schools without these inconveniences, where the masters and ushers are men of learning, reputation, and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prized in a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year, than by a private education in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world; the little tricks they play each other, the punishment that frequently attends the commission, is a just picture of the great world; and all the ways of men are practised in a public school in miniature. It is true, a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school; but it is better to know these

when a boy, than be first taught them when a man ; for their novelty then may have irresistible charms.

In a public education, boys early learn temperance ; and if the parents and friends would give them less money upon their usual visits, it would be much to their advantage ; since it may justly be said, that a great part of their disorders arise from surfeit, “ *plus occidit gula quam gladius.*” And now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiss to observe, that Mr Locke, and some others, have advised that children should be inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardship, from their youth ; but Mr Locke was but an indifferent physician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our constitutions ; but we have not precise ideas upon this subject.

We know, that among savages, and even among our peasants, there are found children born with such constitutions, that they cross rivers by swimming, endure cold, thirst, hunger, and want of sleep, to a surprising degree ; that when they happen to fall sick, they are cured without the help of medicine, by nature alone. Such examples are adduced to persuade us to imitate their manner of education, and accustom ourselves betimes to support the same fatigues. But had these gentlemen considered first, how many lives are lost in this ascetic practice ; had they considered, that those savages and peasants are generally not so long-lived as they who have led a more indolent life ; that the more laborious the life is, the less populous is the country ; had they considered, that what physicians call the “ *stamina vitæ,*” by fatigue and labour become rigid, and thus antici-

pate old age ; that the number who survive those rude trials bears no proportion to those who die in the experiment ; had these things been properly considered, they would not have thus extolled an education begun in fatigue and hardships. Peter the Great, willing to inure the children of his seamen to a life of hardship, ordered that they should only drink sea-water ; but they unfortunately all died under the trial.

But while I would exclude all unnecessary labours, yet still I would recommend temperance in the highest degree. No luxurious dishes with high seasoning, nothing given children to force an appetite ; as little sugared or salted provisions as possible, though ever so pleasing ; but milk, morning and night, should be their constant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of those slops that are usually cooked by the mistress of a boarding-school ; besides, it corrects any consumptive habits, not unfrequently found amongst the children of city parents.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first greatest lesson that should be taught them, is to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone they can ever expect to be useful members of society. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon this subject, may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers ; but it were well, had we more misers than we have amongst us. I know few characters more useful in society : for a man's having a larger or smaller share of money lying useless by him no way injures the commonwealth ; since, should every miser now exhaust his stores, this might make gold more

plenty, but it would not increase the commodities or pleasures of life ; they would still remain as they are at present : it matters not, therefore, whether men are misers or not, if they be only frugal, laborious, and fill the station they have chosen. If they deny themselves the necessaries of life, society is no way injured by their folly.

Instead, therefore, of romances, which praise young men of spirit, who go through a variety of adventures, and at last conclude a life of dissipation, folly, and extravagance, in riches and matrimony, there should be some men of wit employed to compose books that might equally interest the passions of our youth, where such a one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how he, at last, became lord mayor ; how he was married to a lady of great sense, fortune, and beauty : to be as explicit as possible, the old story of Whittington, were his cat left out, might be more serviceable to the tender mind, than either Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or a hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not possessed of. Were our schoolmasters, if any of them have sense enough to draw up such a work, thus employed, it would be much more serviceable to their pupils, than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed in the arts from which they may afterwards draw the greatest advantages. When the wonders of nature are never exposed to our view, we have no great desire to become acquainted with those parts of learning which pretend to account for the phenomena. One of the ancients complains, that as

soon as young men have left school, and are obliged to converse in the world, they fancy themselves transported into a new region. “*Ut, cùm in forum venerint, existiment se in alium terrarum orbem delatos.*” We should early, therefore, instruct them in the experiments, if I may so express it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer age the accounting for the causes. But, instead of that, when boys begin natural philosophy in colleges, they have not the least curiosity for those parts of the science which are proposed for their instruction; they have never before seen the phenomena, and consequently have no curiosity to learn the reasons. Might natural philosophy, therefore, be made their pastime in school, by this means it would in college become their amusement.

In several of the machines now in use, there would be ample field both for instruction and amusement; the different sorts of the phosphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon elastic bodies, might employ their idle hours; and none should be called from play to see such experiments but such as thought proper. At first, then, it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the effects of their combination, were only shown; the causes should be deferred to a maturer age, or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the wonders of nature. Man is placed in the world as a spectator; when he is tired of wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders.

What I have observed with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as were possible, and defer the causes until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the simple experience of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college-course; and, though such a youth might not appear so bright, or so talkative, as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters, than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institution of effect and cause.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination: instead of this, they are too frequently obliged to toil through the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names, that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided; a boy who happens to say a sprightly thing is generally applauded so much, that he sometimes continues a coxcomb all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen, and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even going to add, that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure, or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing. Those modest, lubberly boys, who seem to want spirit, generally go through their

business with more ease to themselves, and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has, of late, a gentleman appeared, who thinks the study of rhetoric essential to a perfect education. That bold male eloquence, which often, without pleasing, convinces, is generally destroyed by such institutions. Convincing eloquence is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor than the most florid harangue, or the most pathetic tones, that can be imagined ; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject, and the language he speaks in, will be apter to silence opposition, than he who studies the force of his periods, and fills our ears with sounds, while our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious, as that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut, thus measuring syllables, and weighing words, when he should plead the cause of his client ! Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain temple at Athens ; the first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built ; the other, who got up after him, only observed, that what his brother had spoken he could do ; and thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators is little less than to teach them to be poets ; and, for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child to wish him a manor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another passion which the present age is apt to run into, is to make children learn all things ; the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a talker in all, but a master in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for every thing, and only shows his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method, or connexion, so the reader must not be surprised to find me once more addressing schoolmasters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties would not be the most strongly remembered ? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the ancients with the assistance of a translation, can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language. It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned : but a literal translation on the opposite page leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye ; whereas, were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember them, to save himself the trouble of looking out for them for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, of all the various grammars now taught in the schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one ; I have forgot whether Lily's, or an emendation of him. The others may be improve-

ments ; but such improvements seem to me only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner, but perhaps loading him with subtilties, which, at a proper age, he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it, it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind, is only deceiving ourselves ; and I know of no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness but fear. Solomon has said it before me ; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable truth, than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters who never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children ; but, though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well-timed correction.

Some have justly observed, that all passion should be banished on this terrible occasion ; but I know not how, there is a frailty attending human nature, that few masters are able to keep their temper whilst they correct. I knew a good-natured man, who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to prevent his passions from being engaged, yet, at the same time, administer justice with impartiality. Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault, he summoned a

jury of his peers, I mean of the boys of his own or the next classes to him : his accusers stood forth ; he had the liberty of pleading in his own defence, and one or two more had the liberty of pleading against him : when found guilty by the pannel, he was consigned to the footman, who attended in the house, and had previous orders to punish, but with lenity. By this means the master took off the odium of punishment from himself ; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the slightest intimacy, was placed in such a light as to be shunned by every boy in the school.

ON THE VERSATILITY OF POPULAR FAVOUR.

AN alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war with France, pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers ; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia ; who may probably be changed in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

Our publican, in this, imitates the great exactly, who deal out their figures, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one, it is taken in, and another exhibited in its room, which seldom holds

its station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least, I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were also some knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "*Vides, mi fili, quàm leve discrimen patibulum inter et statuum* :—You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands; for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet; her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every

caprice ; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense : her admirers must play no tricks ; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting in his train. “ Pox take these fools,” he would say ; “ how much joy might all this bawling give my lord mayor !”

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late Duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor ; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common-place, except by illustrating it rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment ; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior, even to his own countrymen, in the

arts of refining upon every pleasure. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop ; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "What ! have you never heard of that immortal poet ?" returned the other, much surprised ; "that light of the eyes, that favourite of kings, that rose of perfection ! I suppose you know nothing of the immortal Fip-sihihi, second cousin to the moon ?" "Nothing at all, indeed, sir," returned the other. "Alas !" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has one of these fasted to death, and the other offered himself up as a sacrifice to the Tartar enemy, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China ?"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays ; the puny pedant who finds one undiscovered property in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail ; the rhymmer, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts ; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their turn. "Where was there ever so much merit

seen ? No times so important as our own ; ages yet unborn shall gaze with wonder and applause ! To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were be-praised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street ; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea ; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of this. We have fished up very little gold, that I can learn ; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations a herring-fishery.

SPECIMEN OF A MAGAZINE IN MINIATURE.

WE essayists, who are allowed but one subject at a time, are by no means so fortunate as the writers of magazines, who write upon several. If a magaziner be dull upon the Spanish war, he soon has us up again with the ghost in Cock-lane ; if the reader begins to doze upon that, he is quickly roused by an eastern tale ; tales prepare us for poetry, and poetry for the meteorolo-

gical history of the weather. It is the life and soul of a magazine never to be long dull upon one subject ; and the reader, like the sailor's horse, has at least the comfortable refreshment of having the spur often changed.

As I see no reason why they should carry off all the rewards of genius, I have some thoughts, for the future, of making my essays a magazine in miniature : I shall hop from subject to subject, and, if properly encouraged, I intend in time to adorn my *feuille-volant* with pictures. But to begin, in the usual form, with

*A modest Address to the Public in favour of the
Infernal Magazine.*

THE Public has been so often imposed upon by the unperforming promises of others, that it is with the utmost modesty we assure them of our inviolable design of giving the very best collection that ever astonished society. The public we honour and regard ; and therefore to instruct and entertain them is our highest ambition, with labours calculated as well to the head as the heart. If four extraordinary pages of letter-press be any recommendation of our wit, we may at least boast the honour of vindicating our own abilities. To say more in favour of the Infernal Magazine would be unworthy the public ; to say less, would be injurious to ourselves. As we have no interested motives for this undertaking, being a society of gentlemen of distinction, we disdain to eat or write like hirelings ; we are all gentlemen, and are therefore resolved to sell our sixpenny magazine merely for our own amusement.

Be careful to ask for the Infernal Magazine.

DEDICATION

TO THAT MOST INGENIOUS OF ALL PATRONS,
THE TRIPOLINE AMBASSADOR.

May it please your Excellency,

As your taste in the fine arts is universally allowed and admired, permit the authors of the Infernal Magazine to lay the following sheets humbly at your excellency's toe ; and should our labours ever have the happiness of one day adorning the courts of Fez, we doubt not that the influence wherewith we are honoured shall be ever retained with the most warm ardour by,

May it please your Excellency,

Your most devoted humble servants,

The Authors of the Infernal Magazine.

A SPEECH

SPOKEN BY THE INDIGENT PHILOSOPHER,
TO PERSUADE HIS CLUB AT CATEATON NOT
TO DECLARE WAR AGAINST SPAIN.

MY honest friends and brother politicians, I perceive that the intended war with Spain makes many of you uneasy. Yesterday, as we were told, the stocks rose, and you were glad ; to-day they fall, and you are again miserable. But, my dear friends, what is the rising or the falling of the stocks to us who have no money. Let Nathan Ben Funk, the Dutch Jew, be glad or sorry for this ; but, my good Mr Bellows-mender, what is all this to you or me ? You must mend broken

bellows, and I write bad prose, as long as we live, whether we like a Spanish war or not. Believe me, my honest friends, whatever you may talk of liberty and your own reason, both that liberty and reason are conditionally resigned by every poor man in every society ; and, as we are born to work, so others are born to watch over us while we are working. In the name of common sense, then, my good friends, let the great keep watch over us, and let us mind our business, and perhaps we may at last get money ourselves, and set beggars at work in our turn. I have a Latin sentence that is worth its weight in gold, and which I shall beg leave to translate for your instruction. An author, called Lily's Grammar, finely observes, that *Æs in presenti perfectum format* ; that is, "Ready money makes a perfect man." Let us then become perfect men, by getting ready money, and let them that will spend theirs by going to war with Spain.

RULES FOR BEHAVIOUR,

DRAWN UP BY THE INDIGENT PHILOSOPHER.

IF you be a rich man, you may enter the room with three loud hems, march deliberately up to the chimney, and turn your back to the fire. If you be a poor man, I would advise you to shrink into the room as fast as you can, and place yourself, as usual, upon the corner of a chair, in a remote corner.

When you are desired to sing in company, I would advise you to refuse ; for it is a thousand to one but that you torment us with affectation or a bad voice.

If you be young, and live with an old man, I would advise you not to like gravy. I was disinherited myself for liking gravy.

Don't laugh much in public: the spectators that are not as merry as you will hate you, either because they envy your happiness, or fancy themselves the subject of your mirth.

RULES FOR RAISING THE DEVIL.

Translated from the Latin of Danæus de Sortiariis, a Writer contemporary with Calvin, and one of the Reformers of our Church.

THE person who desires to raise the devil, is to sacrifice a dog, a cat, and a hen, all of his own property, to Beelzebub. He is to swear an eternal obedience, and then to receive a mark in some unseen place, either under the eyelid, or in the roof of the mouth, inflicted by the devil himself. Upon this he has power given him over three spirits; one for earth, another for air, and a third for the sea. Upon certain times the devil holds an assembly of magicians, in which each is to give an account of what evil he has done, and what he wishes to do. At this assembly he appears in the shape of an old man, or often like a goat with large horns. They, upon this occasion, renew their vows of obedience; and then form a grand dance in honour of their false deity. The deity instructs them in every method of injuring mankind, in gathering poisons, and of riding upon occasion through the air. He shows them the whole method, upon examination, of giving evasive answers; his spirits have power to assume the form of angels of light, and there is but one method of detecting them, viz. to ask them, in

proper form, what method is the most certain to propagate the faith over all the world? To this they are not permitted by the superior power to make a false reply, nor are they willing to give the true one; wherefore they continue silent, and are thus detected.

BEAU TIBBS: A CHARACTER.

THOUGH naturally pensive, yet I am fond of gay company, and take every opportunity of thus dismissing the mind from duty. From this motive I am often found in the centre of a crowd; and wherever pleasure is to be sold, am always a purchaser. In those places, without being remarked by any, I join in whatever goes forward, work my passions into a similitude of frivolous earnestness, shout as they shout, and condemn as they happen to disapprove. A mind thus sunk for a while below its natural standard, is qualified for stronger flights, as those first retire who would spring forward with greater vigour.

Attracted by the serenity of the evening, a friend and I lately went to gaze upon the company in one of the public walks near the city. Here we sauntered together for some time, either praising the beauty of such as were handsome, or the dresses of such as had nothing else to recommend them. We had gone thus deliberately forward for some time, when my friend, stopping on a sudden, caught me by the elbow, and led me out of the public walk. I could perceive, by the quickness of his pace, and by his frequently looking behind, that he was attempting to avoid

somebody who followed : we now turned to the right, then to the left ; as we went forward, he still went faster, but in vain ; the person whom he attempted to escape hunted us through every doubling, and gained upon us each moment ; so that at last we fairly stood still, resolving to face what we could not avoid.

Our pursuer soon came up, and joined us with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. “ My dear Charles,” cries he, shaking my friend’s hand, “ where have you been hiding this half-a-century ? Positively, I had fancied you had gone down to cultivate matrimony and your estate in the country.” During the reply, I had an opportunity of surveying the appearance of our new companion. His hat was pinched up with peculiar smartness : his looks were pale, thin, and sharp ; round his neck he wore a broad black riband, and in his bosom a buckle studded with glass ; his coat was trimmed with tarnished twist ; he wore by his side a sword with a black hilt ; and his stockings of silk, though newly washed, were grown yellow by long service. I was so much engaged by the peculiarity of his dress, that I attended only to the latter part of my friend’s reply ; in which he complimented Mr Tibbs on the taste of his clothes and the bloom in his countenance. “ Psha, psha, Charles,” cries the figure, “ no more of that if you love me : you know I hate flattery, on my soul I do ; and yet to be sure an intimacy with the great will improve one’s appearance, and a course of venison will fatten ; and yet faith I despise the great as much as you do : but there are a great many damned honest fellows among them, and

we must not quarrel with one half because the other wants breeding. If they were all such as my Lord Mudler, one of the most good-natured creatures that ever squeezed a lemon, I should myself be among the number of their admirers. I was yesterday to dine at the Duchess of Piccadilly's. My lord was there. Ned, says he to me, Ned, says he, I will hold gold to silver, I can tell you where you were poaching last night. Poaching ! my lord, says I ; faith you have missed already ; for I staid at home and let the girls poach for me. That is my way : I take a fine woman as some animals do their prey ; stand still, and swoop, they fall into my mouth."

" Ah, Tibbs, thou art a happy fellow," cried my companion, with looks of infinite pity. " I hope your fortune is as much improved as your understanding in such company." " Improved !" replied the other ; " you shall know—but let it go no farther,—a great secret—five hundred a-year to begin with.—My lord's word of honour for it ;—his lordship took me in his own chariot yesterday, and we had a tête-à-tête dinner in the country, where we talked of nothing else." " I fancy you forgot, sir," cried I, " you told us but this moment of your dining yesterday in town ?" " Did I say so ?" replied he coolly. " To be sure, if I said so, it was so.—Dined in town : egad, now I remember, I did dine in town ; but I dined in the country too : for you must know, my boys, I eat two dinners. By the bye, I am grown as nice as the devil in my eating. I will tell you a pleasant affair about that : we were a select party of us to dine at Lady Grogram's, an affected piece, but let it go

no farther ; a secret : Well, says I, I will hold a thousand guineas, and say, Done first, that— But, dear Charles, you are an honest creature : lend me half-a-crown for a minute or two, or so, just till—But hark'ee, ask me for it the next time we meet, or it may be twenty to one but I forget to pay you.”

When he left us, our conversation naturally turned upon so extraordinary a character. “ His very dress,” cries my friend, “ is not less extraordinary than his conduct. If you meet him this day, you find him in rags ; if the next, in embroidery. With those persons of distinction, of whom he talks so familiarly, he has scarce a coffeehouse acquaintance. However, both for the interest of society, and, perhaps, for his own, Heaven has made him poor : and while all the world perceives his wants, he fancies them concealed from every eye. An agreeable companion, because he understands flattery ; and all must be pleased with the first part of his conversation, though all are sure of its ending with a demand on their purse. While his youth countenances the levity of his conduct, he may thus earn a precarious subsistence ; but, when age comes on, the gravity of which is incompatible with buffoonery, then will he find himself forsaken by all : condemned in the decline of life to hang upon some rich family whom he once despised, there to undergo all the ingenuity of studied contempt ; to be employed only as a spy upon the servants, or a bugbear to fright children into duty.”

BEAU TIBBS—CONTINUED.

THERE are some acquaintances whom it is no easy matter to shake off. My little beau yesterday overtook me again in one of the public walks, and, slapping me on the shoulder, saluted me with an air of the most perfect familiarity. His dress was the same as usual, except that he had more powder in his hair, wore a dirtier shirt, and had on a pair of temple spectacles, and his hat under his arm.

As I knew him to be a harmless amusing little thing, I could not return his smiles with any degree of severity ; so we walked forward on terms of the utmost intimacy, and in a few minutes discussed all the usual topics preliminary to particular conversation.

The oddities that marked his character, however, soon began to appear ; he bowed to several well-dressed persons, who, by their manner of returning the compliment, appeared perfect strangers. At intervals he pulled out a pocket-book, seeming to take memorandums before all the company with much importance and assiduity. In this manner he led me through the length of the whole Mall, fretting at his absurdities, and fancying myself laughed at as well as him by every spectator.

When we were got to the end of our procession, “Blast me,” cries he, with an air of vivacity, “I never saw the Park so thin in my life before ; there’s no company at all to-day. Not a single face to be seen.”—“No company,” interrupted I, peevishly, “no company when there is such a crowd ! Why, man, there is too much. What

are the thousands that have been laughing at us but company ?"—“ Lord, my dear,” returned he with the utmost good humour, “ you seem immensely chagrined ; but, blast me, when the world laughs at me, I laugh at the world, and so we are even. My Lord Trip, Bill Squash the Creolian, and I, sometimes make a party at being ridiculous ; and so we say and do a thousand things for the joke’s sake. But I see you are grave ; and if you are for a fine grave sentimental companion, you shall dine with my wife to-day ; I must insist on’t ; I’ll introduce you to Mrs Tibbs, a lady of as elegant qualifications as any in nature ; she was bred, but that’s between ourselves, under the inspection of the Countess of Shoreditch. A charming body of voice ! But no more of that, she shall give us a song. You shall see my little girl too, Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Tibbs, a sweet pretty creature : I design her for my lord Drumstick’s eldest son ; but that’s in friendship, let it go no farther ; she’s but six years old, and yet she walks a minuet, and plays on the guitar, immensely already. I intend she shall be as perfect as possible in every accomplishment. In the first place, I’ll make her a scholar ; I’ll teach her Greek myself, and I intend to learn that language purposely to instruct her ; but let that be a secret.”

Thus saying, without waiting for a reply, he took me by the arm and hauled me along. We passed through many dark alleys and winding ways ; for, from some motives to me unknown, he seemed to have a particular aversion to every frequented street ; at last, however, we got to the door of a dismal-looking house in the outlets of

the town, where he informed me he chose to reside for the benefit of the air.

We entered the lower door, which seemed ever to lie most hospitably open; and I began to ascend an old and creaking staircase; when, as he mounted to show me the way, he demanded, whether I delighted in prospects? to which answering in the affirmative, "Then," said he, "I shall show you one of the most charming out of my windows; we shall see the ships sailing, and the whole country for twenty miles round, tip top, quite high. My Lord Swamp would give ten thousand guineas for such a one; but, as I sometimes pleasantly tell him, I always love to keep my prospects at home, that my friends may come to see me the oftener."

By this time we were arrived as high as the stairs would permit us to ascend, till we came to what he was facetiously pleased to call the first floor down the chimney; and knocking at the door, a voice, with a Scotch accent, from within demanded, "Wha's there?" My conductor answered, that it was him. But this not satisfying the querist, the voice again repeated the demand; to which he answered louder than before; and now the door was opened by an old maid-servant with cautious reluctance.

When we were got in, he welcomed me to his house with great ceremony, and turning to the old woman, asked where her lady was. "Good troth," replied she, in the northern dialect, "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because they have taken an oath against lending out the tub any longer."—"My two shirts!" cried he, in a tone that faltered with confusion, "what

does the idiot mean?"—"I ken what I mean well enough," replied the other; "she's washing your twa shirts at the next door, because——" "Fire and fury! no more of thy stupid explanations," cried he. "Go and inform her we have got company. Were that Scotch hag," continued he, turning to me, "to be for ever in my family, she would never learn politeness, nor forget that absurd poisonous accent of hers, or testify the smallest specimen of breeding or high life; and yet it is very surprising too, as I had her from a parliament-man, a friend of mine from the Highlands, one of the politest men in the world; but that's a secret."

We waited some time for Mrs Tibbs' arrival, during which interval I had a full opportunity of surveying the chamber and all its furniture; which consisted of four chairs with old wrought bottoms, that he assured me were his wife's embroidery; a square table that had been once japanned; a cradle in one corner, a lumber-cabinet in the other; a broken shepherdess, and a mandarin without a head, were stuck over the chimney; and round the walls several paltry, unframed pictures, which, he observed, were all of his own drawing. "What do you think, sir, of that head in the corner, done in the manner of Grisoni? There's the true keeping in it; it's my own face: and, though there happens to be no likeness, a countess offered me an hundred for its fellow: I refused her, for, hang it, that would be mechanical, you know."

The wife at last made her appearance; at once a slattern and coquet; much emaciated, but still carrying the remains of beauty. She made twen-

ty apologies for being seen in such an odious dishabille, but hoped to be excused, as she had staid out all night at Vauxhall Gardens with the countess, who was excessively fond of the horns. “And, indeed, my dear,” added she, turning to her husband, “his lordship drank your health in a bumper.”—“Poor Jack!” cries he, “a dear good-natured creature, I know he loves me; but I hope, my dear, you have given orders for dinner; you need make no great preparations neither, there are but three of us; something elegant, and little will do; a turbot, an ortolan, or a ——”—“Or what do you think, my dear,” interrupts the wife, “of a nice pretty bit of ox-cheek, piping hot, and dressed with a little of my own sauce?”—“The very thing,” replies he; “it will eat best with some smart bottled beer; but be sure to let’s have the sauce his grace was so fond of. I hate your immense loads of meat; that is country all over: extreme disgusting to those who are in the least acquainted with high life.”

By this time my curiosity began to abate, and my appetite to increase: the company of fools may at first make us smile, but at last never fails of rendering us melancholy. I therefore pretended to recollect a prior engagement, and after having shown my respect to the house, by giving the old servant a piece of money at the door, I took my leave; Mr Tibbs assuring me, that dinner, if I staid, would be ready at least in less than two hours.

ON THE IRRESOLUTION OF YOUTH.

As it has been observed, that few are better qualified to give others advice, than those who have taken the least of it themselves; so, in this respect, I find myself perfectly authorised to offer mine; and must take leave to throw together a few observations upon that part of a young man's conduct on his entering into life, as it is called.

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third, still unsteady, always changing. However, every change of this nature is for the worse; people may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not: whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age. In learning the useful part of every profession, very moderate abilities will suffice: great abilities are generally obnoxious to the possessors. Life has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves by observing, that the most swift are ever the most apt to stray from the course.

To know one profession only, is enough for one man to know; and this, whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary, is soon learned. Be contented, therefore, with one good employment; for if you understand two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

A conjurer and a tailor once happened to converse together. "Alas!" cries the tailor," what

an unhappy poor creature am I ! If people take it into their heads to live without clothes, I am undone ; I have no other trade to have recourse to.”—Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely,” replies the conjurer ; “ but, thank Heaven, things are not quite so bad with me : for, if one trick should fail, I have an hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you.” A famine overspread the land ; the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes ; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away : it was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins ; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

There are no obstructions more fatal to fortune than pride and resentment. If you must resent injuries at all, at least suppress your indignation till you become rich, and then show away. The resentment of a poor man is like the efforts of a harmless insect to sting ; it may get him crushed, but cannot defend him. Who values that anger which is consumed only in empty menaces ?

Once upon a time a goose fed its young by a pond side ; and a goose, in such circumstances, is always extremely proud, and excessively punctilious. If any other animal, without the least design to offend, happened to pass that way, the goose was immediately at it. The pond, she said, was hers, and she would maintain her right in it, and support her honour, while she had a

bill to hiss, or a wing to flutter. In this manner she drove away ducks, pigs, and chickens; nay, even the insidious cat was seen to scamper. A lounging mastiff, however, happened to pass by, and thought it no harm if he should lap a little of the water, as he was thirsty. The guardian goose flew at him like a fury, pecked at him with her beak, and slapped him with her feathers. The dog grew angry, and had twenty times a mind to give her a sly snap; but suppressing his indignation, because his master was nigh, "A pox take thee," cries he, "for a fool! sure those who have neither strength nor weapons to fight, at least should be civil." So saying, he went forward to the pond, quenched his thirst, in spite of the goose, and followed his master.

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that, while they are willing to take offence from none, they are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contiguous impression. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed: to bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

A painter of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom for every spectator to mark with a brush, that lay by, every limb and feature which

seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and in the general applauded ; but each, willing to show his talent at criticism, stigmatized whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot, not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner ; and exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied, and the artist returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty ; every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. “ Well,” cries the painter, “ I now find, that the best way to please all the world, is to attempt pleasing one-half of it.”

ON MAD DOGS.

INDULGENT nature seems to have exempted this island from many of those epidemic evils which are so fatal in other parts of the world. A want of rain for a few days beyond the expected season, in some parts of the globe, spreads famine, desolation, and terror, over the whole country ; but in this fortunate island of Britain, the inhabitant courts health in every breeze, and the husbandman ever sows in joyful expectation.

But, though the nation be exempt from real evils, it is not more happy on this account than others. The people are afflicted, it is true, with neither famine nor pestilence ; but then there is a

disorder peculiar to the country, which every season makes strange ravages among them; it spreads with pestilential rapidity, and infects almost every rank of people; what is still more strange, the natives have no name for this peculiar malady, though well known to foreign physicians by the appellation of Epidemic Terror.

A season is never known to pass in which the people are not visited by this cruel calamity in one shape or another, seemingly different, though ever the same: one year it issues from a baker's shop in the shape of a sixpenny loaf; the next it takes the appearance of a comet with a fiery tail; the third it threatens like a flat-bottomed boat; and the fourth it carries consternation in the bite of a mad dog. The people, when once infected, lose their relish for happiness, saunter about with looks of despondence, ask after the calamities of the day, and receive no comfort but in heightening each other's distress. It is insignificant how remote or near, how weak or powerful, the object of terror may be, when once they resolve to fright and be frightened; the merest trifles sow consternation and dismay; each proportions his fears, not to the object, but to the dread he discovers in the countenance of others; for, when once the fermentation is begun, it goes on of itself, though the original cause be discontinued which first set it in motion.

A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The phy-

sician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy, if he should offer to attack them. In short, the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem, by their present spirit, to show a resolution of being tamely bit by mad dogs no longer.

Their manner of knowing whether a dog be mad or no, somewhat resembles the ancient Gothic custom of trying witches. The old woman suspected was tied hand and foot, and thrown into the water. If she swam, then she was instantly carried off to be burned for a witch; if she sunk, then indeed she was acquitted of the charge, but drowned in the experiment. In the same manner a crowd gather round a dog suspected of madness, and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side. If he attempts to stand upon the defensive, and bite, then he is unanimously found guilty, for "a mad dog always snaps at every thing." If, on the contrary, he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, for "mad dogs always run straight forward before them."

It is pleasant enough for a neutral being like me, who have no share in those ideal calamities, to mark the stages of this national disease. The terror at first feebly enters with a disregarded story of a little dog that had gone through a neighbouring village, which was thought to be mad by several who had seen him. The next account comes, that a mastiff ran through a certain town, and had bit five geese, which immediately ran mad, foamed at the bill, and died in great

agonies soon after. Then comes an affecting story of a little boy bit in the leg, and gone down to be dipped in the salt water. When the people have sufficiently shuddered at that, they are next congealed with a frightful account of a man who was said lately to have died from a bite he had received some years before. This relation only prepares the way for another still more hideous ; as how the master of a family, with seven small children, were all bit by a mad lap-dog ; and how the poor father first perceived the infection, by calling for a draught of water, where he saw the lap-dog swimming in the cup.

When epidemic terror is thus once excited, every morning comes loaded with some new disaster : as, in stories of ghosts, each loves to hear the account, though it only serves to make him uneasy ; so here, each listens with eagerness, and adds to the tidings with new circumstances of peculiar horror. A lady, for instance, in the country, of very weak nerves, had been frightened by the barking of a dog ; and this, alas ! too frequently happens. The story soon is improved, and spreads, that a mad dog had frightened a lady of distinction. These circumstances begin to grow terrible before they have reached the neighbouring village, and there the report is, that a lady of quality was bit by a mad mastiff. This account every moment gathers new strength, and grows more dismal as it approaches the capital ; and, by the time it has arrived in town, the lady is described, with wild eyes, foaming mouth, running mad upon all four, barking like a dog, biting her servants, and at last smothered between two beds by the advice of her doctors ; while the

mad mastiff is, in the meantime, ranging the whole country over, slavering at the mouth, and seeking whom he may devour.

My landlady, a good-natured woman, but a little credulous, waked me some mornings ago before the usual hour, with horror and astonishment in her looks. She desired me, if I had any regard for my safety, to keep within ; for a few days ago, so dismal an accident had happened as to put all the world upon their guard. A mad dog down in the country, she assured me, had bit a farmer, who, soon becoming mad, ran into his own yard and bit a fine brindled cow ; the cow quickly became as mad as the man, began to foam at the mouth, and raising herself up, walked about on her hind-legs, sometimes barking like a dog, and sometimes attempting to talk like the farmer. Upon examining the grounds of this story, I found my landlady had it from one neighbour, who had it from another neighbour, who heard it from very good authority.

Were most stories of this nature well examined, it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer were no way injured : and that of those who have been actually bitten, not one in a hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts in general, therefore, only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors ; and sometimes fright the patient into actual phrensy, by creating those very symptoms they pretended to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death (and four is probably too large a concession), yet still it is not considered how many are preserved in their health and in

their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance ; the insidious thief is often detected ; the healthful chase repairs many a worn constitution : and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

“ A dog,” says one of the English poets, “ is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs.” Of all the beasts that graze the lawn, or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal that, leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man : to man he looks, in all his necessities, with a speaking eye for assistance ; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure ; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation ; no injuries can abate his fidelity, no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor ; studious to please, and fearing to offend, he is still an humble, stedfast dependant ; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind then to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man ! How ungrateful a return to the trusty animal for all its services !

ON THE INCREASED LOVE OF LIFE WITH AGE.

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at

last the prevailing passion of the mind ; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable ! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity ; and sensations assure me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade ; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty ; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue ; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this increased love of life which grows upon us with our years ? Whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping ? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments ; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil ? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than in the vigour of manhood ; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery : but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial ; and life ac-

quires an imaginary value in proportion as its value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in darkness and solitude for more than sixty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chin-

vang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison ; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace : I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed, in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison ; we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and imbitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance ; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing ; its company pleases ; yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend ; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation ; it hath no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise ; yet still we love it ; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it ; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave—an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted

even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living ; was tired of walking round the same circle ; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. “ If life be in youth so displeasing,” cried he to himself, “ what will it appear when age comes on ? If it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable.” This thought imbittered every reflection ; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol ! Had this self-deluded man been apprised that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would then have faced old age without shrinking ; he would have boldly dared to live ; and served that society, by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.

ON THE

LADIES' PASSION FOR LEVELLING
ALL DISTINCTION OF DRESS.

FOREIGNERS observe, that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful, or more ill-dressed, than those of England. Our country-women have been compared to those pictures, where the face is the work of a Raphael, but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design.

If I were a poet, I might observe, on this occasion, that so much beauty, set off with all the advantages of dress, would be too powerful an antagonist for the opposite sex ; and therefore it

was wisely ordered that our ladies should want taste, lest their admirers should entirely want reason.

But, to confess a truth, I do not find they have a greater aversion to fine clothes than the women of any other country whatsoever. I cannot fancy that a shopkeeper's wife in Cheapside has a greater tenderness for the fortune of her husband, than a citizen's wife in Paris; or that miss in a boarding-school is more an economist in dress than mademoiselle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general there as with us. They study there the happy method of uniting grace and fashion, and never excuse a woman for being awkwardly dressed, by saying her clothes are in the mode. A French woman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.

The English ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard of grace but the run of the town. If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature, ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens, and playhouses, are filled with ladies in uniform; and their whole appearance shows as little variety of taste as if their clothes were be-

spoke by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the artist who dresses the three battalions of guards.

But not only the ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion for levelling all distinction in dress. The lady of no quality travels first behind the lady of some quality; and a woman of sixty is as gaudy as her grand-daughter. A friend of mine, a good-natured old man, amused me the other day with an account of his journey to the Mall. It seems, in his walk thither, he, for some time, followed a lady, who, as he thought by her dress, was a girl of fifteen. It was airy, elegant, and youthful. My old friend had called up all his poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligee. He had prepared his imagination for an angel's face; but what was his mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than his cousin Hannah, some years older than himself!

But to give it in his own words: "After the transports of our first salute," said he, "were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole appearance. Her gown was of cambric, cut short before, in order to discover a high-heeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the toe. Her cap consisted of a few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted paper stuck on one side of her head. Her bosom, that had felt no hand but the hand of time these twenty years, rose, suing to be pressed. I could, indeed, have wished her more than a handkerchief of Paris net to shade her beauties; for, as Tasso says of the rose-bud,

“ Quanto si mostra men, tanto e piu bella.” A female breast is generally thought most beautiful as it is more sparingly discovered.

“ As my cousin had not put on all this finery for nothing, she was at that time sallying out to the Park, where I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig, she offered, if I would squire her there, to send home the footman. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not, with any civility, refuse; so, to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and thus we marched on together.

“ When we made our entry at the Park, two antiquated figures, so polite and so tender, soon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among crowds who were out to show their finery as well as we, wherever we came, I perceived we brought good-humour with us. The polite could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a horse-laugh, at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine; while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half-way up the Mall, we both began to grow peevish, and, like two mice on a string, endeavoured to revenge the impertinence of the spectators on each other. ‘ I am amazed, Cousin Jeffery,’ says miss, ‘ that I can never get you to dress like a Christian. I knew that we should have the eyes of the Park upon us, with your great wig, so frizzled, and yet so beggarly, and your monstrous muff. I hate

those odious muffs.' I could have patiently borne a criticism on all the rest of my equipage ; but as I had always a peculiar veneration for my muff, I could not forbear being piqued a little ; and throwing my eyes with a spiteful air on her bosom, ' I could heartily wish, madam,' replied I, ' that, for your sake, my muff was cut into a tippet.'

" As my cousin, by this time, was grown heartily ashamed of her gentleman-usher, and as I was never very fond of any kind of exhibition myself, it was mutually agreed to retire for a while to one of the seats, and, from that retreat, remark on others as freely as they had remarked on us.

" When seated, we continued silent for some time, employed in very different speculations. I regarded the whole company, now passing in review before me, as drawn out merely for my amusement. For my entertainment the beauty had, all that morning, been improving her charms : the beau had put on lace, and the young doctor a big wig, merely to please me. But quite different were the sentiments of cousin Hannah : she regarded every well-dressed woman as a victorious rival ; hated every face that seemed dressed in good humour, or wore the appearance of greater happiness than her own. I perceived her uneasiness, and attempted to lessen it, by observing that there was no company in the Park to-day. To this she readily assented ; ' And yet,' says she, ' it is full enough of scrubs of one kind or another.' My smiling at this observation gave her spirits to pursue the bent of her inclination, and now she began to exhibit her skill in secret history, as she found me disposed to listen. ' Ob-

serve,' says she to me, ' that old woman in tawdry silk, and dressed out beyond the fashion. That is Miss Biddy Evergreen. Miss Biddy, it seems, has money ; and as she considers that money was never so scarce as it is now, she seems resolved to keep what she has to herself. She is ugly enough, you see ; yet, I assure you, she has refused several offers, to my knowledge, within this twelvemonth. Let me see, three gentlemen from Ireland, who study the law, two waiting captains, her doctor, and a Scots preacher, who had like to have carried her off. All her time is passed between sickness and finery. Thus she spends the whole week in a close chamber, with no other company but her monkey, her apothecary, and cat ; and comes dressed out to the Park every Sunday to show her airs, to get new lovers, to catch a new cold, and to make new work for the doctor.

“ ‘ There goes Mrs Roundabout, I mean the fat lady in the luring trollopee. Between you and I, she is but a cutler's wife. See how she's dressed, as fine as hands and pins can make her, while her two marriageable daughters, like bunters, in stuff gowns, are now taking sixpenny-worth of tea at the White Conduit-house. Odious puss, how she waddles along, with her train two yards behind her ! She puts me in mind of my Lord Bantam's Indian sheep, which are obliged to have their monstrous tails trundled along in a go-cart. For all her airs, it goes to her husband's heart to see four yards of good lustring wearing against the ground, like one of his knives on a grindstone. To speak my mind, cousin Jeffery, I never liked those tails ; for, suppose a

young fellow should be rude, and the lady should offer to step back in the fright, instead of retiring, she treads upon her train, and falls fairly on her back; and then you know, cousin—her clothes may be spoiled.

“ ‘ Ah ! Miss Mazzard ! I knew we should not miss her in the Park ; she in the monstrous Prussian bonnet ! Miss, though so very fine, was bred a milliner ; and might have had some custom if she had minded her business ; but the girl was fond of finery, and, instead of dressing her customers, laid out all her goods in adorning herself. Every new gown she put on impaired her credit ; she still, however, went on, improving her appearance and lessening her little fortune, and is now, you see, become a belle and a bankrupt.’ ”

“ My cousin was proceeding in her remarks, which were interrupted by the approach of the very lady she had been so freely describing. Miss had perceived her at a distance, and approached to salute her. I found, by the warmth of the two ladies’ protestations, that they had been long intimate, esteemed friends and acquaintance. Both were so pleased at this happy rencounter, that they were resolved not to part for the day. So we all crossed the Park together, and I saw them into a hackney-coach at St James’s.”

ASEM, AN EASTERN TALE ;

OR, THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE IN THE
MORAL GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD.

WHERE Tauris lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous nature ; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the man-hater.

Asem had spent his youth with men ; had shared in their amusements ; and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection ; but, from the tenderness of his disposition, he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain ; the weary traveller never passed his door ; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.

From a fortune thus spent in benevolence, he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved ; and made his application with confidence of redress : the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity ; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon, therefore, began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them : he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist : wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he

hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew; namely, with his own.

A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the weather; fruits, gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom, reflecting on its broad surface the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and, reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. "How beautiful," he often cried, "is nature! how lovely, even in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence a hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise, but man: vile man is a solecism in nature; the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the

Divine Creator? Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfectly moral agent. Why, why, then, O Alla! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair?"

Just as he uttered the word despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety; when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

"Son of Adam," cried the genius, "stop thy rash purpose; the Father of the Faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries; and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow, without trembling, wherever I shall lead; in me behold the genius of conviction, kept by the great prophet, to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me and be wise."

Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till, coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms, till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when

he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

“ I plainly perceive your amazement,” said the genius ; “ but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by Alla, at the request, and under the inspection, of our great prophet ; who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas ; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth, but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it ; but permit me, for some time, to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation.”

“ A world without vice ! Rational beings without immorality !” cried Asem, in a rapture ; “ I thank thee, O Alla, who hast at length heard my petitions ; this, this indeed will produce happiness, ecstasy, and ease. O for an immortality, to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes that render society miserable !”

“ Cease thine acclamations,” replied the genius. “ Look around thee ; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor.” Asem and his companion travelled on

in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment ; but, at last, recovering his former serenity, he could not help observing that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primeval wildness.

“ Here,” cried Asem, “ I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence ; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals, which only prey on the other parts of the creation.”—“ Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find, remarkable,” said the genius, smiling. “ But, with regard to meaner creatures, this world exactly resembles the other ; and, indeed, for obvious reasons : for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on her vegetable productions. So that animals of different natures thus formed, instead of lessening their multitude, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction.”

They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice ; and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. “ Heavens !” cried Asem,

“ why does he fly ? What can he fear from animals so contemptible ? ” He had scarce spoken, when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who, with equal terror and haste, attempted to avoid them. “ This,” cried Asem to his guide, “ is truly surprising ; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action. ”— “ Every species of animals,” replied the genius, “ has of late grown very powerful in this country ; for the inhabitants, at first, thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers. ”— “ But they should have been destroyed,” cried Asem ; “ you see the consequence of such neglect. ”— “ Where is then that tenderness you so lately expressed for subordinate animals ? ” replied the genius, smiling : “ you seem to have forgot that branch of justice. ”— “ I must acknowledge my mistake,” returned Asem ; “ I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connexions with one another. ”

As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor, perceiving his surprise, observed, that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity ; each had a house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family ; they were too good to build houses which could only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectator ;

what they built was for convenience, and not for show. "At least, then," said Asem, "they have neither architects, painters, nor statuaries, in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarce any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so much enamoured as wisdom."—"Wisdom!" replied his instructor: "how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here? Each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity, and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them."—"All this may be right," says Asem: but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society, or without intercourse."—"That, indeed, is true," replied the other; "here is no established society, nor should there be any: all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship where all are equally meritorious."—"Well, then," said the sceptic, "as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad, at least, of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts,

and to whom I may communicate mine.”—“ And to what purpose should either do this ?” says the genius : “ flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here ; and wisdom is out of the question.”

“ Still, however,” said Asem, “ the inhabitants must be happy ; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence ; each has therefore leisure to pity those that stand in need of his compassion.” He had scarce spoken, when his ears were assaulted by the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and, in the most deplorable distress, seemed greatly to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. “ Strange,” cried the son of Adam, “ that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief !”—“ Be not surprised,” said the wretch who was dying, “ would it not be the utmost injustice for beings, who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine ? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary ; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with.”—“ They should have been supplied with more than is necessary,” cried Asem ; “ and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before : all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have, however, another excellence yet behind ; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their dar-

ling virtues.”—“Peace, Asem,” replied the guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, “nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom; the same selfish motives by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferable to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that, you see, is practised here.”—“Strange!” cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; “what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy; fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here; thus it seems, that to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my genius, back to that very world which I have despised: a world which has Alla for its contriver, is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only showed my own ignorance; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others.”

He had scarce ended, when the genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world, when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot

had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn, so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the water-side in tranquillity, and, leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city, where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence ; the number of his domestics increased ; his friends came to him from every part of the city, nor did he receive them with disdain ; and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

ON THE ENGLISH CLERGY, AND POPULAR PREACHERS.

IT is allowed on all hands, that our English divines receive a more liberal education, and improve that education by frequent study, more than any others of this reverend profession in Europe. In general, also, it may be observed, that a greater degree of gentility is affixed to the character of a student in England than elsewhere : by which means our clergy have an opportunity of seeing better company while young, and of sooner wearing off those prejudices which they are apt to imbibe even in the best regulated universities, and which may be justly termed the vulgar errors of the wise.

Yet, with all these advantages, it is very obvious, that the clergy are no where so little thought of by the populace as here ; and, though our di-

vines are foremost with respect to abilities, yet they are found last in the effects of their ministry ; the vulgar, in general, appearing no way impressed with a sense of religious duty. I am not for whining at the depravity of the times, or for endeavouring to paint a prospect more gloomy than in nature ; but certain it is, no person who has travelled will contradict me, when I aver, that the lower orders of mankind, in other countries, testify, on every occasion, the profoundest awe of religion, while, in England, they are scarcely awakened into a sense of its duties, even in circumstances of the greatest distress.

This dissolute and fearless conduct foreigners are apt to attribute to climate and constitution : may not the vulgar, being pretty much neglected in our exhortations from the pulpit, be a conspiring cause ? Our divines seldom stoop to their mean capacities ; and they who want instruction most, find least in our religious assemblies.

Whatever may become of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar should be particularly regarded, whose behaviour in civil life is totally hinged upon their hopes and fears. Those who constitute the basis of the great fabric of society, should be particularly regarded ; for, in policy, as architecture, ruin is most fatal when it begins from the bottom.

Men of real sense and understanding prefer a prudent mediocrity to a precarious popularity ; and, fearing to outdo their duty, leave it half done. Their discourses from the pulpit are generally dry, methodical, and unaffecting ; delivered with the most insipid calmness ; insomuch,

that should the peaceful preacher lift his hand over the cushion, which alone he seems to address, he might discover his audience, instead of being awakened to remorse, actually sleeping over his methodical and laboured composition.

This method of preaching is, however, by some called an address to reason, and not to the passions ; this is styled the making of converts from conviction : but such are indifferently acquainted with human nature, who are not sensible that men seldom reason about their debaucheries till they are committed. Reason is but a weak antagonist when headlong passion dictates ; in all such cases we should arm one passion against another : it is with the human mind as in nature ; from the mixture of two opposites, the result is most frequently neutral tranquillity. Those who attempt to reason us out of our follies, begin at the wrong end, since the attempt naturally pre-supposes us capable of reason ; but to be made capable of this, is one great point of the cure.

There are but few talents requisite to become a popular preacher ; for the people are easily pleased, if they perceive any endeavours in the orator to please them ; the meanest qualifications will work this effect, if the preacher sincerely sets about it. Perhaps little, indeed very little more is required, than sincerity and assurance ; and a becoming sincerity is always certain of producing a becoming assurance. “ *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum tibi ipsi,*” is so trite a quotation, that it almost demands an apology to repeat it ; yet, though all allow the justice of the remark, how few do we find put it in practice ! Our orators, with the most faulty bashfulness, seem impressed rather

with an awe of their audience, than with a just respect for the truths they are about to deliver ; they, of all professions, seem the most bashful, who have the greatest right to glory in their commission.

The French preachers generally assume all that dignity which becomes men who are ambassadors from Christ ; the English divines, like erroneous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent, than to drive home the interests of their employer. The bishop of Massilon, in the first sermon he ever preached, found the whole audience, upon his getting into the pulpit, in a disposition no way favourable to his intentions ; their nods, whispers, or drowsy behaviour, showed him that there was no great profit to be expected from his sowing in a soil so improper ; however, he soon changed the disposition of his audience by his manner of beginning. “ If,” says he, “ a cause, the most important that could be conceived, were to be tried at the bar before qualified judges ; if this cause interested ourselves in particular ; if the eyes of the whole kingdom were fixed upon the event ; if the most eminent counsel were employed on both sides ; and if we had heard from our infancy of this yet undetermined trial ; would you not all sit with due attention, and warm expectation, to the pleadings on each side ? Would not all your hopes and fears be hinged upon the final decision ? And yet, let me tell you, you have this moment a cause of much greater importance before you ; a cause where not one nation, but all the world, are spectators : tried not before a fallible tribunal, but the awful throne of Heaven ; where not your tempo-

ral and transitory interests are the subject of debate, but your eternal happiness or misery ; where the cause is still undetermined, but, perhaps, the very moment I am speaking may fix the irrevocable decree that shall last for ever : and yet, notwithstanding all this, you can hardly sit with patience to hear the tidings of your own salvation ; I plead the cause of Heaven, and yet I am scarcely attended to," &c.

The style, the abruptness of a beginning like this, in the closet would appear absurd ; but in the pulpit it is attended with the most lasting impressions : that style which, in the closet, might justly be called flimsy, seems the true mode of eloquence here. I never read a fine composition under the title of sermon, that I do not think the author has miscalled his piece ; for the talents to be used in writing well entirely differ from those of speaking well. The qualifications for speaking, as has been already observed, are easily acquired ; they are accomplishments which may be taken up by every candidate who will be at the pains of stooping. Impressed with a sense of the truths he is about to deliver, a preacher disregards the applause or the contempt of his audience, and he insensibly assumes a just and manly sincerity. With this talent alone we see what crowds are drawn around enthusiasts, even destitute of common sense ; what numbers converted to Christianity. Folly may sometimes set an example for wisdom to practise ; and our regular divines may borrow instruction from even methodists, who go their circuits, and preach prizes among the populace. Even Whitfield may be placed as a model to some of our young divines : let them join to

their own good sense his earnest manner of delivery.

It will be perhaps objected, that, by confining the excellencies of a preacher to proper assurance, earnestness, and openness of style, I make the qualifications too trifling for estimation: there will be something called oratory brought up on this occasion; action, attitude, grace, elocution, may be repeated as absolutely necessary to complete the character: but let us not be deceived; common sense is seldom swayed by fine tones, musical periods, just attitudes, or the display of a white handkerchief; oratorical behaviour, except in very able hands indeed, generally sinks into awkward and paltry affectation.

It must be observed, however, that these rules are calculated only for him who would instruct the vulgar, who stand in most need of instruction; to address philosophers, and to obtain the character of a polite preacher among the polite—a much more useless, though more sought-for character—requires a different method of proceeding. All I shall observe on this head is, to entreat the polemic divine, in his controversy with the deist, to act rather offensively than to defend; to push home the grounds of his belief, and the impracticability of theirs, rather than to spend time in solving the objections of every opponent. “It is ten to one,” says a late writer on the art of war, “but that the assailant who attacks the enemy in his trenches is always victorious.”

Yet, upon the whole, our clergy might employ themselves more to the benefit of society, by declining all controversy, than by exhibiting even the profoundest skill in polemic disputes: their

contests with each other often turn on speculative trifles ; and their disputes with the deists are almost at an end, since they can have no more than victory ; and that they are already possessed of, as their antagonists have been driven into a confession of the necessity of revelation, or an open avowal of atheism. To continue the dispute longer would only endanger it ; the sceptic is ever expert at puzzling a debate which he finds himself unable to continue, “ and, like an Olympic boxer, generally fights best when undermost.”

ON THE ADVANTAGES TO BE DERIVED FROM SENDING A JUDICIOUS TRAVELLER INTO ASIA.

I HAVE frequently been amazed at the ignorance of almost all the European travellers who have penetrated any considerable way eastward into Asia. They have all been influenced either by motives of commerce or piety, and their accounts are such as might be reasonably expected from men of a very narrow or very prejudiced education—the dictates of superstition, or the result of ignorance. Is it not surprising, that, of such a variety of adventurers, not one single philosopher should be found among the number ? For, as to the travels of Gemelli, the learned are long agreed that the whole is but an imposture.

There is scarce any country, how rude or uncultivated soever, where the inhabitants are not possessed of some peculiar secrets, either in nature or art, which might be transplanted with success ; thus, for instance, in Siberian Tartary, the

natives extract a strong spirit from milk, which is a secret probably unknown to the chemists in Europe. In the most savage parts of India, they are possessed of the secret of dying vegetable substances scarlet, and likewise that of refining lead into a metal, which, for hardness and colour, is little inferior to silver ; not one of which secrets but would, in Europe, make a man's fortune. The power of the Asiatics in producing winds, or bringing down rain, the Europeans are apt to treat as fabulous, because they have no instances of the like nature among themselves ; but they would have treated the secrets of gunpowder and the mariner's compass in the same manner, had they been told the Chinese used such arts before the invention was common with themselves at home.

Of all the English philosophers, I most reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius : he it is, who, undaunted by the seeming difficulties that oppose, prompts human curiosity to examine every part of nature ; and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot subject the tempest, the thunder, and even earthquakes, to human control. Oh ! had a man of his daring spirit, of his genius, penetration, and learning, travelled to those countries which have been visited only by the superstitious and mercenary, what might not mankind expect ! How would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled ! and what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he not bring back in exchange !

There is probably no country so barbarous, that would not disclose all it knew, if it received equivalent information ; and I am apt to think, that

a person who was ready to give more knowledge than he received, would be welcome wherever he came. All his care in travelling should only be, to suit his intellectual banquet to the people with whom he conversed ; he should not attempt to teach the unlettered Tartar astronomy, nor yet instruct the polite Chinese in the arts of subsistence : he should endeavour to improve the barbarian in the secrets of living comfortably ; and the inhabitant of a more refined country, in the speculative pleasures of science. How much more nobly would a philosopher, thus employed, spend his time, than by sitting at home, earnestly intent upon adding one star more to his catalogue, or one monster more to his collection ; or still, if possible, more triflingly sedulous, in the incatination of fleas, or the sculpture of cherry-stones.

I never consider this subject without being surprised that none of those societies so laudably established in England for the promotion of arts and learning, have ever thought of sending one of their members into the most eastern parts of Asia, to make what discoveries he was able. To be convinced of the utility of such an undertaking, let them but read the relations of their own travellers. It will there be found, that they are as often deceived themselves as they attempt to deceive others. The merchants tell us, perhaps, the price of different commodities, the methods of baling them up, and the properest manner for a European to preserve his health in that country. The missionary, on the other hand, informs us with what pleasure the country to which he was sent embraced Christianity, and the numbers he converted ; what methods he took to keep Lent in a

region where there was no fish, or the shifts he made to celebrate the rites of his religion, in places where there was neither bread nor wine : such accounts, with the usual appendage of marriages and funerals, inscriptions, rivers, and mountains, make up the whole of a European traveller's diary : but as to all the secrets of which the inhabitants are possessed, those are universally attributed to magic ; and when the traveller can give no other account of the wonders he sees performed, he very contentedly ascribes them to the devil.

It was a usual observation of Boyle, the English chemist, that, if every artist would but discover what new observations occurred to him in the exercise of his trade, philosophy would thence gain innumerable improvements. It may be observed, with still greater justice, that, if the useful knowledge of every country, howsoever barbarous, was gleaned by a judicious observer, the advantages would be inestimable. Are there not, even in Europe, many useful inventions known or practised but in one place ? Their instrument, as an example, for cutting down corn in Germany, is much more handy and expeditious, in my opinion, than the sickle used in England. The cheap and expeditious manner of making vinegar, without previous fermentation, is known only in a part of France. If such discoveries, therefore, remain still to be known at home, what funds of knowledge might not be collected in countries yet unexplored, or only passed through by ignorant travellers in hasty caravans ?

The caution with which foreigners are received in Asia may be alleged as an objection to such a design. But how readily have several European

merchants found admission into regions the most suspicious, under the character of Sanjapins, or northern pilgrims? To such, not even China itself denies access.

To send out a traveller properly qualified for these purposes, might be an object of national concern: it would, in some measure, repair the breaches made by ambition, and might show that there were still some who boasted a greater name than that of patriots, who professed themselves lovers of men.

The only difficulty would remain in choosing a proper person for so arduous an enterprise. He should be a man of a philosophical turn; one apt to deduce consequences of general utility from particular occurrences; neither swoln with pride, nor hardened by prejudice; neither wedded to one particular system, nor instructed only in one particular science; neither wholly a botanist, nor quite an antiquarian: his mind should be tinctured with miscellaneous knowledge, and his manners humanized by an intercourse with men. He should be, in some measure, an enthusiast to the design; fond of travelling, from a rapid imagination, and an innate love of change; furnished with a body capable of sustaining every fatigue, and a heart not easily terrified at danger.

A REVERIE AT THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN, IN EASTCHEAP.

THE improvements we make in mental acquirements only render us each day more sensible of the defects of our constitution: with this in view,

therefore, let us often recur to the amusements of youth ; endeavour to forget age and wisdom, and, as far as innocence goes, be as much a boy as the best of them.

Let idle declaimers mourn over the degeneracy of the age ; but, in my opinion, every age is the same. This I am sure of, that man, in every season, is a poor, fretful being, with no other means to escape the calamities of the times, but by endeavouring to forget them ; for, if he attempts to resist, he is certainly undone. If I feel poverty and pain, I am not so hardy as to quarrel with the executioner, even while under correction : I find myself no way disposed to make fine speeches, while I am making wry faces. In a word, let me drink when the fit is on, to make me insensible ; and drink when it is over, for joy that I feel pain no longer.

The character of old Falstaff, even with all his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom : I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and showing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Sure I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical, as he. Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity ?—Age, care, wisdom, reflection, begone !—I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle : here's to the memory of Shakspeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap.

Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's-head tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honoured

by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral, merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth ; wished to be young again ; but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight ; and transported my imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity : the oak floor, the Gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time : the watchman had gone twelve : my companions had all stolen off, and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wished to know the history of a tavern that had such a long succession of customers : I could not help thinking, that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast of the manners of different ages ; but my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze, and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do ; and, though he said nothing, yet was never silent ; one good joke followed another good joke, and the best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at last, however, his wine and his conversation operate by degrees : he insensibly began to alter his appearance. His cravat seemed quilled into a ruff, and his breeches swelled into a fardingale. I now fancied him changing sexes ; and, as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, sleep made but few changes in my situation ; the

tavern, the apartment, and the table, continued as before ; nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman, whom I knew to be dame Quickly, mistress of this tavern in the days of Sir John ; and the liquor we were drinking, which seemed converted into sack and sugar.

“ My dear Mrs Quickly,” cried I (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight), “ I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below stairs ? Brave and hearty, I hope ? ” — “ In good sooth,” replied she, “ he did deserve to live for ever ; but he maketh foul work on’t where he hath flitted. Queen Proserpine and he have quarrelled for his attempting a rape upon her divinity ; and were it not that she still had bowels of compassion, it more than seems probable he might have been now sprawling in Tartarus.”

I now found that spirits still preserve the frailties of the flesh ; and that, according to the laws of criticism and dreaming, ghosts have been known to be guilty of even more than Platonic affection : wherefore, as I found her too much moved on such a topic to proceed, I was resolved to change the subject ; and desiring she would pledge me in a bumper, observed with a sigh, that our sack was nothing now to what it was in former days.”

“ Ah, Mrs Quickly, those were merry times when you drew sack for Prince Henry : men were twice as strong, and twice as wise, and much braver, and ten thousand times more charitable, than now. Those were the times ! The battle of Agincourt was a victory indeed ! Ever since that, we have only been degenerating ; and I have lived

to see the day when drinking is no longer fashionable. When men wear clean shirts, and women show their necks and arms, all are degenerated, Mrs Quickly ; and we shall probably, in another century, be fritted away into beaux or monkeys. Had you been on earth to see what I have seen, it would congeal all the blood in your body (your soul I mean). Why, our very nobility now have the intolerable arrogance, in spite of what is every day remonstrated from the press ; our very nobility, I say, have the assurance to frequent assemblies, and presume to be as merry as the vulgar. See, my very friends have scarce manhood enough to sit till eleven ; and I only am left to make a night on't. Pr'ythee do me the favour to console me a little for their absence by the story of your own adventures, or the history of the tavern where we are now sitting. I fancy the narrative may have something singular."

"Observe this apartment," interrupted my companion, "of neat device and excellent workmanship.—In this room I have lived, child, woman, and ghost, more than three hundred years : I am ordered by Pluto to keep an annual register of every transaction that passeth here ; and I have whilom compiled three hundred tomes, which eftsoons may be submitted to thy regards."—"None of your whiloms or eftsoons, Mrs Quickly, if you please," I replied ; "I know you can talk every whit as well as I can ; for, as you have lived here so long, it is but natural to suppose you should learn the conversation of the company. Believe me, dame, at best, you have neither too much sense, nor too much language, to spare ; so give me both as well as you can : but first, my

service to you ; old women should water their clay a little now and then ; and now to your story."

"The story of my own adventures," replied the vision, "is but short and unsatisfactory ; for, believe me, Mr Rigmarole, believe me, a woman with a butt of sack at her elbow is never long-lived. Sir John's death afflicted me to such a degree, that I sincerely believe, to drown sorrow, I drank more liquor myself than I drew to my customers : my grief was sincere, and the sack was excellent. The prior of a neighbouring convent (for our priors then had as much power as a Middlesex justice now), he, I say, it was who gave me a license for keeping a disorderly house, upon condition that I should never make hard bargains with the clergy ; that he should have a bottle of sack every morning, and the liberty of confessing which of my girls he thought proper in private every night. I had continued for several years to pay this tribute ; and he, it must be confessed, continued as rigorously to exact it. I grew old insensibly ; my customers continued, however, to compliment my looks while I was by, but I could hear them say I was wearing when my back was turned. The prior, however, still was constant, and so were half his convent ; but one fatal morning he missed the usual beverage, for I had incautiously drank over-night the last bottle myself. What will you have on't ? The very next day Doll Tearsheet and I were sent to the house of correction, and accused of keeping a low bawdy-house. In short, we were so well purified there with stripes, mortification, and penance, that we were afterwards utterly unfit for worldly conversation : though sack would have killed me, had I stuck to

it, yet I soon died for want of a drop of something comfortable, and fairly left my body to the care of the beadle.

“Such is my own history ; but that of the tavern where I have ever since been stationed affords greater variety. In the history of this, which is one of the oldest in London, you may view the different manners, pleasures, and follies of men, at different periods.—You will find mankind neither better nor worse now than formerly : the vices of an uncivilized people are generally more detestable, though not so frequent, as those in polite society. It is the same luxury which formerly stuffed your alderman with plum-porridge, and now crams him with turtle. It is the same low ambition that formerly induced a courtier to give up his religion to please his king, and now persuades him to give up his conscience to please his minister. It is the same vanity that formerly stained our ladies’ cheeks and necks with woad, and now paints them with carmine. Your ancient Briton formerly powdered his hair with red earth, like brick-dust, in order to appear frightful : your modern Briton cuts his hair on the crown, and plasters it with hog’s-lard and flour ; and this to make him look killing. It is the same vanity, the same folly, and the same vice, only appearing different, as viewed through the glass of fashion. In a word, all mankind are a——.”

“Sure the woman is dreaming,” interrupted I.—“None of your reflections, Mrs Quickly, if you love me ; they only give me the spleen. Tell me your history at once. I love stories, but hate reasoning.”

“ If you please, then, sir,” returned my companion, “ I’ll read you an abstract which I made, of the three hundred volumes I mentioned just now :

“ My body was no sooner laid in the dust, than the prior and several of his convent came to purify the tavern from the pollutions with which they said I had filled it. Masses were said in every room, relics were exposed upon every piece of furniture, and the whole house washed with a deluge of holy water. My habitation was soon converted into a monastery ; instead of customers now applying for sack and sugar, my rooms were crowded with images, relics, saints, whores, and friars. Instead of being a scene of occasional debauchery, it was now filled with continued lewdness. The prior led the fashion, and the whole convent imitated his pious example. Matrons came hither to confess their sins, and to commit new. Virgins came hither who seldom went virgins away. Nor was this a convent peculiarly wicked ; every convent at that period was equally fond of pleasure, and gave a boundless loose to appetite. The laws allowed it ; each priest had a right to a favourite companion, and a power of discarding her as often as he pleased. The laity grumbled, quarrelled with their wives and daughters, hated their confessors, and maintained them in opulence and ease. These, these were happy times, Mr Rigmarole : these were times of piety, bravery, and simplicity !”—“ Not so very happy neither, good madam : pretty much like the present : those that labour starve, and those that do nothing, wear fine clothes and live in luxury.”

“ In this manner the fathers lived for some

years without molestation ; they transgressed, confessed themselves to each other, and were forgiven. One evening, however, our prior keeping a lady of distinction somewhat too long at confession, her husband unexpectedly came upon them, and testified all the indignation which was natural upon such an occasion. The prior assured the gentleman that it was the devil who had put it into his heart ; and the lady was very certain, that she was under the influence of magic, or she could never have behaved in so unfaithful a manner. The husband, however, was not to be put off by such evasions, but summoned both before the tribunal of justice. His proofs were flagrant, and he expected large damages. Such, indeed, he had a right to expect, were the tribunals of those days constituted in the same manner as they are now. The cause of the priest was to be tried before an assembly of priests ; and a layman was to expect redress only from their impartiality and candour. What plea then do you think the prior made to obviate this accusation ? He denied the fact, and challenged the plaintiff to try the merits of their cause by single combat. It was a little hard, you may be sure, upon the poor gentleman, not only to be made a cuckold, but to be obliged to fight a duel into the bargain ; yet such was the justice of the times. The prior threw down his glove, and the injured husband was obliged to take it up, in token of his accepting the challenge. Upon this, the priest supplied his champion, for it was not lawful for the clergy to fight ; and the defendant and plaintiff, according to custom, were put in prison ; both ordered to fast and pray, every method being previously

used to induce both to a confession of the truth. After a month's imprisonment, the hair of each was cut, their bodies anointed with oil, the field of battle appointed, and guarded by soldiers, while his majesty presided over the whole in person. Both the champions were sworn not to seek victory either by fraud or magic. They prayed and confessed upon their knees ; and, after these ceremonies, the rest was left to the courage and conduct of the combatants. As the champion whom the prior had pitched upon had fought six or eight times upon similar occasions, it was no way extraordinary to find him victorious in the present combat. In short, the husband was discomfited ; he was taken from the field of battle, stripped to his shirt, and after one of his legs was cut off, as justice ordained in such cases, he was hanged as a terror to future offenders. These, these were the times, Mr Rigmare ! you see how much more just, and wise, and valiant, our ancestors were than we."—" I rather fancy, madam, that the times then were pretty much like our own ; where a multiplicity of laws give a judge as much power as a want of law ; since he is ever sure to find among the number some to countenance his partiality."

" Our convent, victorious over their enemies, now gave a loose to every demonstration of joy. The lady became a nun, the prior was made a bishop, and three Wickliffites were burned in the illuminations and fire-works that were made on the present occasion. Our convent now began to enjoy a very high degree of reputation. There was not one in London that had the character of bating heretics so much as ours. Ladies of the

first distinction chose from our convent their confessors ; in short, it flourished, and might have flourished to this hour, but for a fatal accident, which terminated in its overthrow. The lady whom the prior had placed in a nunnery, and whom he continued to visit for some time with great punctuality, began at last to perceive that she was quite forsaken. Secluded from conversation, as usual, she now entertained the visions of a devotee ; found herself strangely disturbed ; but hesitated in determining whether she was possessed by an angel or a demon. She was not long in suspense ; for, upon vomiting a large quantity of crooked pins, and finding the palms of her hands turned outwards, she quickly concluded that she was possessed by the devil. She soon lost entirely the use of speech ; and when she seemed to speak, every body that was present perceived that her voice was not her own, but that of the devil within her. In short, she was bewitched ; and all the difficulty lay in determining who it could be that bewitched her. The nuns and the monks all demanded the magician's name, but the devil made no reply ; for he knew they had no authority to ask questions. By the rules of witchcraft, when an evil spirit has taken possession, he may refuse to answer any questions asked him, unless they are put by a bishop ; and to these he is obliged to reply. A bishop, therefore, was sent for, and now the whole secret came out : the devil reluctantly owned that he was a servant of the prior ; that by his command he resided in his present habitation ; and that, without his command, he was resolved to keep in possession. The bishop was an able exorcist ; he drove

the devil out by force of mystical arms ; the prior was arraigned for witchcraft ; the witnesses were strong and numerous against him, not less than fourteen persons being by who heard the devil speak Latin. There was no resisting such a cloud of witnesses ; the prior was condemned ; and he who had assisted at so many burnings, was burned himself in turn. 'These were times, Mr Rigmarole ; the people of those times were not infidels, as now, but sincere believers !'—“ Equally faulty with ourselves, they believed what the devil was pleased to tell them ; and we seem resolved, at last, to believe neither God nor devil.”

“ After such a stain upon the convent, it was not to be supposed it could subsist any longer ; the fathers were ordered to decamp, and the house was once again converted into a tavern. The king conferred it on one of his cast-off mistresses ; she was constituted landlady by royal authority ; and, as the tavern was in the neighbourhood of the court, and the mistress a very polite woman, it began to have more business than ever, and sometimes took not less than four shillings a-day.

“ But perhaps you are desirous of knowing what were the peculiar qualifications of women of fashion at that period ; and in a description of the present landlady, you will have a tolerable idea of all the rest. This lady was the daughter of a nobleman, and received such an education in the country as became her quality, beauty, and great expectations. She could make shifts and hose for herself, and all the servants of the family, when she was twelve years old. She knew the names of the four-and-twenty letters, so that it

was impossible to bewitch her ; and this was a greater piece of learning than any lady in the whole country could pretend to. She was always up early, and saw breakfast served in the great hall by six o'clock. At this scene of festivity she generally improved good humour, by telling her dreams, relating stories of spirits, several of which she herself had seen, and one of which she was reported to have killed with a black-hafted knife. From hence she usually went to make pastry in the larder, and here she was followed by her sweethearts, who were much helped on in conversation by struggling with her for kisses. About ten, miss generally went to play at hot-cockles and blindman's buff in the parlour ; and when the young folks (for they seldom played at hot-cockles when grown old) were tired of such amusements, the gentlemen entertained miss with the history of their greyhounds, bear-baitings, and victories at cudgel-playing. If the weather was fine, they ran at the ring, or shot at butts, while miss held in her hand a riband, with which she adorned the conqueror. Her mental qualifications were exactly fitted to her external accomplishments. Before she was fifteen, she could tell the story of Jack the Giant-Killer ; could name every mountain that was inhabited by fairies ; knew a witch at first sight ; and could repeat four Latin prayers without a prompter. Her dress was perfectly fashionable ; her arms and her hair were completely covered ; a monstrous muff was put round her neck, so that her head seemed like that of John the Baptist placed in a charger. In short, when completely equipped, her appearance was so very modest, that she dis-

covered little more than her nose. These were the times, Mr Rigmarole, when every lady that had a good nose might set up for a beauty ; when every woman that could tell stories might be cried up for a wit.”—“ I am as much displeased at those dresses which conceal too much, as at those which discover too much : I am equally an enemy to a female dunce, or a female pedant.”

“ You may be sure that miss chose a husband with qualifications resembling her own ; she pitched upon a courtier equally remarkable for hunting and drinking, who had given several proofs of his great virility among the daughters of his tenants and domestics. They fell in love at first sight (for such was the gallantry of the times), were married, came to court, and madam appeared with superior qualifications. The king was struck with her beauty. All property was at the king’s command ; the husband was obliged to resign all pretensions in his wife to the sovereign whom God anointed, to commit adultery where he thought proper. The king loved her for some time ; but, at length, repenting of his misdeeds, and instigated by his father confessor, from a principle of conscience, removed her from his levee to the bar of this tavern, and took a new mistress in her stead. Let it not surprise you to behold the mistress of a king degraded to so humble an office. As the ladies had no mental accomplishments, a good face was enough to raise them to the royal couch ; and she who was this day a royal mistress, might the next, when her beauty palled upon enjoyment, be doomed to infamy and want.

“ Under the care of this lady, the tavern grew

into great reputation ; the courtiers had not yet learned to game, but they paid it off by drinking ; drunkenness is ever the vice of a barbarous, and gaming of a luxurious age. They had not such frequent entertainment as the moderns have, but were more expensive and more luxurious in those they had. All their fooleries were more elaborate, and more admired by the great and vulgar than now. A courtier has been known to spend his whole fortune at a single combat ; a king, to mortgage his dominions to furnish out the frippery of a tournament. There were certain days appointed for riot and debauchery, and to be sober at such times was reputed a crime. Kings themselves set the example ; and I have seen monarchs in this room drunk before the entertainment was half concluded. These were the times, sir, when kings kept mistresses, and got drunk in public ; they were too plain and simple in those happy times to hide their vices, and act the hypocrite, as now.”—“ Lord, Mrs Quickly !” interrupting her, “ I expected to hear a story, and here you are going to tell me, I know not what, of times and vices ; pr’ythee, let me entreat thee once more to waive reflections, and give thy history without deviation.”

“ No lady upon earth,” continued my visionary correspondent, “ knew how to put off her damaged wine or women with more art than she. When these grew flat, or those paltry, it was but changing the names ; the wine became excellent, and the girls agreeable. She was also possessed of the engaging leer, the chuck under the chin, winked at a *double-entendre*, could nick the opportunity of calling for something comfortable, and

perfectly understood the distinct moments when to withdraw. The gallants of those times pretty much resembled the bloods of ours; they were fond of pleasure, but quite ignorant of the art of refining upon it: thus a court-bawd of those times resembled the common, low-lived harridan of a modern bagnio.—Witness, ye powers of debauchery! how often I have been present at the various appearances of drunkenness, riot, guilt, and brutality. A tavern is a true picture of human infirmity; in history we find only one side of the age exhibited to our view; but in the accounts of a tavern we see every age equally absurd and equally vicious.

“ Upon this lady’s decease, the tavern was successively occupied by adventurers, bullies, pimps, and gamesters. Towards the conclusion of the reign of Henry VII., gaming was more universally practised in England than even now. Kings themselves have been known to play off, at *primero*, not only all the money and jewels they could part with, but the very images in churches. The last Henry played away, in this very room, not only the four great bells of St Paul’s cathedral, but the fine image of St Paul, which stood upon the top of the spire, to Sir Miles Partridge, who took them down the next day, and sold them by auction. Have you then any cause to regret being born in the times you now live in, or do you still believe that human nature continues to run on declining every age? If we observe the actions of the busy part of mankind, your ancestors will be found infinitely more gross, servile, and even dishonest, than you. If, forsaking history, we only trace them in their hours

of amusement and dissipation, we shall find them more sensual, more entirely devoted to pleasure, and infinitely more selfish.

“The last hostess of note I find upon record was Jane Rouse. She was born among the lower ranks of the people; and, by frugality and extreme complaisance, contrived to acquire a moderate fortune: this she might have enjoyed for many years, had she not unfortunately quarrelled with one of her neighbours, a woman who was in high repute for sanctity through the whole parish. In the times of which I speak, two women seldom quarrelled that one did not accuse the other of witchcraft, and she who first contrived to vomit crooked pins was sure to come off victorious. The scandal of a modern tea-table differs widely from the scandal of former times; the fascination of a lady's eyes, at present, is regarded as a compliment; but if a lady formerly should be accused of having witchcraft in her eyes, it were much better, both for her soul and body, that she had no eyes at all.

“In short, Jane Rouse was accused of witchcraft, and, though she made the best defence she could, it was all to no purpose; she was taken from her own bar to the bar of the Old Bailey, condemned, and executed accordingly. These were times indeed! when even women could not scold in safety.

“Since her time the tavern underwent several revolutions, according to the spirit of the times, or the dispositions of the reigning monarch. It was this day a brothel, and the next a conventicle for enthusiasts. It was one year noted for har-

bouring whigs, and the next infamous for a retreat to tories. Some years ago it was in high vogue, but at present it seems declining. This only may be remarked in general, that whenever taverns flourish most, the times are then most extravagant and luxurious.”—“ Lord, Mrs Quickly!” interrupted I, “you have really deceived me; I expected a romance, and here you have been this half-hour giving me only a description of the spirit of the times; if you have nothing but tedious remarks to communicate, seek some other hearer; I am determined to hearken only to stories.”

I had scarce concluded, when my eyes and ears seemed opened to my landlord, who had been all this while giving me an account of the repairs he had made in the house, and was now got into the story of the cracked glass in the dining-room.

ON QUACK DOCTORS.

WHATEVER may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem peculiarly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity, against which our advertising doctors are not possessed with a most infallible antidote. The professors of other arts confess the inevitable intricacy of things; talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation: but doubting is entirely unknown in medicine: the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty; be the disorder ever so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who,

by levelling a pill at the part affected, promise a certain cure without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, or hinderance of business.

When I consider the assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only, in general, give their medicines for half-value, but use the most persuasive remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient, who refuses so much health upon such easy terms ! Does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy ? Does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever ? or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout as he found pleasure in acquiring it ? He must, otherwise he would never reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well ? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose ; he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success ; he produces a list of those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick :—only sick did I say ? there are some who even think proper to die ! Yes, by the head of Confucius, they die ! though they might have purchased the health-restoring specific for half-a-crown at every corner.

I can never enough admire the sagacity of this country for the encouragement given to the professors of this art ; with what indulgence does she foster up those of her own growth, and kindly cherish those that come from abroad ! Like a

skilful gardener, she invites them from every foreign climate to herself. Here every great exotic strikes as soon as imported, and feels the genial beam of favour; while the mighty metropolis, like one vast munificent dunghill, receives them indiscriminately to her breast, and supplies each with more than native nourishment.

In other countries, the physician pretends to cure disorders in the lump; the same doctor who combats the gout in the toe, shall pretend to prescribe for a pain in the head; and he who at one time cures a consumption, shall at another give drugs for a dropsy. How absurd and ridiculous! this is being a mere jack of all trades. Is the animal machine less complicated than a brass pin? Not less than ten different hands are required to make a brass pin; and shall the body be set right by one single operator?

The English are sensible of the force of this reasoning; they have therefore one doctor for the eyes, another for the toes: they have their sciatica doctors, and inoculating doctors; they have one doctor who is modestly content with securing them from bug-bites, and five hundred who prescribe for the bite of mad dogs.

But as nothing pleases curiosity more than anecdotes of the great, however minute or trifling, I must present you, inadequate as my abilities are to the subject, with an account of one or two of those personages who lead in this honourable profession.

The first upon the list of glory is Dr Richard Rock, F.U.N. This great man is short of stature, is fat, and waddles as he walks. He always wears a white three-tailed wig, nicely

combed, and frizzled upon each cheek. Sometimes he carries a cane, but a hat never: it is indeed very remarkable that this extraordinary personage should never wear a hat; but so it is, a hat he never wears. He is usually drawn, at the top of his own bills, sitting in his arm-chair, holding a little bottle between his finger and thumb, and surrounded with rotten teeth, nippers, pills, packets, and gallipots. No man can promise fairer or better than he; for, as he observes, "Be your disorder never so far gone, be under no uneasiness, make yourself quite easy, I can cure you."

The next in fame, though by some reckoned of equal pretensions, is Dr Timothy Franks, F.O. G.H. living in the Old Bailey. As Rock is remarkably squab, his great rival Franks is as remarkably tall. He was born in the year of the Christian era 1692, and is, while I now write, exactly sixty-eight years three months and four days old. Age, however, has no ways impaired his usual health and vivacity; I am told he generally walks with his breast open. This gentleman, who is of a mixed reputation, is particularly remarkable for a becoming assurance, which carries him gently through life; for, except Dr Rock, none are more blessed with the advantages of face than Dr Franks.

And yet the great have their foibles as well as the little. I am almost ashamed to mention it. Let the foibles of the great rest in peace. Yet I must impart the whole. These two great men are actually now at variance; like mere men, mere common mortals.—Rock advises the world to beware of bog-trotting quacks; Franks retorts

the wit and the sarcasm, by fixing on his rival the odious appellation of Dumpling Dick. He calls the serious Dr Rock, Dumpling Dick ! Head of Confucius, what profanation ! Dumpling Dick ! What a pity, ye powers, that the learned, who were born mutually to assist in enlightening the world, should thus differ among themselves, and make even the profession ridiculous ! Sure the world is wide enough, at least, for two great personages to figure in : men of science should leave controversy to the little world below them ; and then we might see Rock and Franks walking together, hand in hand, smiling onward to immortality.

ADVENTURES OF A STROLLING PLAYER.

I AM fond of amusement, in whatever company it is to be found ; and wit, though dressed in rags, is ever pleasing to me. I went some days ago to take a walk in St James' Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks, and those who staid seemed by their looks rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite, than gain one. I sat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was seated a man in very shabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as usual upon such occasions, and at last ventured upon conversation. " I beg pardon, sir," cried I, " but I think I have seen you before ; your face is familiar to me."—" Yes, sir," re-

plied he, "I have a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. I am as well known in every town in England as the dromedary, or live crocodile. You must understand, sir, that I have been these sixteen years merry-andrew to a puppet-show: last Bartholomew fair my master and I quarrelled, beat each other, and parted; he to sell his puppets to the pincushion-makers in Rosemary-lane, and I to starve in St James' Park."

"I am sorry, sir, that a person of your appearance should labour under any difficulties."—"O, sir," returned he, "my appearance is very much at your service; but though I cannot boast of eating much, yet there are few that are merrier: if I had twenty thousand a-year I should be very merry; and, thank the Fates, though not worth a groat, I am very merry still. If I have three-pence in my pocket, I never refuse to be my three halfpence; and, if I have no money, I never scorn to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay the reckoning. What think you, sir, of a steak and a tankard? You shall treat me now, and I will treat you again when I find you in the Park in love with eating, and without money to pay for a dinner."

As I never refuse a small expense for the sake of a merry companion, we instantly adjourned to a neighbouring alehouse, and in a few moments had a frothing tankard, and a smoking steak, spread on the table before us. It is impossible to express how much the sight of such good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. "I like this dinner, sir," says he, "for three reasons: first, because I am naturally fond of beef; secondly, because I am hungry; and, thirdly and lastly,

because I get it for nothing : no meat eats so sweet as that for which we do not pay."

He therefore now fell to, and his appetite seemed to correspond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he observed that the steak was tough ; " and yet, sir," returns he, " bad as it was, it seemed a rump-steak to me. O the delights of poverty and a good appetite ! We beggars are the very fondlings of Nature : the rich she treats like an arrant step-mother ; they are pleased with nothing ; cut a steak from what part you will, and it is insupportably tough ; dress it up with pickles, and even pickles cannot procure them an appetite. But the whole creation is filled with good things for the beggar ; Calvert's butt out-tastes champaign, and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels tokay. Joy, joy, my blood ; though our estates lie no where, we have fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation sweeps away half the grounds in Cornwall, I am content ; I have no land there : if the stocks sink, that gives me no uneasiness ; I am no Jew." The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, raised my curiosity to know something of his life and circumstances ; and I entreated that he would indulge my desire.—" That I will, sir," said he, " and welcome ; only let us drink, to prevent our sleeping ; let us have another tankard while we are awake : let us have another tankard ; for, ah, how charming a tankard looks when full !

" You must know, then, that I am very well descended : my ancestors have made some noise in the world, for my mother cried oysters, and my father beat a drum : I am told we have even had some trumpeters in our family. Many a noble-

man cannot show so respectful a genealogy ; but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father designed to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of drummer to a puppet-show. Thus, the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to Punch and King Solomon in all his glory. But, though my father was very fond of instructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progress, because I naturally had no ear for music ; so, at the age of fifteen, I went and listed for a soldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, so I soon found that I disliked carrying a musket also ; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taste, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman : besides, I was obliged to obey my captain ; he has his will, I have mine, and you have yours : now I very reasonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

“ The life of a soldier soon therefore gave me the spleen ; I asked leave to quit the service ; but, as I was tall and strong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and said, because he had a regard for me, we should not part. I wrote to my father a very dismal, penitent letter, and desired that he would raise money to pay for my discharge ; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was (sir, my service to you), and those who are fond of drinking never pay for other people's discharges : in short, he never answered my letter. What could be done ? If I have not money, said I to myself, to pay for my

discharge, I must find an equivalent some other way ; and that must be by running away. I deserted, and that answered my purpose every bit as well as if I had bought my discharge.

“ Well, I was now fairly rid of my military employment ; I sold my soldier’s clothes, bought worse, and, in order not to be overtaken, took the most unfrequented roads possible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the parish, thrown from his horse in a miry road, and almost smothered in the mud. He desired my assistance ; I gave it, and drew him out with some difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off ; but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate asked a hundred questions ; as, whose son I was ; from whence I came ; and whether I would be faithful. I answered him greatly to his satisfaction, and gave myself one of the best characters in the world for sobriety (sir, I have the honour of drinking your health), discretion, and fidelity. To make a long story short, he wanted a servant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months ; we did not much like each other ; I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat ; I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-servant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to starve me between them, I made a pious resolution to prevent their committing murder : I stole the eggs as soon as they were laid ; I emptied every unfinished bottle that I could lay my hands on ; whatever eatable came in my way was sure to disappear : in short,

they found I would not do ; so I was discharged one morning, and paid three shillings and sixpence for two months' wages.

“ While my money was getting ready, I employed myself in making preparations for my departure ; two hens were hatching in an out-house, I went and took the eggs from habit, and, not to separate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapsack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money, and, with my knapsack on my back, and a staff in my hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the house when I heard behind me the cry of ‘ Stop thief !’ but this only increased my despatch : it would have been foolish to stop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. But hold, I think I passed two months at the curate's without drinking ; come, the times are dry, and may this be my poison if ever I spent two more pious, stupid months in all my life.

“ Well, after travelling some days, whom should I light upon but a company of strolling players ? The moment I saw them at a distance, my heart warmed to them ; I had a sort of natural love for every thing of the vagabond order ; they were employed in settling their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way ; I offered my assistance, which they accepted ; and we soon became so well acquainted, that they took me as a servant. This was a paradise to me ; they sung, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the same time. By the blood of the Mirabels, I thought I had never lived till then ; I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every

word that was spoken. They liked me as much as I liked them ; I was a very good figure, as you see ; and, though I was poor, I was not modest.

“ I love a straggling life above all things in the world ; sometimes good, sometimes bad ; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow ; to eat when one can get it, and drink when (the tankard is out) it stands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenterden, and took a large room at the Greyhound, where we resolved to exhibit *Romeo and Juliet*, with the funeral procession, the grave and the garden-scene. *Romeo* was to be performed by a gentleman from the theatre-royal in Drury-lane ; *Juliet*, by a lady who had never appeared on any stage before ; and I was to snuff the candles : all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was, to dress them. The same coat that served *Romeo*, turned with the blue lining outwards, served for his friend *Mercutio* ; a large piece of crape sufficed at once for *Juliet*’s petticoat and pall ; a pestle and mortar, from a neighbouring apothecary’s, answered all the purposes of a bell ; and our landlord’s own family, wrapped in white sheets, served to fill up the procession. In short, there were but three figures among us that might be said to be dressed with any propriety ; I mean the nurse, the starved apothecary, and myself. Our performance gave universal satisfaction : the whole audience were enchanted with our powers.

“ There is one rule by which a strolling player may be ever secure of success ; that is, in our theatrical way of expressing it, to make a great deal of the character. To speak and act as in common life, is not playing, nor is it what people

come to see : natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and scarce leaves any taste behind it ; but being high in a part resembles vinegar, which grates upon the taste, and one feels it while he is drinking. To please in town or country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphasis, slap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling-sickness : that is the way to work for applause ; that is the way to gain it.

“ As we received much reputation for our skill on this first exhibition, it was but natural for me to ascribe part of the success to myself ; I snuffed the candles ; and, let me tell you, that without a candle-snuffer the piece would lose half its embellishments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houses ; but the evening before our intended departure, we gave out our very best piece, in which all our strength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when, behold ! one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a stroke like thunder to our little company : they were resolved to go, in a body, to scold the man for falling sick at so inconvenient a time, and that too of a disorder that threatened to be expensive. I seized the moment, and offered to act the part myself in his stead. The case was desperate ; they accepted my offer ; and I accordingly sat down, with the part in my hand, and a tankard before me (sir, your health), and studied the character, which was to be rehearsed the next day, and played soon after.

“ I found my memory excessively helped by

drinking : I learned my part with astonishing rapidity, and bid adieu to snuffing candles ever after. I found that Nature had designed me for more noble employments, and I was resolved to take her when in the humour. We got together in order to rehearse, and I informed my companions, masters now no longer, of the surprising change I felt within me. Let the sick man, said I, be under no uneasiness to get well again : I'll fill his place to universal satisfaction ; he may even die, if he thinks proper ; I'll engage that he shall never be missed. I rehearsed before them, strutted, ranted, and received applause. They soon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places were bespoke. Before I ascended the stage, however, I concluded within myself, that, as I brought money to the house, I ought to have my share of the profits. ' Gentlemen (said I, addressing our company), I don't pretend to direct you ; far be it from me to treat you with so much ingratitude : you have published my name in the bills with the utmost good-nature, and, as affairs stand, cannot act without me ; so, gentlemen, to show you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you, otherwise I declare off : I'll brandish my snuffers and clip candles as usual.' This was a very disagreeable proposal, but they found that it was impossible to refuse it ; it was irresistible, it was adamant ; they consented, and I went on in King Bajazet : my frowning brows bound with a stocking stuffed into a turban, while on my captived arms I brandished a jack-chain. Nature seemed to have fitted me for the part ; I was tall, and had a loud

voice : my very entrance excited universal applause ; I looked round on the audience with a smile, and made a most low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very passionate part, I invigorated my spirits with three full glasses (the tankard is almost out) of brandy. By Alla ! it is almost inconceivable how I went through it. Tamerlane was but a fool to me ; though he was sometimes loud enough too, yet I was still louder than he ; but then, besides, I had attitudes in abundance : in general, I kept my arms folded up thus on the pit of my stomach ; it is the way at Drury-lane, and has always a fine effect. The tankard would sink to the bottom before I could get through the whole of my merits : in short, I came off like a prodigy ; and, such was my success, that I could ravish the laurels even from a sirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me after the play was over, to compliment me upon my success ; one praised my voice, another my person : ‘ Upon my word,’ says the squire’s lady, ‘ he will make one of the finest actors in Europe ; I say it, and I think I am something of a judge.’ Praise in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour ; but when it comes in great quantities we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort : instead of thanking them, I internally applauded myself. We were desired to give our piece a second time ; we obeyed, and I was applauded even more than before.

“ At last we left the town, in order to be at a horse-race at some distance from thence. I shall never think of Tenterden without tears of gratitude and respect. The ladies and gentlemen

there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. Come, let us drink their healths, if you please, sir. We quitted the town, I say : and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out : I entered the town a candle-snuffer, and I quitted it a hero !—Such is the world—little to-day, and great to-morrow. I could say a great deal more upon that subject, something truly sublime, upon the ups and downs of fortune ; but it would give us both the spleen, and so I shall pass it over.

“ The races were ended before we arrived at the next town, which was no small disappointment to our company ; however, we were resolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my usual brilliancy. I sincerely believe I should have been the first actor of Europe had my growing merit been properly cultivated ; but there came an unkindly frost which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common standard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair ; all the country ladies were charmed : if I but drew out my snuff-box, the whole house was in a roar of rapture ; when I exercised my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulsions.

“ There was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London, and this gave her pretensions to taste, which rendered her the indisputable mistress of the ceremonies wherever she came. She was informed of my merits ; every body praised me ; yet she refused at first going to see me perform : she could not conceive, she said, any thing but stuff from a stroller ;

talked something in praise of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her skill in enunciations, tones, and cadences. She was at last, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be present at my next exhibition: however, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand stuck in my breeches, and the other in my bosom, as usual at Drury-lane; but, instead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London; from her they expected the decision which was to secure the general's truncheon in my hands, or sink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my snuff-box, took snuff; the lady was solemn, and so were the rest. I broke my cudgel on Alderman Smuggler's back; still gloomy, melancholy all; the lady groaned and shrugged her shoulders. I attempted, by laughing myself, to excite at least a smile; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into sympathy. I found it would not do; all my good-humour now became forced; my laughter was converted into hysteric grinning; and, while I pretended spirits, my eyes showed the agony of my heart! In short, the lady came with an intention to be displeased, and displeased she was; my fame expired:—I am here, and—the tankard is no more!”

RULES ENJOINED TO BE OBSERVED AT A RUSSIAN ASSEMBLY.

WHEN Catharina Alexowna was made empress of Russia, the women were in an actual state of bondage ; but she undertook to introduce mixed assemblies, as in other parts of Europe ; she altered the women's dress by substituting the fashions of England ; instead of furs, she brought in the use of taffeta and damask ; and cornets and commodes instead of caps of sable. The women now found themselves no longer shut up in separate apartments, but saw company, visited each other, and were present at every entertainment.

But as the laws to this effect were directed to a savage people, it is amusing enough to see the manner in which the ordinances ran. Assemblies were quite unknown among them : the czarina was satisfied with introducing them, for she found it impossible to render them polite. An ordinance was therefore published according to their notions of breeding, which, as it is a curiosity, and has never before been printed that we know of, we shall give our readers :

I. The person at whose house the assembly is to be kept, shall signify the same by hanging out a bill, or by giving some other public notice, by way of advertisement, to persons of both sexes.

II. The assembly shall not be open sooner than four or five o'clock in the afternoon, nor continue longer than ten at night.

III. The master of the house shall not be obliged to meet his guests, or conduct them out, or

keep them company ; but, though he is exempt from all this, he is to find them chairs, candles, liquors, and all other necessities that company may ask for : he is likewise to provide them with cards, dice, and every necessary for gaming.

IV. There shall be no fixed hour for coming or going away ; it is enough for a person to appear in the assembly.

V. Every one shall be free to sit, walk, or game, as he pleases ; nor shall any one go about to hinder him, or take exception at what he does, upon pain of emptying the great eagle (a pint-bowl full of brandy) : it shall likewise be sufficient, at entering or retiring, to salute the company.

VI. Persons of distinction, noblemen, superior officers, merchants, and tradesmen of note, head workmen, especially carpenters, and persons employed in chancery, are to have liberty to enter the assemblies ; as likewise their wives and children.

VII. A particular place shall be assigned the footmen, except those of the house, that there may be room enough in the apartments designed for the assembly.

VIII. No ladies are to get drunk upon any pretence whatsoever, nor shall gentlemen be drunk before nine.

IX. Ladies who play at forfeitures, questions and commands, &c. shall not be riotous : no gentleman shall attempt to force a kiss, and no person shall offer to strike a woman in the assembly, under pain of future exclusion.

Such are the statutes upon this occasion, which, in their very appearance, carry an air of ridicule

and satire. But politeness must enter every country by degrees ; and these rules resemble the breeding of a clown, awkward but sincere.

THE GENIUS OF LOVE : AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

THE formalities, delays, and disappointments, that precede a treaty of marriage here, are usually as numerous as those previous to a treaty of peace. The laws of this country are finely calculated to promote all commerce, but the commerce between the sexes. Their encouragements for propagating hemp, madder, and tobacco, are indeed admirable ! Marriages are the only commodity that meets with none.

Yet, from the vernal softness of the air, the verdure of the fields, the transparency of the streams, and the beauty of the women, I know few countries more proper to invite to courtship. Here Love might sport among painted lawns and warbling groves, and revel amidst gales, wafting at once both fragrance and harmony. Yet it seems he has forsaken the island ; and, when a couple are now to be married, mutual love, or a union of minds, is the last and most trifling consideration. If their goods and chattels can be brought to unite, their sympathetic souls are ever ready to guarantee the treaty. The gentleman's mortgaged lawn becomes enamoured of the lady's marriageable grove ; the match is struck up, and both parties are piously in love—according to act of parliament.

Thus they, who have a fortune, are possessed at least of something that is lovely ; but I actually pity those that have none. I am told there was a time when ladies, with no other merit but youth, virtue, and beauty, had a chance for husbands, at least among the ministers of the church, or the officers of the army. The blush and innocence of sixteen was said to have a powerful influence over these two professions ; but, of late, all the little traffic of blushing, ogling, dimpling, and smiling, has been forbidden by an act in that case wisely made and provided. A lady's whole cargo of smiles, sighs, and whispers, is declared utterly contraband, till she arrives in the warm latitudes of twenty-two, where commodities of this nature are too often found to decay. She is then permitted to dimple and smile, when the dimples and smiles begin to forsake her ; and, when perhaps grown ugly, is charitably intrusted with an unlimited use of her charms. Her lovers, however, by this time, have forsaken her ; the captain has changed for another mistress ; the priest himself leaves her in solitude, to bewail her virginity, and she dies even without benefit of clergy.

Thus you find the Europeans discouraging love with as much earnestness as the rudest savage of Sofala. The genius is surely now no more. In every region I find enemies in arms to oppress him. Avarice in Europe, jealousy in Persia, ceremony in China, poverty among the Tartars, and lust in Circassia, are all prepared to oppose his power. The genius is certainly banished from earth, though once adored under such a variety of forms. He is no where to be found ; and all that

the ladies of each country can produce, are but a few trifling relics, as instances of his former residence and favour.

“The genius of love,” says the eastern apologue, “had long resided in the happy plains of Abra, where every breeze was health, and every sound produced tranquillity. His temple at first was crowded, but every age lessened the number of his votaries, or cooled their devotion. Perceiving, therefore, his altars at length quite deserted, he was resolved to remove to some more propitious region ; and he apprised the fair sex of every country, where he could hope for a proper reception, to assert their right to his presence among them. In return to this proclamation, embassies were sent from the ladies of every part of the world to invite him, and to display the superiority of their claims.

“And, first, the beauties of China appeared. No country could compare with them for modesty, either of look, dress, or behaviour ; their eyes were never lifted from the ground ; their robes, of the most beautiful silk, hid their hands, bosom, and neck, while their faces only were left uncovered. They indulged no airs that might express loose desire, and they seemed to study only the graces of inanimate beauty. Their black teeth and plucked eyebrows were, however, alleged by the genius against them ; but he set them entirely aside when he came to examine their little feet.

“The beauties of Circassia next made their appearance. They advanced, hand in hand, singing the most immodest airs, and leading up a dance in the most luxurious attitudes. Their dress was but half a covering ; the neck, the left

breast, and all the limbs, were exposed to view, which, after some time, seemed rather to satiate, than inflame desire. The lily and the rose contended in forming their complexions ; and a soft sleepiness of eye added irresistible poignance to their charms ; but their beauties were obtruded, not offered to their admirers ; they seemed to give, rather than receive, courtship : and the genius of love dismissed them, as unworthy of his regard, since they exchanged the duties of love, and made themselves not the pursued, but the pursuing sex.

“ The kingdom of Kashmire next produced its charming deputies. This happy region seemed peculiarly sequestered by nature for his abode. Shady mountains fenced it on one side from the scorching sun ; and sea-borne breezes, on the other, gave peculiar luxuriance to the air. Their complexions were of a bright yellow, that appeared almost transparent, while the crimson tulip seemed to blossom on their cheeks. Their features and limbs were delicate beyond the statuary’s power to express ; and their teeth whiter than their own ivory. He was almost persuaded to reside among them, when, unfortunately, one of the ladies talked of appointing his seraglio.

“ In this procession the naked inhabitants of Southern America would not be left behind ; their charms were found to surpass whatever the warmest imagination could conceive ; and served to show, that beauty could be perfect, even with the seeming disadvantage of a brown complexion. But their savage education rendered them utterly unqualified to make the proper use of their power, and they were rejected, as being incapable of

uniting mental with sensual satisfaction. In this manner the deputies of other kingdoms had their suits rejected: the black beauties of Benin, and the tawny daughters of Borneo; the women of Wida with scarred faces, and the hideous virgins of Caffraria; the squab ladies of Lapland, three feet high, and the giant fair ones of Patagonia.

“The beauties of Europe at last appeared: grace was in their steps, and sensibility sat smiling in every eye. It was the universal opinion, while they were approaching, that they would prevail; and the genius seemed to lend them his most favourable attention.—They opened their pretensions with the utmost modesty; but, unfortunately, as their orator proceeded, she happened to let fall the words, house in town, settlement, and pin-money. These seemingly harmless terms had instantly a surprising effect: the genius, with ungovernable rage, burst from amidst the circle; and, waving his youthful pinions, left this earth, and flew back to those etherial mansions from whence he descended.

“The whole assembly was struck with amazement: they now justly apprehended that female power would be now no more, since Love had forsaken them. They continued some time thus in a state of torpid despair, when it was proposed by one of the number, that, since the real genius of love had left them, in order to continue their power, they should set up an idol in his stead; and that the ladies of every country should furnish him with what each liked best. This proposal was instantly relished and agreed to. An idol of gold was formed by uniting the capricious gifts of all the assembly, though no way resembling the de-

parted genius. The ladies of China furnished the monster with wings ; those of Kashmire supplied him with horns ; the dames of Europe clapped a purse in his hand ; and the virgins of Congo furnished him with a tail. Since that time, all the vows addressed to love are in reality paid to the idol ; and, as in other false religions, the adoration seems more fervent where the heart is least sincere."

HISTORY OF THE DISTRESSES OF AN ENGLISH DISABLED SOLDIER.

No observation is more common, and, at the same time, more true, than that "one half of the world is ignorant how the other half lives." The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention ; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation ; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers : the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress ; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on ; men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity : but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity ; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope, to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great : whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling on their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander, without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without a shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to be honest and industrious when in the country, and

was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows :

“ As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks ; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain : there is Bill Tibbs of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot ; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

“ I was born in Shropshire ; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old, so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought, in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all ; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved at least to know my letters ; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet ; and here I lived an easy kind of a life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suf-

ferred to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away : but what of that ? I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late ; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself ; so I was resolved to go and seek my fortune.

“ In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none : when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of the peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me ; and I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my stick at it :—well, what will you have on’t ? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away in triumph, when the justice himself met me : he called me a poacher and a villain ; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship’s pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation ; but though I gave a very good account, the justice would not believe a syllable I had to say ; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

“ People may say this and that of being in jail ; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my bellyfull to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever ; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred

more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage ; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air ; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes ; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

“ When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

“ I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang : I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier. I chose the latter ; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breast here ; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

“ When the peace came on I was discharged, and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landsman in the East India Company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles ; and I verily believe, that, if I could read or write, our captain

would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money ; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

“The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow : he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shamed Abraham, merely to be idle ; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating ; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

“Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail ; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand. Jack, says he to me, will you knock out the French sentries’ brains. I don’t care, says I, striving to keep myself awake, if I lend a hand. Then follow me, says he, and I hope we shall do business. So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

“ Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French at any time ; so we went down to the door where both the sentries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands ; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not so much good luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three ; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind ; but unfortunately we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

“ I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Brest : but, by good fortune, we were taken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places ; I lost four fingers of the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not aboard a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life ; but that was not my chance ; one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God ! I enjoy good health, and will for ever love

liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza !”

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content ; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

ON THE FRAILITY OF MAN :

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE ORDINARY OF NEWGATE.

MAN is a most frail being, incapable of directing his steps, unacquainted with what is to happen in this life ; and perhaps no man is a more manifest instance of the truth of this maxim than Mr The. Cibber, just now gone out of the world. Such a variety of turns of fortune, yet such a persevering uniformity of conduct, appears in all that happened in his short span, that the whole may be looked upon as one regular confusion ; every action of his life was matter of wonder and surprise, and his death was an astonishment.

This gentleman was born of creditable parents, who gave him a very good education, and a great deal of good learning, so that he could read and write before he was sixteen. However, he early discovered an inclination to follow lewd courses : he refused to take the advice of his parents, and pursued the bent of his inclination ; he played at cards on the Sundays, called himself a gentleman, fell out with his mother and laundress ; and, even in these early days, his father was frequently

heard to observe, that young The.— would be hanged.

As he advanced in years, he grew more fond of pleasure ; would eat an ortolan for dinner, though he begged the guinea that bought it ; and was once known to give three pounds for a plate of green pease, which he had collected over-night as charity for a friend in distress ; he ran into debt with every body that would trust him, and none could build a sconce better than he : so that, at last, his creditors swore with one accord that The.— would be hanged.

But, as getting into debt by a man who had no visible means but impudence for subsistence, is a thing that every reader is not acquainted with, I must explain this point a little, and that to his satisfaction.

There are three ways of getting into debt : first, by pushing a face ; as thus, “ You, Mr Lustring, send me home six yards of that paduasoy, damme ;—but, hark’ye, don’t think I ever intend to pay you for it—damme.” At this the mercer laughs heartily, cuts off the paduasoy, and sends it home ; nor is he, till too late, surprised to find the gentleman had said nothing but truth, and kept his word.

The second method of running into debt is called fineering ; which is getting goods made up in such a fashion as to be unfit for every other purchaser ; and, if the tradesman refuses to give them upon credit, then threaten to leave them upon his hands.

But the third and best method is called, “ Being the good customer.” The gentleman first buys some trifle, and pays for it in ready money ;

he comes a few days after with nothing about him but bank-bills, and buys, we will suppose, a six-penny tweezer-case ; the bills are too great to be changed, so he promises to return punctually the day after, and pay for what he has bought. In this promise he is punctual ; and this is repeated for eight or ten times, till his face is well known, and he has got, at last, the character of a good customer. By this means he gets credit for something considerable, and then never pays for it.

In all this, the young man who is the unhappy subject of our present reflections, was very expert ; and could face, fineer, and bring custom to a shop, with any man in England : none of his companions could exceed him in this ; and his very companions at last said, that The.— would be hanged.

As he grew old, he grew never the better ; he loved ortolans and green pease, as before ; he drank gravy-soup when he could get it, and always thought his oysters tasted best when he got them for nothing, or, which was just the same, when he bought them upon tick : thus the old man kept up the vices of the youth, and what he wanted in power he made up by inclination ; so that all the world thought that old The.—would be hanged.

And now, reader, I have brought him to his last scene,—a scene where, perhaps, my duty should have obliged me to assist. You expect, perhaps, his dying words, and the tender farewell he took of his wife and children ; you expect an account of his coffin and white gloves, his pious ejaculations, and the papers he left behind him. In this I cannot indulge your curiosity : for, oh, the mysteries of fate ! The.— was drowned !

“ Reader,” as Hervey saith, “ pause and pon-

der, and ponder and pause ;” who knows what thy own end may be !

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of friendship. To follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connexion, and, by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind ; they persuade us to friendships, which we find it impossible to sustain to the last ; so that this sweetner of life, under proper regulations, is, by their means, rendered inaccessible or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in some measure, make itself ; a similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds ; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts filled with good nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour ; the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings, which dependence gathers round us, is

almost ever unfriendly ; they secretly wish the terms of their connexions more nearly equal ; and, where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds, only increases their burden ; they feel themselves unable to repay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man that thought, that every good was to be brought from riches ; and, as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept : but, while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he even found his aim disappointed ; Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed, that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into in-

gratitude ; and such indeed, in the common acceptance of the word, it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man ; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all he had ; wrought under his direction with assiduity ; and, by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity : Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, had made many campaigns together, and a participation of danger at length bred a union of hearts. They were remarked through the whole army, as the two friendly brothers ; they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued, without interruption, till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a centurion under the famous John, who headed a particular part of the Jewish malcontents.

From this moment, their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and sought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews, to which the

mean soldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the Temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole temple was in flames; and thousands were seen amidst them, within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things, that the now-successful soldier saw his former friend, upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and, unable to withstand the impulse, he ran, spreading his arms, and cried out to his friend to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The centurion from above heard and obeyed; and casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot,—one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.

FOLLY OF ATTEMPTING TO LEARN WISDOM IN RETIREMENT.

Books, while they teach us to respect the interests of others, often make us unmindful of our own; while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail; and, attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert. I dislike, therefore, the philosopher who

describes the inconveniences of life in such pleasing colours, that the pupil grows enamoured of distress, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniences till he severely feels them.

A youth who has thus spent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man but by philosophic information, may be considered as a being whose mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wise ; utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own skill in the direction, he sets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himself at last undone.

He first has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in excess : and he has been long taught to detest vice and love virtue. Warm, therefore, in attachments, and stedfast in enmity, he treats every creature as friend or foe ; expects from those he loves, unerring integrity ; and consigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds ; and here begin his disappointments : upon a closer inspection of human nature, he perceives, that he should have moderated his friendship, and softened his severity ; for he often finds the excellencies of one part of mankind clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue ; he finds no character so sanctified that has not its failings, none so infamous, but has somewhat to attract our esteem ; he beholds impiety in lawn, and fidelity in fetters.

He now therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards should have been more cool, and his

hatred less violent ; that the truly wise seldom court romantic friendship with the good, and avoid, if possible, the resentment even of the wicked ; every moment gives him fresh instances that the bonds of friendship are broken if drawn too closely ; and that those whom he has treated with disrespect, more than retaliate the injury : at length, therefore, he is obliged to confess, that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to espouse his quarrel.

Our book-taught philosopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede ; and though poverty be the just consequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is resolved to meet it without shrinking ; philosophers have described poverty in most charming colours ; and even his vanity is touched in thinking he shall show the world in himself one more example of patience, fortitude, and resignation : “ Come, then, O Poverty ! for what is there in thee dreadful to the wise ? Temperance, health, and frugality, walk in thy train ; cheerfulness and liberty are ever thy companions. Shall any be ashamed of thee, of whom Cincinnatus was not ashamed ? The running brook, the herbs of the field, can amply satisfy nature ; man wants but little, nor that little long. Come then, O Poverty ! while kings stand by, and gaze with admiration at the true philosopher’s resignation.”

The goddess appears ; for Poverty ever comes at the call ; but, alas ! he finds her by no means the charming figure books and his own imagination had painted. As when an eastern bride, whom her friends and relations had long describ-

ed as a model of perfection, pays her first visit, the longing bridegroom lifts the veil to see a face he had never seen before ; but, instead of a countenance blazing with beauty like the sun, he beholds deformity shooting icicles to his heart ; such appears poverty to her new entertainer : all the abric of enthusiasm is at once demolished, and a thousand miseries rise upon its ruins ; while contempt, with pointing finger, is foremost in the hideous procession.

The poor man now finds that he can get no kings to look at him while he is eating : he finds, that in proportion as he grows poor, the world turns its back upon him, and gives him leave to act the philosopher in all the majesty of solitude. It might be agreeable enough to play the philosopher, while we are conscious that mankind are spectators ; but what signifies wearing the mask of sturdy contentment, and mounting the stage of restraint, when not one creature will assist at the exhibition ? Thus is he forsaken of men, while his fortitude wants the satisfaction even of self-applause ; for either he does not feel his present calamities, and that is natural insensibility ; or he disguises his feelings, and that is dissimulation.

Spleen now begins to take up the man ; not distinguishing in his resentment, he regards all mankind with detestation : and commencing man-hater, seeks solitude to be at liberty to rail.

It has been said, that he who retires to solitude, is either a beast or an angel : the censure is too severe, and the praise unmerited ; the discontented being, who retires from society, is generally some good-natured man who has begun life with-

out experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind.

LETTER,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A COMMON-COUNCIL-MAN, AT THE TIME OF THE CORONATION.

SIR,

I HAVE the honour of being a common-council-man, and am greatly pleased with a paragraph from Southampton in yours of yesterday. There we learn, that the mayor and aldermen of that loyal borough had the particular satisfaction of celebrating the royal nuptials by a magnificent turtle-feast. By this means the gentlemen had the pleasure of filling their bellies, and showing their loyalty, together. I must confess, it would give me some pleasure to see some such method of testifying our loyalty practised in this metropolis, of which I am an unworthy member. Instead of presenting his majesty (God bless him) on every occasion with our formal addresses, we might thus sit comfortably down to dinner, and wish him prosperity in a sirloin of beef; upon our army levelling the walls of a town, or besieging a fortification, we might, at our city feast, imitate our brave troops, and demolish the walls of a venison-pasty, or besiege the shell of a turtle, with as great a certainty of success.

At present, however, we have got into a sort of dry unsocial manner of drawing up addresses up-

on every occasion ; and though I have attended upon six cavalcades, and two foot processions, in a single year, yet I came away as lean and hungry as if I had been a juryman at the Old Bailey. For my part, Mr Printer, I don't see what is got by these processions and addresses, except an appetite ; and that, thank Heaven, we have all in a pretty good degree, without ever leaving our own houses for it. It is true, our gowns of mazarine blue, edged with fur, cut a pretty figure enough, parading it through the streets, and so my wife tells me.—In fact, I generally bow to all my acquaintance, when thus in full dress ; but, alas ! as the proverb has it, fine clothes never fill the belly.

But even, though all this bustling, parading, and powdering through the streets, be agreeable enough to many of us, yet I would have my brethren consider whether the frequent repetition of it be so agreeable to our betters above. To be introduced to court, to see the queen, to kiss hands, to smile upon lords, to ogle the ladies, and all the other fine things there, may, I grant, be a perfect show to us that view it but seldom ; but it may be a troublesome business enough to those who are to settle such ceremonies as these every day. To use an instance adapted to all our apprehensions ; suppose my family and I should go to Bartholomew fair. Very well, going to Bartholomew fair, the whole sight is perfect rapture to us, who are only spectators once and away ; but I am of opinion, that the wire-walker and fire-eater find no such great sport in all this ; I am of opinion they had as lief remain behind

the curtain, at their own pastimes, drinking beer, eating shrimps, and smoking tobacco.

Besides, what can we tell his majesty in all we say on these occasions, but what he knows perfectly well already? I believe, if I were to reckon up, I could not find above five hundred disaffected in the whole kingdom; and here we are every day telling his majesty how loyal we are. Suppose the addresses of a people, for instance, should run thus: "May it please your m——y, we are many of us worth a hundred thousand pounds, and are possessed of several other inestimable advantages. For the preservation of this money and those advantages we are chiefly indebted to your m——y. We are, therefore, once more assembled, to assure your m——y of our fidelity. This, it is true, we have lately assured your m——y five or six times; but we are willing once more to repeat what can't be doubted, and to kiss your royal hand, and the queen's hand, and thus sincerely to convince you, that we shall never do any thing to deprive you of one loyal subject, or any one of ourselves of one hundred thousand pounds." Should we not, upon reading such an address, think that people a little silly, who thus made such unmeaning professions? Excuse me, Mr Printer: no man upon earth has a more profound respect for the abilities of the aldermen and common-council than I; but I could wish they would not take up a monarch's time in these good-natured trifles, who, I am told, seldom spends a moment in vain.

The example set by the city of London will probably be followed by every other community

in the British empire. Thus we shall have a new set of addresses from every little borough with but four freemen and a burgess ; day after day shall we see them come up with hearts filled with gratitude, “ laying the vows of a loyal people at the foot of the throne.” Death ! Mr Printer, they’ll hardly leave our courtiers time to scheme a single project for beating the French ; and our enemies may gain upon us, while we are thus employed in telling our governor how much we intend to keep them under.

But a people, by too frequent a use of addresses, may by this means come at last to defeat the very purpose for which they are designed. If we are thus exclaiming in raptures upon every occasion, we deprive ourselves of the powers of flattery, when there may be a real necessity. A boy, three weeks ago, swimming across the Thames, was every minute crying out, for his amusement, “ I’ve got the cramp, I’ve got the cramp !” The boatmen pushed off once or twice, and they found it was fun ; he soon after cried out in earnest, but nobody believed him, and he sunk to the bottom.

In short, sir, I am quite displeased with any unnecessary cavalcade whatever. I hope we shall soon have occasion to triumph, and then I shall be ready myself either to eat at a turtle feast, or to shout at a bonfire : and will either lend my faggot at the fire, or flourish my hat at every loyal health that may be proposed.

I am, Sir, &c.

A SECOND LETTER,
SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A COMMON-
COUNCIL-MAN, DESCRIBING THE CORO-
NATION.

SIR,
I AM the same common-council-man who troubled you some days ago. To whom can I complain but to you? for you have many a dismal correspondent; in this time of joy my wife does not choose to hear me, because she says I'm always melancholy when she's in spirits. I have been to see the coronation, and a fine sight it was, as I am told, to those who had the pleasure of being near spectators. The diamonds, I am told, were as thick as Bristol stones in a show-glass; the ladies and gentlemen walked along, one foot before another, and threw their eyes about them, on this side and that, perfectly like clock-work. O! Mr Printer, it had been a fine sight indeed, if there was but a little more eating.

Instead of that, there we sat, penned up in our scaffolding, like sheep upon a market-day in Smithfield; but the devil a thing could I get to eat (God pardon me for swearing) except the fragments of a plum-cake that was all squeezed into crumbs in my wife's pocket, as she came through the crowd. You must know, sir, that in order to do the thing genteelly, and that all my family might be amused at the same time, my wife, my daughter, and I, took two-guinea places for the coronation, and I gave my two eldest boys (who by the by are twins, fine children) eighteen-pence a-piece to go to Sudrick fair, to see the Court of

the Black King of Morocco, which will serve to please children well enough.

That we might have good places on the scaffolding, my wife insisted upon going at seven o'clock in the evening before the coronation, for she said she would not lose a full prospect for the world. This resolution, I own, shocked me. "Grizzle," said I to her, "Grizzle, my dear, consider that you are but weakly, always ailing, and will never bear sitting all night upon the scaffold. You remember what a cold you caught the last fast-day, by rising but half-an-hour before your time to go to church, and how I was scolded as the cause of it. Besides, my dear, our daughter Anna Amelia Wilhelmina Carolina will look like a perfect fright if she sits up; and you know the girl's face is something at her time of life, considering her fortune is but small." "Mr Grogan," replied my wife, "Mr Grogan, this is always the case when you find me in spirits; I don't want to go, not I, nor I don't care whether I go at all; it is seldom that I am in spirits, but this is always the case." In short, Mr Printer, what will you have on't? to the coronation we went.

What difficulties we had in getting a coach; how we were shoved about in the mob; how I had my pocket picked of the last new almanack, and my steel tobacco-box; how my daughter lost half an eyebrow, and her laced shoe in a gutter; my wife's lamentation upon this, with the adventures of a crumbled plum-cake—relate all these—we suffered this, and ten times more, before we got to our places.

At last, however, we were seated. My wife is

certainly a heart of oak ; I thought sitting up in the damp night-air would have killed her ; I have known her for two months take possession of our easy chair, mobbed up in flannel night-caps, and trembling at a breath of air ; but she now bore the night as merrily as if she had sat up at a christening. My daughter and she did not seem to value it a farthing. She told me two or three stories that she knows will always make me laugh, and my daughter sung me "the noontide air," towards one o'clock in the morning. However, with all their endeavours, I was as cold and as dismal as ever I remember. If this be the pleasures of a coronation, cried I to myself, I had rather see the court of King Solomon in all his glory, at my ease in Bartholomew fair.

Towards morning sleep began to come fast upon me ; and the sun rising and warming the air, still inclined me to rest a little. You must know, sir, that I am naturally of a sleepy constitution ; I have often sat up at table with my eyes open, and have been asleep all the while. What will you have on't ? Just about eight o'clock in the morning I fell asleep. I fell into the most pleasing dream in the world. I shall never forget it ; I dreamed that I was at my lord mayor's feast, and had scaled the crust of a venison-pasty ; I kept eating and eating, in my sleep, and thought I could never have enough. After some time the pasty methought was taken away, and the dessert was brought in its room. Thought I to myself, if I have not got enough of venison, I am resolved to make it up by the largest snap at the sweetmeats. Accordingly I grasped a whole pyramid ; the rest of the guests seeing me

with so much, one gave me a snap, the other gave me a snap ; I was pulled this way by my neighbour on my right hand, and that way by my neighbour on the left, but still kept my ground without flinching, and continued eating and pocketing as fast as I could. I never was so pulled and hauled in my whole life. At length, however, going to smell to a lobster that lay before me, methought it caught me with its claws fast by the nose. The pain I felt upon this occasion is inexpressible ; in fact it broke my dream ; when awaking I found my wife and daughter applying a smelling-bottle to my nose, and telling me it was time to go home ; they assured me every means had been tried to awake me while the procession was going forward, but that I still continued to sleep till the whole ceremony was over. Mr Printer, this is a hard case, and as I read your most ingenious work, it will be some comfort, when I see this inserted, to find that—I write for it too.

I am, Sir,

Your distressed humble servant,

L. GROGAN.

with so much, one gave me a snap, the other
 gave me a snap; I was pulled this way by my
 neighbor on my right hand, and that way by my
 neighbor on the left, but still kept my ground.
 I continued eating and drinking.
 I never was so pulled and
 stretched in my whole life. At length, however,
 growing so small to a lobster that lay before me,
 I thought to myself: "I shall be eaten first by
 the moment." The point I felt upon this occasion is
 "unpredictable"; in fact I broke my dream; when
 working I found my wife and daughter applying
 a smelling-salve to my nose, and telling me it
 was time to go home; they assured me every
 minute that I had been tried to awake me while the pro-
 cess was going forward, but that I still con-
 tinued to sleep. The whole ceremony was over.
 The printer, who is a hard case, and as I read your
 extraordinary work, it will be some comfort,
 when I see this inserted, to find that—I write
 to you as to what I can do, and I am, Sir,
 your old and humble servant,
 J. G. GORDON.

TO THE
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

POEMS.

THE TRAVELLER;

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

First Printed in 1765.

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TO THE
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication ; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity with an income of forty pounds a-year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few ; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations ; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her ; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence ! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it ; and, as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say ; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet : his tawdry lampoons are called satires ; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrensy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE
TRAVELLER;

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.*

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;

* In this poem several alterations were made, and some new verses added, as it passed through different editions.—We have printed from the last edition published in the lifetime of the author.

Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care ;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour
crown'd ;

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale ;

For me your tributary stores combine :
Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies :

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease :
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call ;

With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent ;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
fails ;

And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
Here, for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest :
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year :

Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die :
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear :
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date
When Commerce proudly flourish'd through the
state ;

At her command the palace learn'd to rise ;
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies ;
The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm ;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form :
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave ;
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade :

Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled ;
The sports of children satisfy the child :
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind :
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tott'ring in decay,
Amidst the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly soothes the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though
small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.

Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep ;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

These are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined :
Yet let them only share the praises due ;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few :
Since every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Hence from such lands each pleasing science
flies,
That first excites desire and then supplies ;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;

Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimproved, the manners run ;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm
the way,
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn ; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew :
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages : dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze ;

And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display ;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land :
From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
They please, are pleased ; they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought ;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion
draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.

Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm, connected bulwark seems to grow ;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore :
While the pent Ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth
 imparts

Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys :
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow,
How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.

There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray ;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great.
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by ;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured
here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy ;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie.
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All kindred claims that soften life unknown ;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd ;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till overwrought the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrensy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As social bonds decay,
As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talents sink, and merit weeps unknown ;

Till time may come, when, stript of all her
 charms,

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great.
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrants' angry steel ;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun ;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure ;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil ;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Much on the low ; the rest, as rank supplies,
Should in columnar diminution rise :
While, should one other disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms :
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;

The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves, to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And, thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore ;
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste ;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose ?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall ;
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound ?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous
ways ;

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim ;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his wo,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,

Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind :
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows ?
In every government though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find :
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

SIR JOSUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I can have no objection to an edition of the

book, which is now in your hands, or in any

other copy. You have done me the

honour, as I am, to send me a copy

of the book.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOSUA REYNOLDS.

THE

DESERTED VILLAGE,

A POEM :

First Printed in 1769.

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

in relation to the book, which is now in your hands, or in any

other copy. You have done me the

honour, as I am, to send me a copy

of the book.

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I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOSUA REYNOLDS.

THE TRAVELLER

How a long road were England's shores
And how the great ocean's waves
Vain, very vain, my weary words to find
That bliss which only heaven in the mind
Why have I come from pleasure and repose
To seek a goal and government unknown?
In every government though laws be given,
Though laws be given, yet laws are given,
That none of all that human hands can give
That none of all that human hands can give
The power which laws are given to give
The power which laws are given to give
The power which laws are given to give
The power which laws are given to give

DESERTED VILLAGE

Old times to me are like a dream
The village where I once did dwell
A woman's name I once did hear
In the old times, and I once did hear
To see the old times, and I once did hear
To see the old times, and I once did hear
To see the old times, and I once did hear
To see the old times, and I once did hear

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR.

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt I do not pretend to inquire: but I know you will object (and, indeed, several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion), that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here

attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room; and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head; and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,

And ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring
 swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd ;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please ;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill ;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made !
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree !
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd ;
And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down ;

The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love ;
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove ;
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like
 these,

With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please ;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence
 shed,
 These were thy charms—But all these charms are
 fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And Desolation saddens all thy green :
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man ;

For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more :
 His best companions, innocence and health ;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose ;
 And every want to luxury allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful
 scene,
 Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn, parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew.
 Here, as with doubtful pensive steps I range,
 Trace every scene, and wonder at the change,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill ;

Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw :
 And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreat from cares, that never must be mine,
 How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease ;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep ;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way ;
 And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at ev'ning's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below ;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
 wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ;
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
 But all the blooming flush of life is fled ;
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ;
 She, wretched matron, forced, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a-year ;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his
 place ;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain :
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were
 won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to
 glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their wo ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The rev'rend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to
 raise,

And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran :
 Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
 smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest ;
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress :
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school ;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran—that he could gauge ;
In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
For, e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring
sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspired,
Where greybeard mirth, and smiling toil, retired ;

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,

And news much older than their ale went round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlour-splendours of that festive place ;

The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,

The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door :

The chest, contrived a double debt to pay,

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;

The pictures placed for ornament and use,

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,

With aspin-boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,

Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours ! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall !

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart

An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.

Thither no more the peasant shall repair,

To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;

No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,

No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;

No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,

Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear ;

The host himself no longer shall be found

Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,

Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,

These simple blessings of the lowly train ;

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,

One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,

The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;

Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined :
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
 And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
 The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
 Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish, abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their
 growth ;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies ;
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;

But when those charms are past, for charms are
frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress :
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd ;
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But, verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's wo.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way :
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight
reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no trouble e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !—
 Are these thy serious thoughts ? ah, turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
 Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
 shower,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest
 train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
 Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their wo.
 Far different there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
 Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance
 crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around :
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;

Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murd'rous still than they ;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green ;
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that part-
 ing day,
 That call'd them from their native walks away ;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main ;
 And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep !
 The good old sire, the first, prepared to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' wo ;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blest the cot where every pleasure rose ;
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.—
 O luxury ! thou cursed by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !

Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own ;
 At every draught large and more large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy wo ;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part un-
 sound,

Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
 I see the rural Virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spread the sail
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
 And kind connubial Tenderness are there ;
 And Piety, with wishes placed above,
 And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
 Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my wo,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well :
 Farewell ; and, oh ! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime ;

Aid slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain ;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
 Teach him that states, of native strength possess,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE
THE HAUNCH OF VENISON,

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

First Printed in 1765.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or
fatter

Never rang'd in a forest, or smok'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce
help regretting

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts, in my chamber to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtû;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pro-
nounce,

This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce?
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my
 turn,
 It's a truth—and your Lordship may ask Mr
 Burn.*

To go on with my tale—As I gaz'd on the haunch,
 I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch;
 So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
 Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
 'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival
 Monroe's:

But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the how, and the who, and the where, and
 the when.

There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and
 H—ff,
 I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
 There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him
 alone

For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
 But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
 Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
 It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.
 While thus I debated, in reverie centred,
 An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself,
 enter'd;

An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
 And he smiled as he look'd at the ven'son and me.
 “What have we got here?—Why this is good
 eating!

Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?”

* Lord Clare's nephew.

“Why whose should it be?” cried I with a
flounce;

“I get these things often,”—but that was a
bounce:

“Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the
nation,

Are pleas’d to be kind—but I hate ostentation.”

“If that be the case, then,” cried he, very gay,

“I’m glad I have taken this house in my way.

To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;

No words—I insist on’t—precisely at three:

We’ll have Johnson and Burke, all the wits will
be there;

My acquaintance is slight, or I’d ask my Lord
Clare.

And, now that I think on’t, as I am a sinner,

We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.

What say you? a pasty, it shall, and it must,

And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end:

No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear
friend!”

Thus snatching his hat, he brush’d off like the
wind,

And the porter and eatables follow’d behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,

And “nobody with me at sea but myself;”*

Though I could not help thinking my gentleman
hasty,

Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison
pasty,

* See the Letters that passed between His Royal High-
ness Henry, Duke of Cumberland, and Lady Grosvenor;
12mo, 1769.

Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
 Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
 So next day, in due splendor to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine
 (A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine),
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite
 dumb,

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not
 come ;

“ For I knew it,” he cried, “ both eternall fail,
 The one with his speeches, and t'other with
 Thrale ;

But no matter, I'll warrant, we'll make up the
 party,

With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
 The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
 They're both of them merry, and authors like you ;
 The one writes The Snarler, the other The
 Scourge ;

Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Pan-
 urge.”

While thus he describ'd them by trade and by
 name,

They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen ;
 At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen ;
 At the sides there was spinach and pudding made
 hot ;

In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
 Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter aversion,
 And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian ;
 So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round :

But what vex'd me most, was that d—'d Scottish
 rogue,
 With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and
 his brogue :
 And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be
 my poison,
 A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;
 Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst
 But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
 "The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate
 cheek,
 "I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week :
 I like these here dinners so pretty and small ;
 But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at
 all."
 "O ho !" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a
 trice,
 He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
 There's a pasty."—"A pasty !" repeated the Jew ;
 "I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
 "What the de'il, mon ! a pasty?" re-echoed the
 Scot ;
 "Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for
 that."
 "We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out ;
 "We'll all keep a corner," was echoed about.
 While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
 With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid ;
 A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
 Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
 But we quickly found out (for who could mistake
 her ?)
 That she came with some terrible news from the
 baker :

And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
 Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
 Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
 And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
 To be plain, my good Lord, it's but labour mis-
 plac'd,

To send such good verses to one of your taste ;
 You've got an odd something—a kind of dis-
 cerning—

A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning ;
 At least, it's your temper, as very well-known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your
 own :

So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a mistake, and think slightly of
 this.

RETALIATION;

A POEM:

First Printed in 1774, after the Author's Death.

Dr Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St James' coffee-house. One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the following Poem.

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united:

If our landlord* supplies us with beef and with
fish,

Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the
best dish.

Our dean† shall be venison, just fresh from the
plains,

Our Burke‡ shall be tongue, with a garnish of
brains,

Our Will§ shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick|| with his pepper shall heighten the
savour:

* The master of St James' coffee-house, where the doctor, and his friends he has characterized in this Poem, occasionally dined.

† Doctor Bernard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland.

‡ Mr Edmund Burke.

§ Mr William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and Member for Bedwin.

|| Mr Richard Burke, Collector of Granada.

Our Cumberland's* sweet-bread its place shall
obtain,

And Douglas† is pudding, substantial and plain :
Our Garrick's‡ a salad ; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness, agree :
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge§ is anchovy, and Reynolds || is lamb ;
That Hickey's ¶ a capon, and by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry-fool.

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table ;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean,** re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom
with mirth :

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt ;
At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out ;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund,†† whose genius
was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;

* Mr Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, the *Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

† Dr Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes, or rather forgeries, of his countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.

‡ David Garrick, Esq.

§ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

|| Sir Joshua Reynolds.

¶ An eminent attorney.

** Vide page 487.

†† Ibid.

Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining
his throat

To persuade Tommy Townshend* to lend him
a vote;

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on re-
fining,

And thought of convincing while they thought of
dining:

Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,

Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;

For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;

And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.

In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,

To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William,† whose heart was a
mint,

While the owner ne'er knew half the good that
was in't;

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;

Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,

The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;

Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;

What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must
sigh at;

Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!

What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!

Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb;‡

* Mr T. Townshend, Member for Whitechurch.

† Vide page 487.

‡ Mr Richard Burke, vide page 487.—This gentleman

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the
ball;

Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all.

In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,

That we wish'd him full ten times a day at old
Nick ;

But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,

As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland* lies, having acted his parts,

The 'Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;

A flattering painter, who made it his care

To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,

And Comedy wonders at being so fine :

Like a tragedy-queen he has dizen'd her out,

Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.

His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd

Of virtues and feelings, that Folly grows proud ;

And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,

Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.

Say, where has our poet this malady caught ?

Or wherefore his characters thus without fault !

Say, was it that, vainly directing his view

To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,

Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,

He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself ?

Here Douglas† retires from his toils to relax,

The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :

Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,

Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant

reclines.

having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

* Vide page 488.

† Ibid.

When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds* shall be pious, our Kenricks† shall
lecture ;

Macpherson‡ write bombast, and call it a style,
Our Townshend§ make speeches, and I shall
compile ;

New Lauders and Bowers|| the Tweed shall cross
over,

No countryman living their tricks to discover ;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in
the dark.

Here lies David Garrick,¶ describe him who
can,

An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man :
As an actor, confessed without rival to shine ;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day ;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly
sick

If they were not his own by finessing and trick :

* The Rev. Dr Dodd.

† Dr Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern,
under the title of " The School of Shakspeare."

‡ James Macpherson, Esq., who lately, from the mere
force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

§ Vide Page 489.

|| 488.

¶ Ibid.

He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack ;
For he knew, when he pleas'd, he could whistle
them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;
'Till, his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind ;
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Ye Kenricks,* ye Kellys,† and Woodfalls,‡ so
grave,

What a commerce was yours, while you got and
you gave !

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
rais'd,

While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-
prais'd !

But, peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel, and mix with the skies ;
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ;
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with
love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys† above.

Here Hickey§ reclines, a most blunt, plea-
sant creature,

And slander itself must allow him good-nature :

He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;

Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.

Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser :

I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.

* Vide page 491.

† Mr Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, *Word to the Wise*, *Clementina*, *School for Wives*, &c. &c.

‡ Mr W. Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

§ Vide page 488.

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ?
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest ? Ah, no !
 Then what was his failing ? come tell it, and
 burn ye.

He was, could he help it ? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds* is laid, and, to tell you my
 mind,

He has not left a wiser or better behind ;
 His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering ;
 When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard
 of hearing ;
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios,
 and stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet,† and only took snuff.

* Vide page 488.

† Sir Joshua Reynolds was so remarkably deaf as to be
 under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this Poem was printed, the Publisher received the following Epitaph on Mr Whitefoord,* from a friend of the late Dr Goldsmith.

HERE Whitefoord reclines ; and deny it who can,
Though he merrily liv'd, he is now a grave† man :
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun !
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun ;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere ;
A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear ;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will ;
Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill :
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free ;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas ! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to newspaper-essays confin'd !
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content if "the table he set in a roar ;"
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall‡ confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper-witlings ! ye pert scribbling folks !
Who copied his squibs, and re-echoed his jokes ;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb :
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine ;

* Mr Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

† Mr W. was so notorious a punster, that Dr Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company without being infected with the itch of punning.

‡ Mr H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
*Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the
press.**

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I
admit

That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said
wit;

This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,

“Thou best-humour'd man with the worst-
humour'd muse.”

* Mr Whitefoord frequently indulged the town with
humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Adver-
tiser.

THE
DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION;
A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Bookworm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five,
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arrived at thirty-six?
O had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town,
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop!
O had her eyes forgot to blaze,
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!
O!——But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace:
So, with decorum all things carried,
Missfrown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains closed around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms;
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;

And, though she felt his usage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew :
The second brought its transports too.
A third, a fourth, were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss :
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay ;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace ;
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee ;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle :
'Tis true, she dress'd with modern grace,
Half-naked at a ball or race ;
But when at home, at board, or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend ?
Could any curtain-lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing ?
In short, by night 'twas fits or fretting ;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee ;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations ;
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke ;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

498 DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
 He thinks her features coarser grown :
 He fancies every vice she shows,
 Or thins her lip, or points her nose :
 Whenever rage or envy rise,
 How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes !
 He knows not how, but so it is,
 Her face is grown a knowing phiz ;
 And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
 He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
 As each a different way pursues,
 While sullen or loquacious strife
 Promised to hold them on for life,
 That dire disease whose ruthless power
 Withers the beauty's transient flower,
 Lo ! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
 Levell'd its terrors at the fair ;
 And, rifling every youthful grace,
 Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
 Reflected now a perfect fright :
 Each former art she vainly tries
 To bring back lustre to her eyes.
 In vain she tries her paste and creams,
 To smooth her skin, or hid its seams ;
 Her country beaux and city cousins,
 Lovers no more, flew off by dozens :
 The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
 And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madan now, condemn'd to hack
 The rest of life with anxious Jack,
 Perceiving others fairly flown,
 Attempted pleasing him alone.

Jack soon was dazzled to behold
 Her present face surpass the old ;
 With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,
 Humility displaces pride ;
 For tawdry finery is seen
 A person ever neatly clean : —
 No more presuming on her sway,
 She learns good-nature every day :
 Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
 Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

THE GIFT.

TO IRIS,

IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
 Dear mercenary beauty,
 What annual off'ring shall I make,
 Expressive of my duty ?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
 Should I at once deliver,
 Say, would the angry fair-one prize
 The gift, who slights the giver ?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
 My rivals give—and let 'em.
 If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
 I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
 Or rose-bud more in fashion ;

Such short-lived off'rings but disclose
A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil :
I'll give thee—ah ! too charming maid,
I'll give thee—to the devil.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

(IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.)

LOGICIANS have but ill defined
As rational the human mind :
Reason, they say, belongs to man ;
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum ;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em,
And must in spite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain ;
And that this boasted lord of nature,
Is both a weak and erring creature ;
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride ;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima brutorum.
Whoever knew an honest brute,
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery,
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery ?

O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
 No politics disturb their mind ;
 They eat their meals, and take their sport,
 Nor know who's in or out at court.
 They never to the levee go,
 To treat as dearest friend a foe :
 They never importune his grace,
 Nor ever cringe to men in place ;
 Nor undertake a dirty job,
 Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.
 Fraught with invective, they ne'er go
 To folks at Paternoster-row :
 No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
 No pickpockets, or poetasters,
 Are known to honest quadrupeds ;
 No single brute his fellow leads.
 Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
 Nor cut each other's throats for pay.
 Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
 Comes nearest us in human shape ;
 Like man he imitates each fashion,
 And malice is his ruling passion :
 But both in malice and grimaces,
 A courtier any ape surpasses.
 Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
 Upon the minister of state :
 View him soon after to inferiors
 Aping the conduct of superiors :
 He promises with equal air,
 And to perform takes equal care.
 He in his turn finds imitators :
 At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
 Their masters' manners still contract,
 And footmen, lords, and dukes, can act.
 Thus at the court, both great and small
 Behave alike, for all ape all.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK
BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

(IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.)

SURE 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

A NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

LONG had I racked my brains to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind ;
The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite :
'Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair.
But let us not proceed too furious,
First please to turn to god Mercurius :
You'll find him pictured at full length,
In book the second, page the tenth :
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well ! what is it from thence we gather ?
Why, these denote a brain of feather.

A brain of feather ! very right,
With wit that's flighty, learning light ;
Such as to modern bard's decreed.
A just comparison—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes ;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air ;
And here my simile unites,
For, in a modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand ;
By classic authors term'd Caduceus,
And highly famed for several uses.
To wit, most wondrously endued,
No poppy-water half so good ;
For, let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.
Add, too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then :
His wand's a modern author's pen ;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind ;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites ;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike they both conduce to sleep.
This difference only : as the god
Drove souls to Tartarus with his rod,

With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover, Mercury had a failing :
Well ! what of that ? out with it—Stealing ;
In which our scribbling bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he.
But e'en this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance.
Our modern bards ! why, what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks ?

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROT was desired by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears.
“ An't please you,” quoth John, “ I'm not given
to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters ;
Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your
graces,
As I hope to be saved, without thinking on asses.

Edinburgh, 1755.

DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
 Invites each passing stranger that can pay ;
 Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black cham-
 paigne,
 Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane ;
 There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
 The muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug.
 A window patch'd with paper lent a ray,
 That dimly show'd the state in which he lay.
 The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread,
 The humid wall with paltry pictures spread ;
 The royal game of goose was there in view,
 And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew ;
 The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
 And brave Prince William show'd his lamp-black
 face.

The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
 The rusty grate unconscious of a fire :
 With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
 And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-
 board ;
 A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
 A cap by night—a stocking all the day !

A LETTER.

SIR,

I SEND you a small production of the late Dr Goldsmith, which has never been published, and which might perhaps have been totally lost, had I not secured it. He intended it as a song in the character of Miss Hardcastle, in his admirable comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer;" but it was left out, as Mrs Bulkley, who played the part, did not sing. He sung it himself, in private companies, very agreeably. The tune is a pretty Irish air, called "The Humours of Balamagairy," to which he told me he found it very difficult to adapt words: but he has succeeded very happily in these few lines. As I could sing the tune, and was fond of them, he was so good as to give me them about a year ago, just as I was leaving London, and bidding him adieu for that season, little apprehending that it was a last farewell. I preserve this little relic, in his own hand-writing, with an affectionate care.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

SONG,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SUNG IN THE COMEDY OF "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

AH me ! when shall I marry me ?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally, and combat the ruiner :
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion discover.
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

STANZAS

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure
start.

O, Wolfe ! to thee a streaming flood of wo,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear ;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
While thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes :
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead ;
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

EPITAPH ON DR PARNELL.

THIS tomb, inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
 May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
 What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
 That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way !
 Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid ;
 And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
 Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
 The transitory breath of fame below :
 More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
 While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.*

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
 Who long was a bookseller's hack ;
 He led such a damnable life in this world,
 I don't think he'll wish to come back.

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word—
 From those who spoke her praise.

* This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin ; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot-soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's *Henriade*.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind ;
 She freely lent to all the poor,—
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
 With manners wondrous winning ;
 And never follow'd wicked ways,—
 Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
 With hoop of monstrous size ;
 She never slumber'd in her pew,—
 But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
 By twenty beaux and more ;
 The king himself has follow'd her,—
 When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
 Her hangers-on cut short all :
 The doctors found, when she was dead,—
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
 For Kent-street well may say,
 That had she lived a twelvemonth more,—
 She had not died to-day.

A SONNET.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
 Lost to every gay delight ;
 Mira, too sincere for feigning,
 Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection,
 Or dim thy beauty with a tear ?
 Had Mira follow'd my direction,
 She long had wanted cause of fear.

FROM THE
 ORATORIO OF THE CAPTIVITY.

SONG.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies ;
 And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way ;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

SONG.

O MEMORY, thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys, recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain !

Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's wo !
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe.

A PROLOGUE,

Written and spoken by

THE POET LABERIUS,

A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED
 UPON THE STAGE.

*Preserved by Macrobius.**

WHAT ! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
 And save from infamy my sinking age !
 Scarce half-alive, oppressed with many a year,
 What, in the name of dotage, drives me here ?
 A time there was, when glory was my guide,
 Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside.

* This translation was first printed in one of our author's earliest works, "The Present State of Learning in Europe." 12mo. 1759.

Unawed by power, and unappall'd by fear,
With honest thrift, I held my honour dear :
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more ;
For ah ! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine ;
Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclined to please.
Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel at threescore a life of fame ;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
“ The old buffoon ” will fit my name as well ;
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

PROLOGUE TO ZOBEIDE,

A TRAGEDY.

IN these bold times, when Learning's sons explore
The distant climates, and the savage shore ;
When wise astronomers to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here ;
While botanists, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently—go simpling ;
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With Scythian stores and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading :
Yet, ere he lands, has ordered me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driv'n ? our reckoning sure is lost !
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.

Lord, what a sultry climate am I under !
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thunder :

[*Upper gallery.*

There mangroves spread, and larger than I've
seen 'em— [*Pit.*

Here trees of stately size, and billing turtles in
'em— [*Balconies.*

Here ill-conditioned oranges abound— [*Stage.*
And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground :

[*Tasting them.*

The inhabitants are cannibals, I fear :
I heard a hissing—there are serpents here !
O, there the people are—best keep my distance ;
Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance ;
Our ship's well stor'd—in yonder creek we've laid
her,

His honour is no mercenary trader.
This is his first adventure, lend him aid :
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from
far,

Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What, no reply to promises so ample ?
—I'd best step back, and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR LEE LEWIS,

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN, AT HIS
BENEFIT.

HOLD! prompter, hold! a word before your
nonsense;

I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said,
My heels eclipsed the honours of my head;
That I found humour in a piebald vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[*Takes off his mask.*

Whence and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns, thy mirth;
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the wo that weeps.
How hast thou filled the scene with all thy brood
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd!
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses;
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trap-door demons rise,
And from above the dangling deities.
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosined lightning blast me, if I do!
No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage:
Shakspeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off, off, vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
“ Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!
—soft—’twas but a dream.”

Aye, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no re-
treating ;

If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.

'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be name-
less,

Once on the margin of a fountain stood,

And cavilled at his image in the flood.

“ The deuce confound,” he cries, “ these drum-
stick shanks,

They neither have my gratitude nor thanks :

They're perfectly disgraceful ! strike me dead !

But for a head,—yes, yes, I have a head.

How piercing is that eye ! how sleek that brow !

My horns ! I'm told horns are the fashion now.”

Whilst thus he spoke, astonished to his view,

Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen
drew.

Hoicks ! hark forward ! came thundering from
behind ;

He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind :

He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways ;

He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.

At length his silly head, so prized before,

Is taught his former folly to deplore ;

Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,

And at one bound he saves himself—like me.

[*Taking a jump through the stage-door.*

EPILOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF THE SISTERS.

WHAT ! five long acts—and all to make us wiser !

Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted me, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade ;
Warmed up each bustling scene, and, in her rage,
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking ;
Have pleased our eyes, and saved the pain of
thinking.

Well, since she thus has shown her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade ?—I will.
But how ? ay, there's the rub ! [*pausing*]—I've
got my cue :

The world's a masquerade ; the masquers, you,
you, you. [*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery.*
Lud ! what a group the motley scene discloses !
False wit, false wives, false virgins, and false
spouses !

Statesmen with bridles on ; and, close beside 'em,
Patriots in party-coloured suits that ride 'em.
There Hebes, turned of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore.
These, in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.
Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the wo-
man ;

The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.

Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
 Is, to seem every thing but what they are.
 Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
 Who seems t' have robbed his vizor from the lion ;
 Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round
 parade,
 Looking, as who should say, Dam'me ! who's
 afraid ? [Mimicking.]

Strip but this vizor off, and sure I am
 You'll find his lionship a very lamb.
 Yon politician, famous in debate,
 Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state ;
 Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
 He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
 Yon patriot too, who presses on your sight,
 And seems, to every gazer, all in white,
 If with a bribe his candour you attack,
 He bows, turns round, and, whip—the man's in
 black !

Yon critic too—but whither do I run ?
 If I proceed, our bard will be undone.
 Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too :
 Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

THE END.

OLIVER & BOYD, PRINTERS



These 'de with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing but what they are.
I've heard, bold, angry speak, I have seen
'Tis no account, have robbed their own two
No crown, and talk, and answer, with sound
parade.

Looking as who should say, I have seen
I have seen.

But this first off, and sure I am
You'll find his shop a very hard.
I can picture, known in the
Perhaps, to tell an eye, better than the state;
You, when he gives his real shape, I suppose
The more old woman, and besides a dream.
I can picture too, who picture on your sight,
And seems to every gaze, all in white,
It with a white his constant you attack,
The bow, this much, and, whip—the man's in
black!

You critic too—but whether do I run?
If I proceed, our head will be undone.
Well, then, a truce, since the request is two:
The you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

THE END



Goldsmith, Oliver,

Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, essays, and poems

Edinburgh 1823

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